

1973 Cherry Tree





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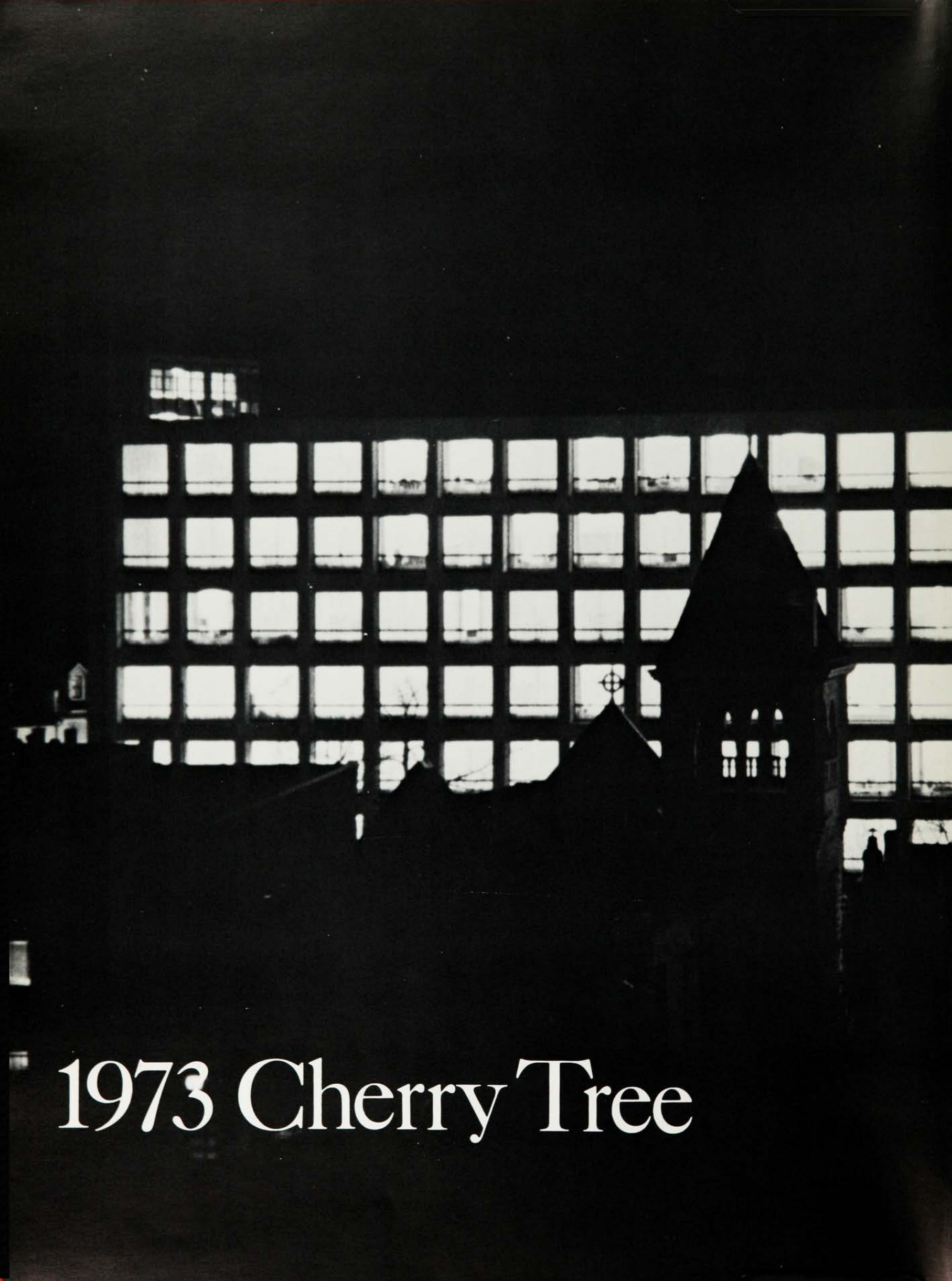












1973 Cherry Tree







# 1973 Cherry Tree

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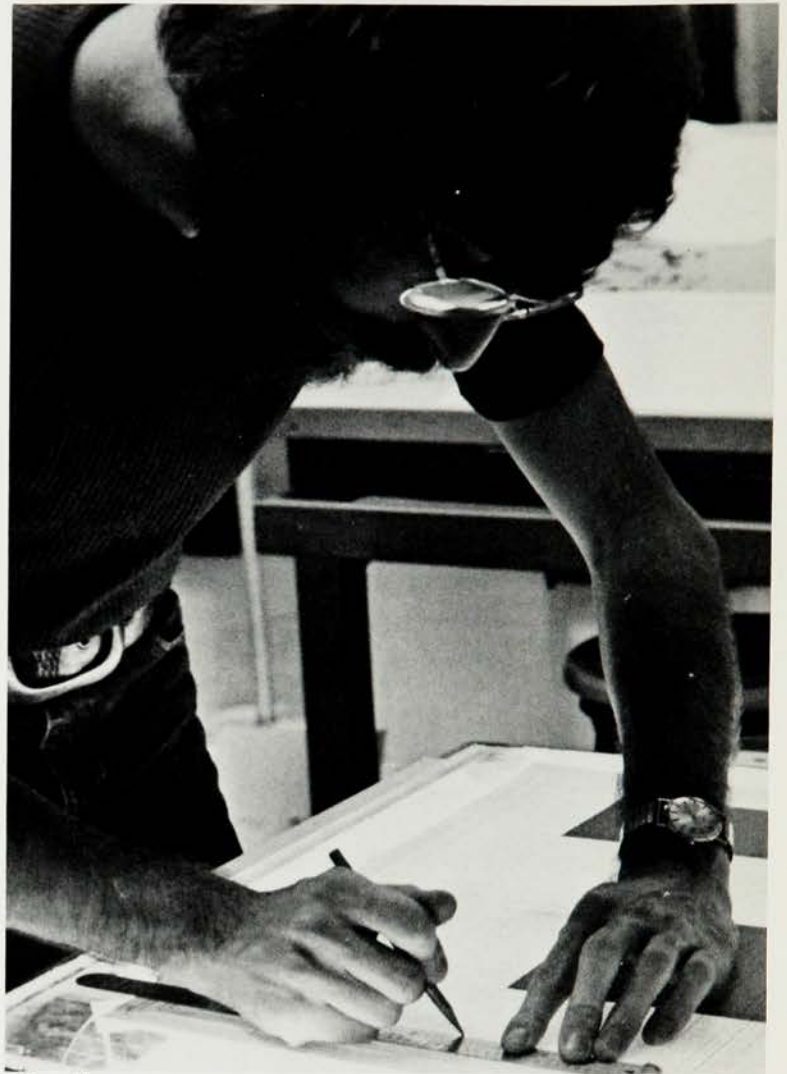
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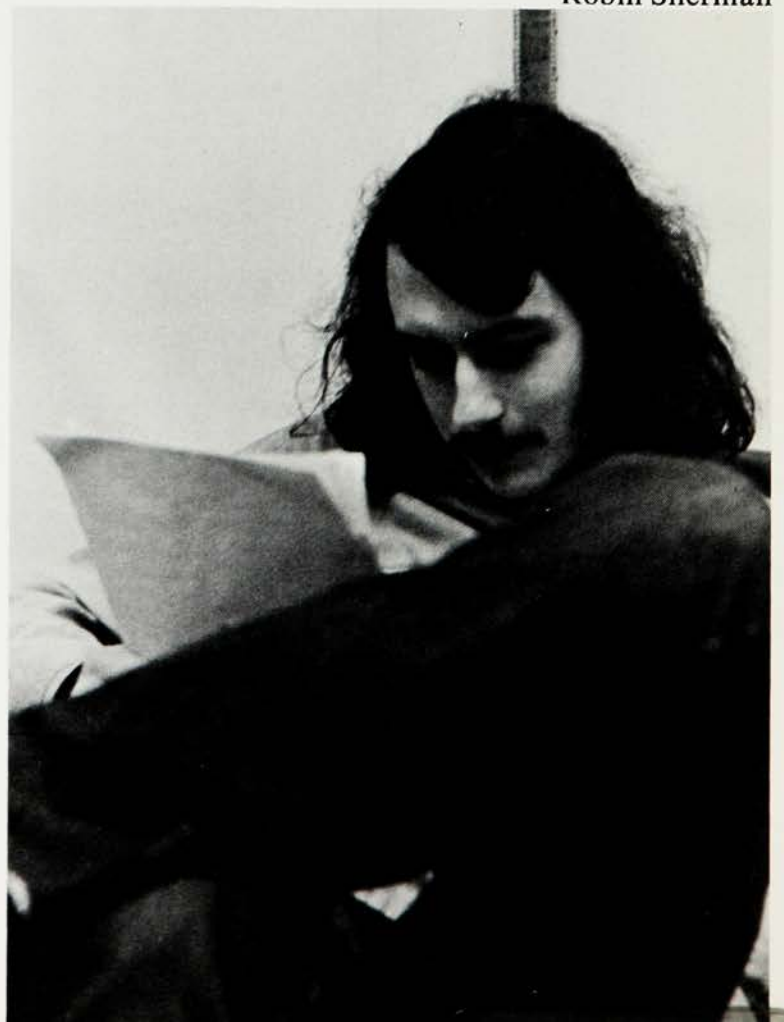
# Contents

Campus Life .....	page 6
Sports .....	page 114
Changing Faces .....	page 136
Politics .....	page 162
Seniors .....	page 190

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Ken Sommer



Robin Sherman



LD  
1947  
.C5  
1973  
Ref

# Editor's Note

Assembling an entire University yearbook in a matter of a few weeks is an enormous undertaking for anyone, regardless of one's publishing experience or knowledge of journalism. When the Cherry Tree's present editorial staff took over in the last weeks of Spring semester 1973, sales were at 60, senior pictures at 20, advertising at \$0, and support from the community at an all time low.

In this short period, it has been our goal to put together a GW annual of original photography, writing and art, which anyone who had been at GW the past year could appreciate. Moreover, while attempting to do this, we have committed ourselves to staying within the budget approved by President Elliott. By early May, our sales were over 350, senior pictures over 250, advertising over \$700, and support from the community more widespread than it has been in over two years.

The 1973 Cherry Tree owes its existence to the commitments of several individuals. Robin Sherman, managing editor, has tirelessly devoted himself to this difficult task, as has Photography Editor Dick Tabor. Without these two, there could have been no book. Also to be thanked are Professors Phil Robbins and George Henigan for their support, Irene Cavanagh for acting as business manager, the Hatchet and Hatchet Shop for their generosity, Delma Studios for their last minute help, and our publisher's representative, Coy Harris, for his patience, understanding, and invaluable assistance.

It is difficult to understand how such a situation could have developed to the point where it seemed doubtful there would be a 1973 Cherry Tree. The conditions were a direct result of two things: the past method of the editor-in-chief selecting his or her own successor, and the six-month late publication of the 1972 book which gave an incredibly distorted view of GW life.

From Lloyd Elliott on down, a substantial number agree a yearbook or annual can be an important contribution to the GW community. If it accurately and honestly reflects life at GW with all its good and bad points, if it does not actively seek to alienate one or several groups within the community, and if responsible people dedicate themselves to publishing with little or no expense to the University, the support is there to make a yearbook feasible and accepted. It is our hope the 1973 Cherry Tree will pave the way for a new tradition of yearbooks at GW.



Dick Tabor

Carol Goss







Campus Life



# RATHSKELLER









by Kent Ashworth

"The George Washington University." Might sound prestigious to flag waving prospective immigrants from Lapland.

Is it as good a school as Georgetown? Ask five thousand disgruntled former poli sci majors what they sincerely think. Five Thousand unemployables insist "damn right."

Special M.A. tuition payment plan: eight years indentured service to the Arlington Red Top Cab Co.

Sell out high, and Building "C" that award winning monument to gravel, may someday be dedicated with your name tin-plated on its life-giving air ducts.

Consider the inspired educational priorities: 1. Pepco Building (Pepco Hall?) 2. Parking Garage (A New Slant) 3. Library (The old one becomes a colony for tropical dwarfs) 4. Fieldhouse (With alumni bathing in the forecourt) 5. Medical School (The Two Tone Stone) 6. \$92 per semester hour (Think of the starving children in India...)

There are a lot of questions to be asked.

\* \* \*

With two glaring bare light bulbs like flames below it, a GW professor's tongue once launched 653 virginal Bic pens. They (the pens) had never been strapped to Leo's meat slicer or wired to the clanking elevator doors in Thurston Hall. They were untried Bics, proven not by leggy ice skaters, but by twangy Hugh Linus LeBlanc,

their shiny clear plastic chewed filmy in the dark secrecy of Lisner Aud.

Which really were the gut courses?

Did eighty-four hundred dollars just buy license to attend free-beer mixers twice a year, in between Ezra Pound and Kierkegaard?

How about all those uniformed radicals and helmeted cops — were they put on by the brainstorming American Civ Department?

They tell us, someday, someplace, the idea only WE learned will be needed, and we'll be able to nonchalantly spew the recorded spiel. It will come verbatim from a paper painstakingly hammered out during our third semester, and we will be vaguely grateful.

\* \* \*

Saturday night!! Flickering hashpipes in every window create a postcard scene. As in Star Trek, people beam themselves down to the Rathskeller, pausing to freak out someone else's grandmother for fun on the way.

The human-wigged GW computer ends another week of programming and eliminating inhibitions; often, the wrong people change.

People dancing seem to clutch at invisible handholds and grasp them fearfully, nervously glancing at their audience. Waitresses bounce through scary clusters of mirrored people and learn their most valuable college lesson...how to assuage a wiseass drunk.

[Continued on p. 11]



Dowd







The rat is like a church; trying to find some sense in it all with the other passionate observers, you congregate, wondering if your mutual intensity will pull you through the futile times. But seeing the pulpit and the orthodoxy for what it is, you suddenly aren't healed by the weekend communions anymore and you stop going.

The rat is orthodox. The regular congregation, full of enthusiasm for wailing but opportunistic fifty dollar bands, and sloshing beer, is a damnable clique.

The classes at GW aren't freshman-through-senior, they're the loners who stick together.

The friends who overlap circles and accidentally know eachother.

They're the Medical, Law, Lit, and Art students. The center residents; billiard room gang, music lounge stowaways, 4th floor organizational maniacs, dance and drama troupes. They're the fraternities, the professors and students able to talk with eachother, the dorm floors, the employed, the athletes, the idealistic, the tired, the radical, the gay, the paradoxical minority — the People's Union, and the others.

GW society doesn't have a high-to-low class gradation; all are either kingpin or doormat, depending on the observer's perceptions. But they all know eachother, thanks to the silent bond: stereotyping.

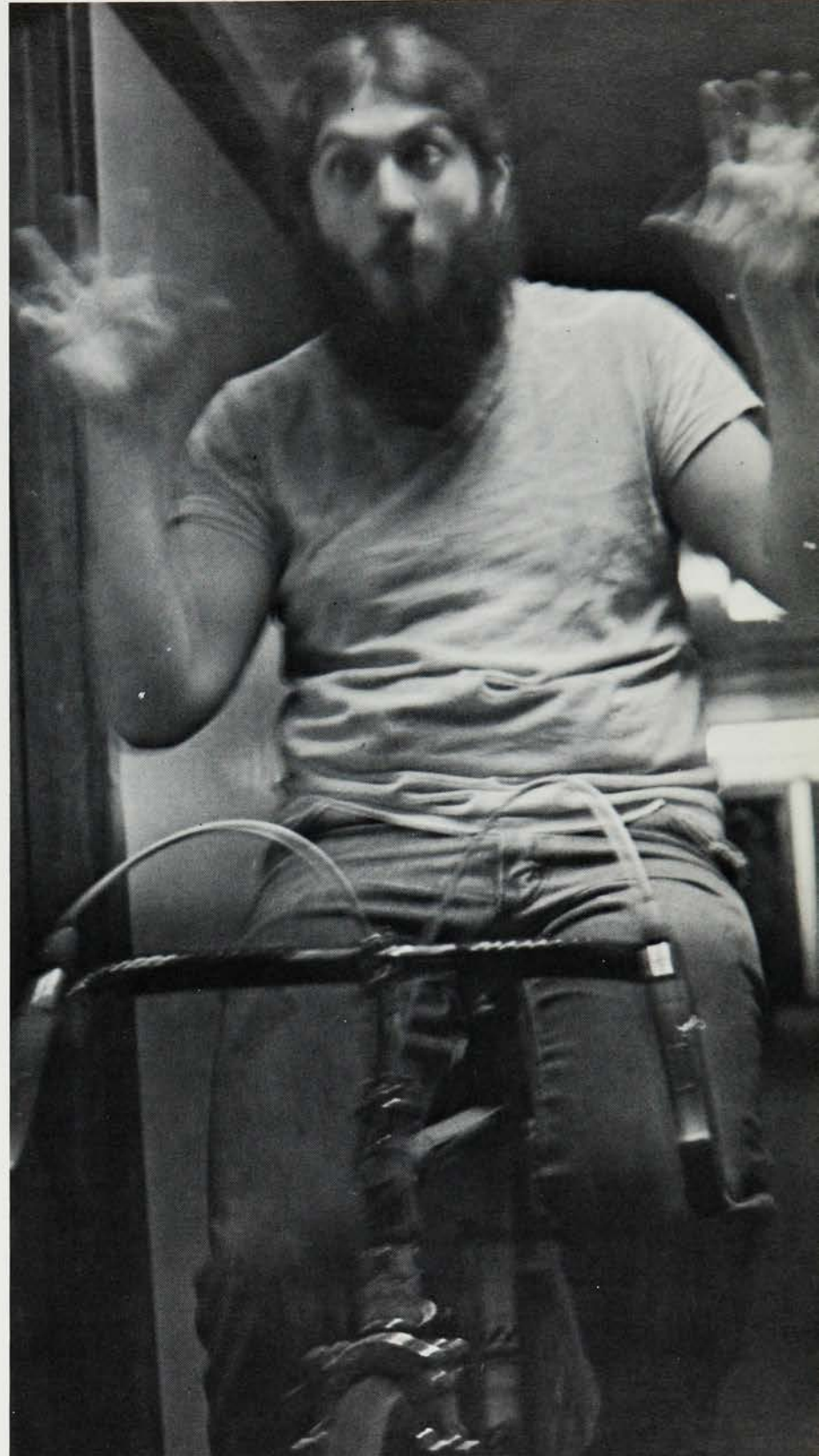
\* \* \*

Rice Hall, itself a plum in GW's mediocre fifties architectural fairyland, right-angles more concrete variations on a theme down G Street. Though one can daydream a "campus" here, that view is sharply switched off with a glance toward the streets ribboning the surface of the university.

Washington's here. Thick monoxide. Loud, frenzied rushhour robots which seem to be the real freaks when the stoplights offer them escape, block by block, from D.C.

The bars. The bars' prices. The incomparable family spirit of a ripped concert audience. The 14th street scene providing rehearsed grim frivolity. Black people and white monuments for thought, believing love happens in spring parks, the beautiful oily river. The jet screeches; Georgetown puberty rites; distinctive bums; vehemently scorning or totally favoring the system, the food, the people, the roommate, the intolerable eccentric, the Hatchet, the parking, and, once in a while, the entire high speed movie of an experience.

[Continued on p. 12]



Sommer





Yeah. But there are *still* a lot of questions to be asked.  
Did you find yourself in the cortex of your psychology text?

Did enough people deepen whatever your faith is?

Is GW a shoppers mart where one spends four years selecting an image?

Were the non-conformists of our generation (1973) in pressed sport shirts and fraternities?

Can you remember when you knew what communism was?

Did the 61 percent president and his 61 percent wife ever see you messing around on the ellipse at 2 a.m. ?

\* \* \*

Oscar Wilde, class of '77, wrote "Children begin by loving their parents; as they grow older they judge them; sometimes they forgive them."

GW raised a lot of us some, some of us a lot. Will nostalgia sneak into our fashionably cynical hearts? How long will it be before GW takes on more in memories than it ever was in "reality"?

Perhaps the Law of Nostalgia is that the past, with its difficulties, becomes more alluring as it recedes...because we survived.







Tabor





Tabor



Fischel



Tabor



Tabor

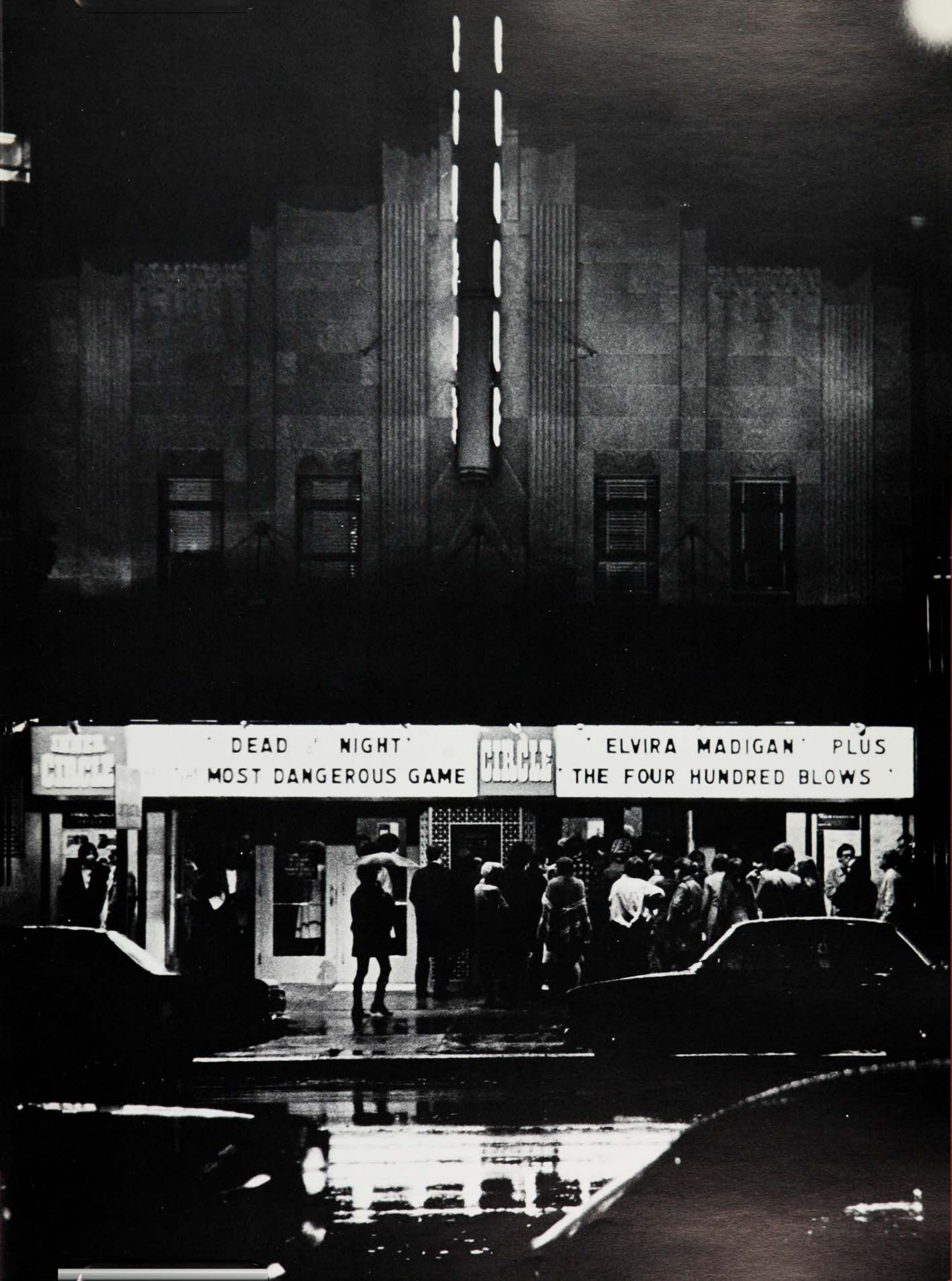


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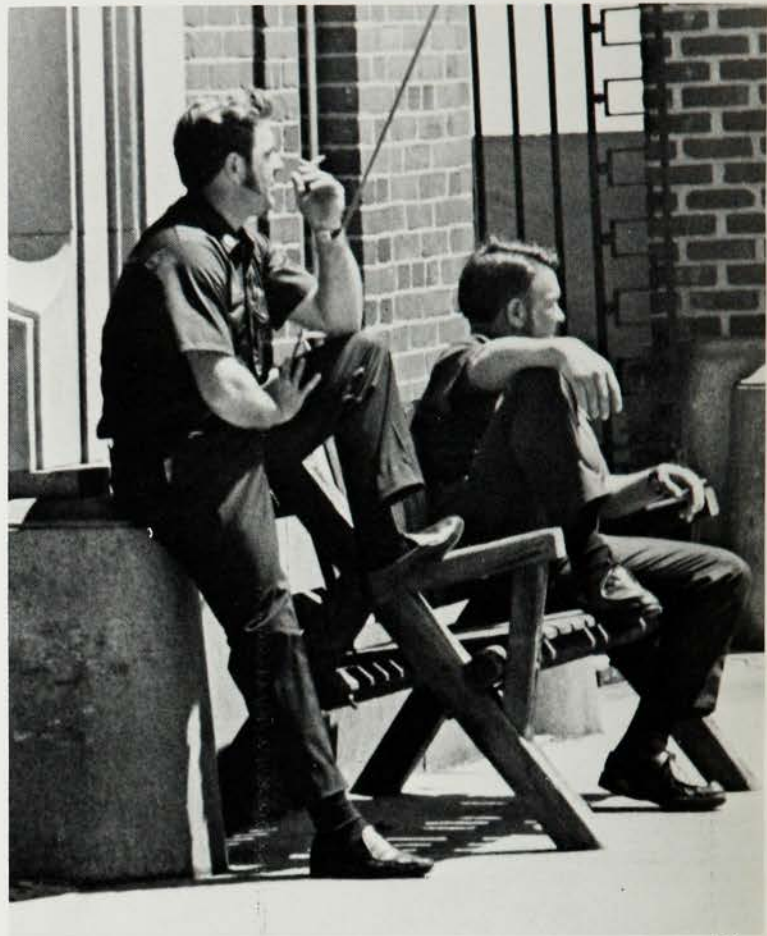
DEAD NIGHT  
THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME

ELVIRA MADIGAN PLUS  
THE FOUR HUNDRED BLOWS





Wice



Tabor

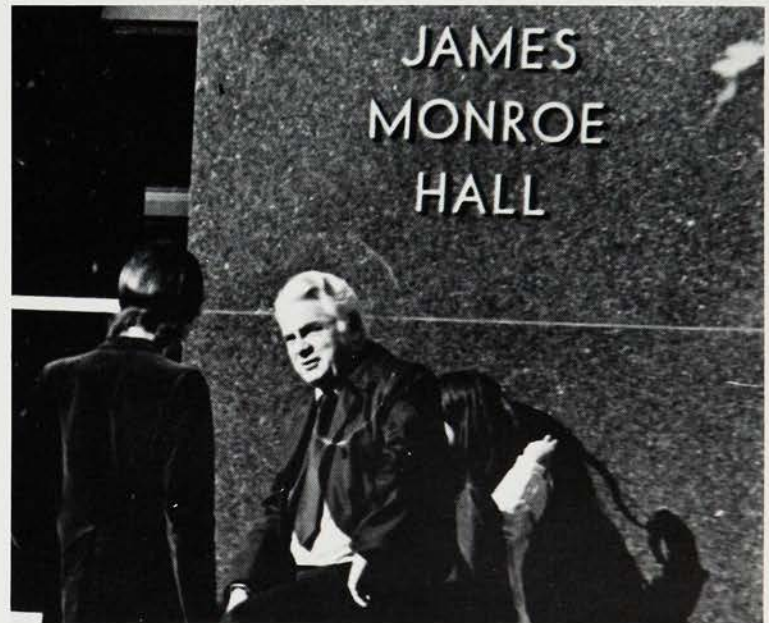


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Wice



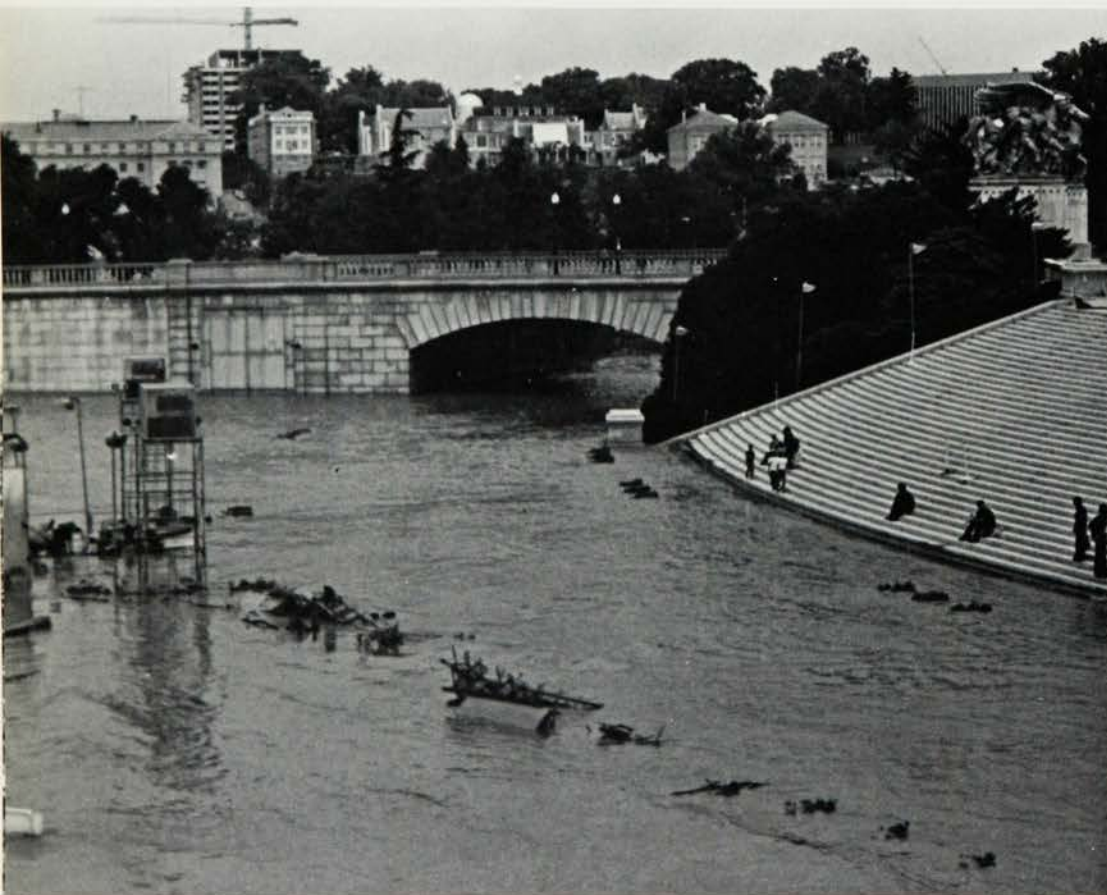
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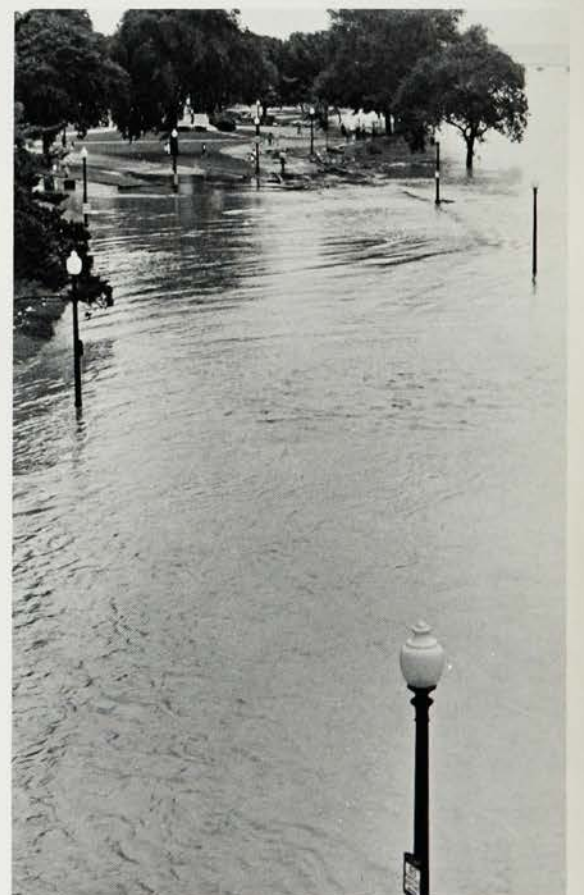


Flooding from Hurricane Agnes, June 1972

Tabor

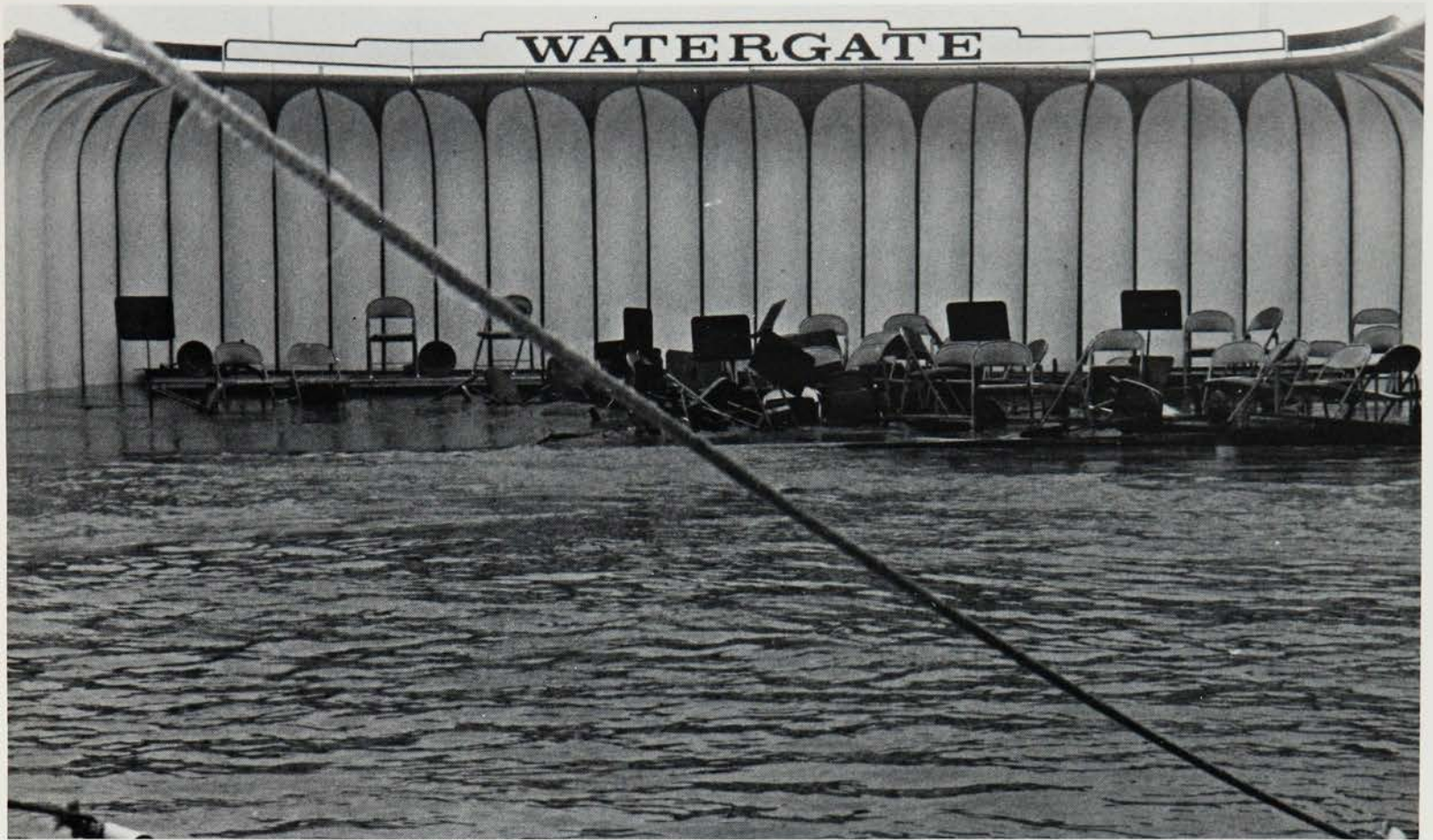


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Tabor

Stone

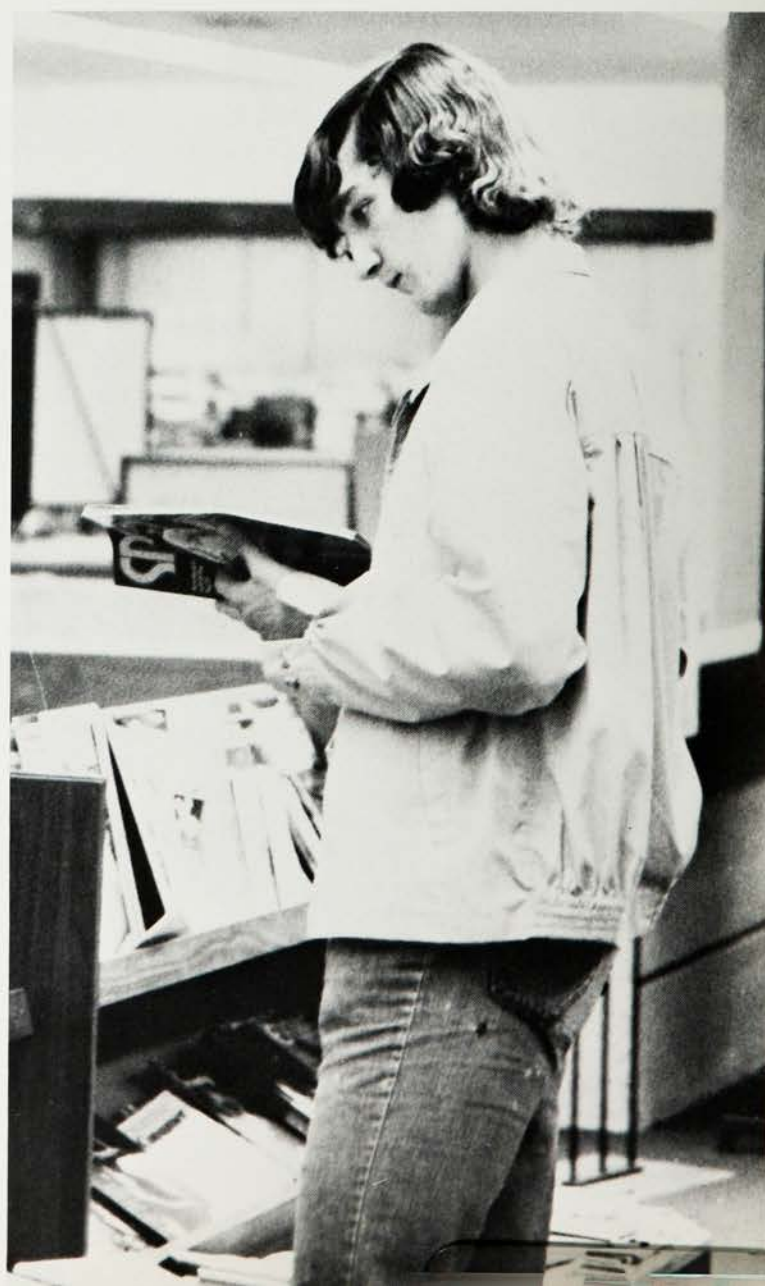






Professor Lilien Hamilton

Wice







Dean Elmer Louis Kayser

Szlenker



Tabor



Professor Peter Hill

Wice





Edgar Winter

Hyams



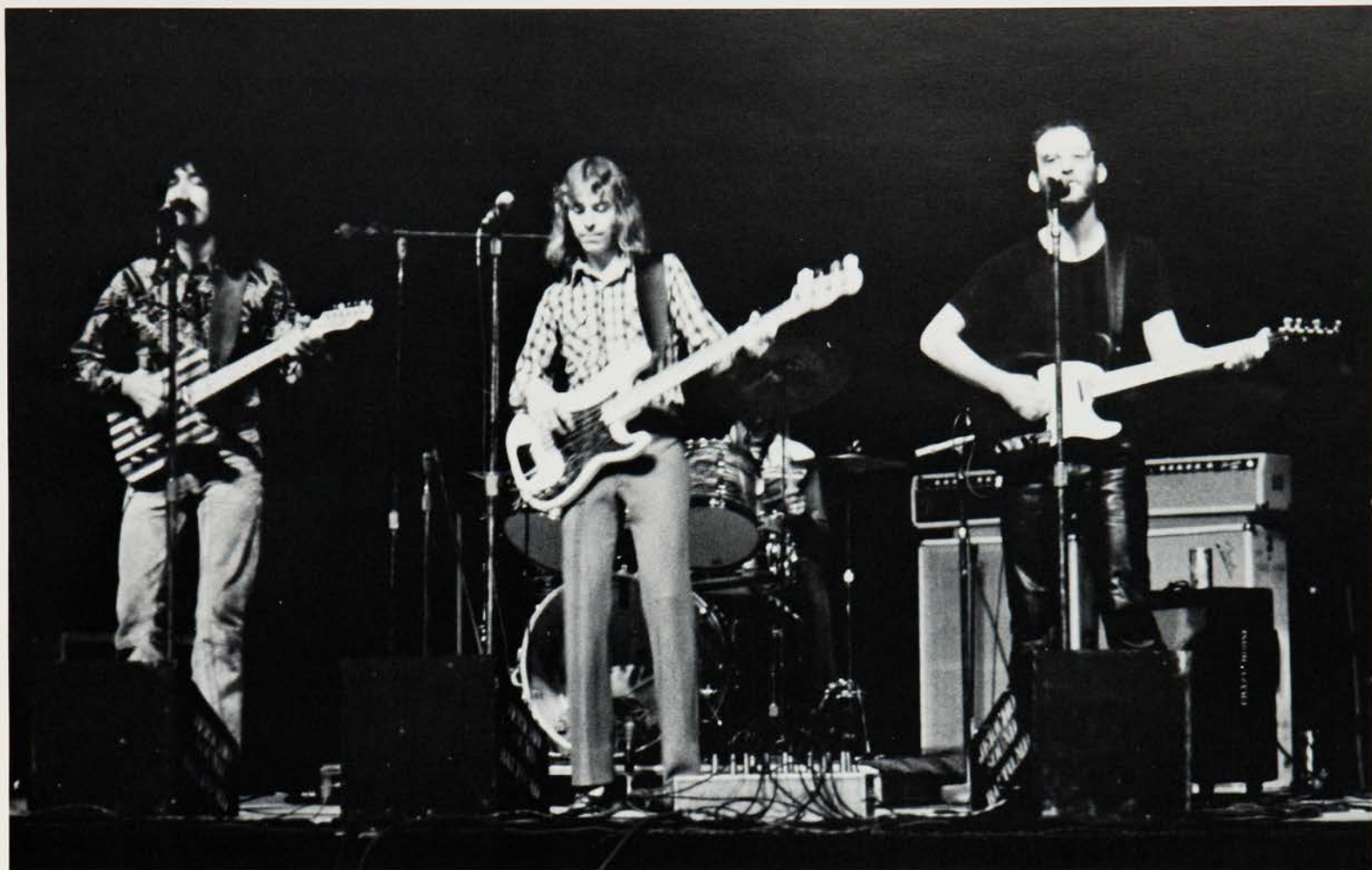
Wice



Youngbloods

Tabor





Crazy Horse

Sommer

Sommer

Liz Myer and Friends







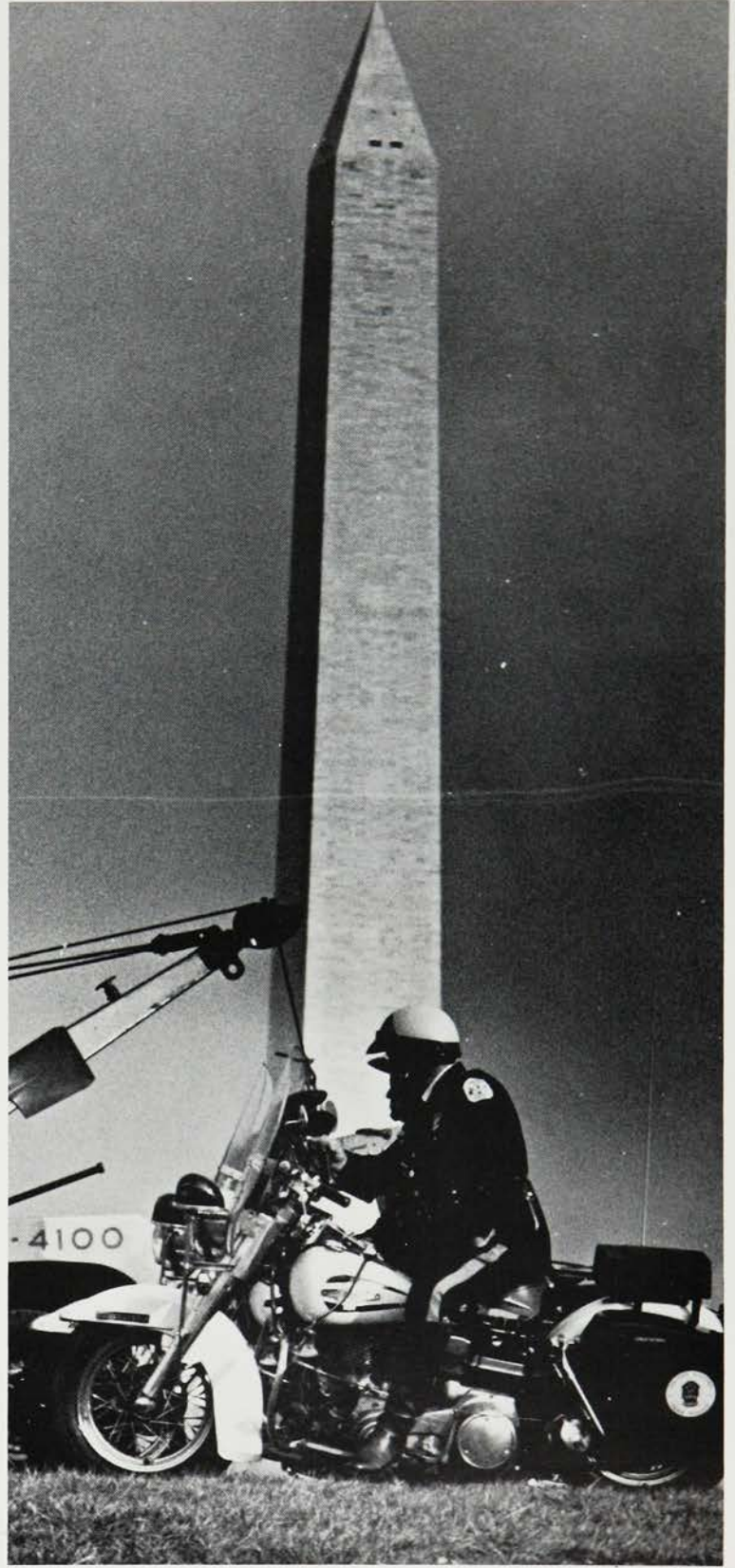
Fischel





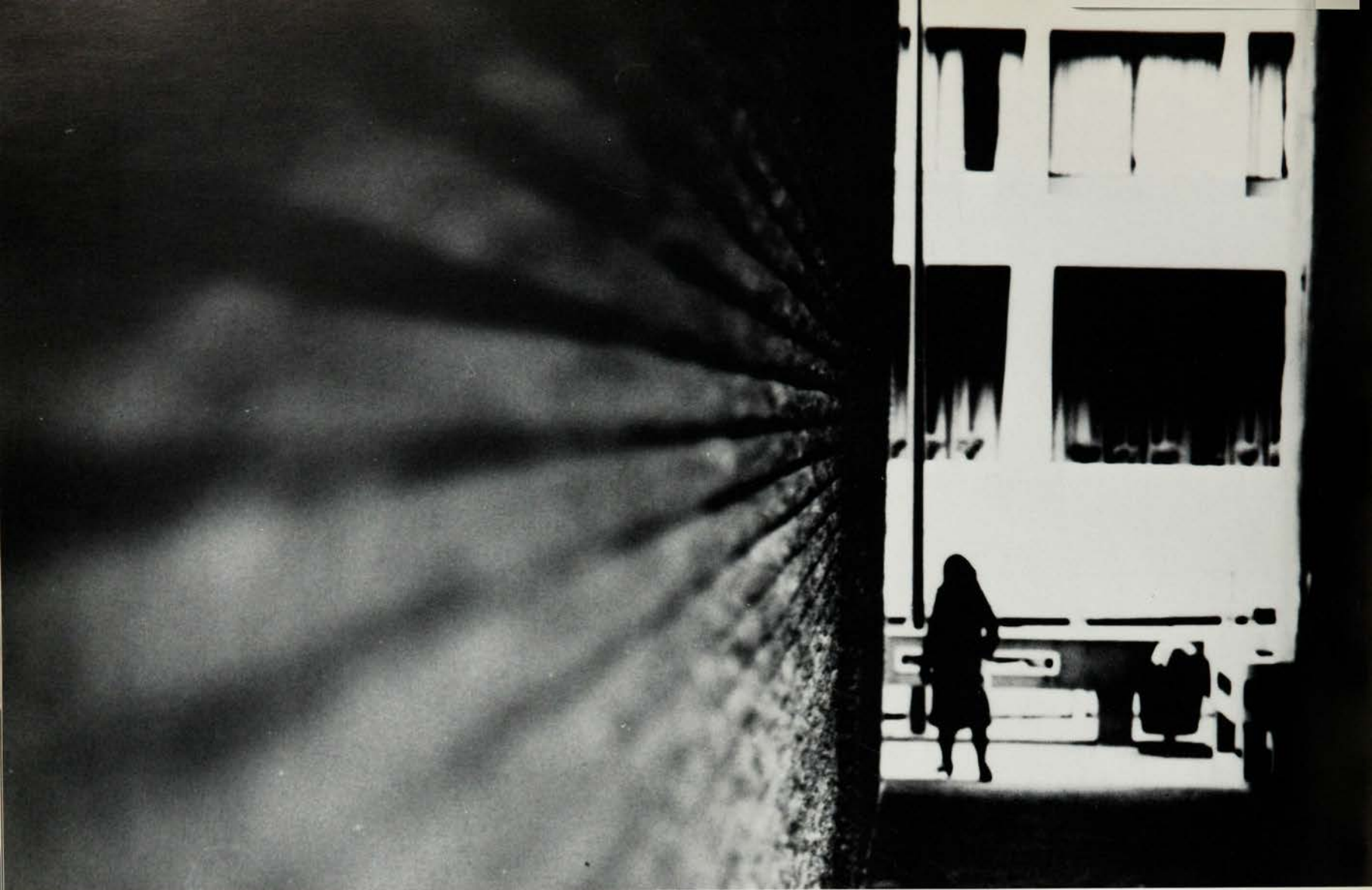


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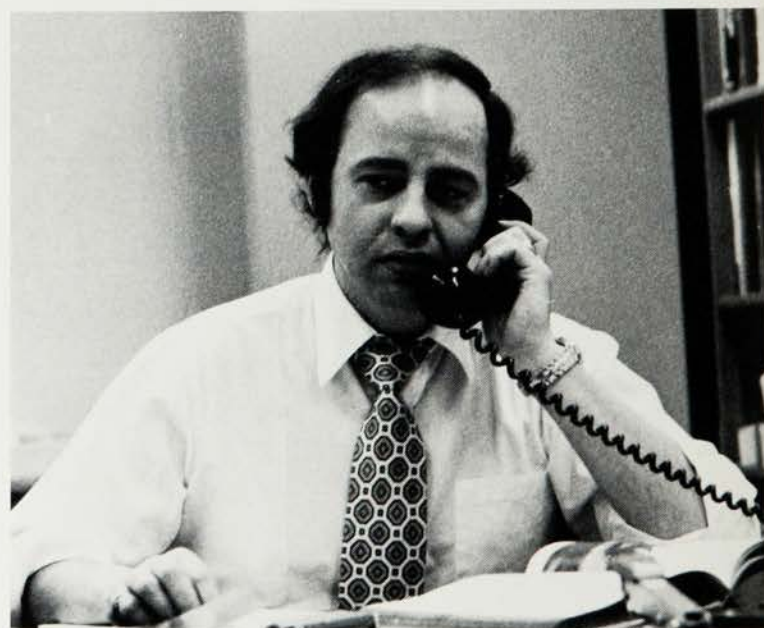


Tabor





Rogers



Professor Paul Parady

Wice

Activities Coordinator John Perkins

Hyams





Dowd



Thurston Hall's Mrs. Tucker

Tabor



Center Director Boris Bell

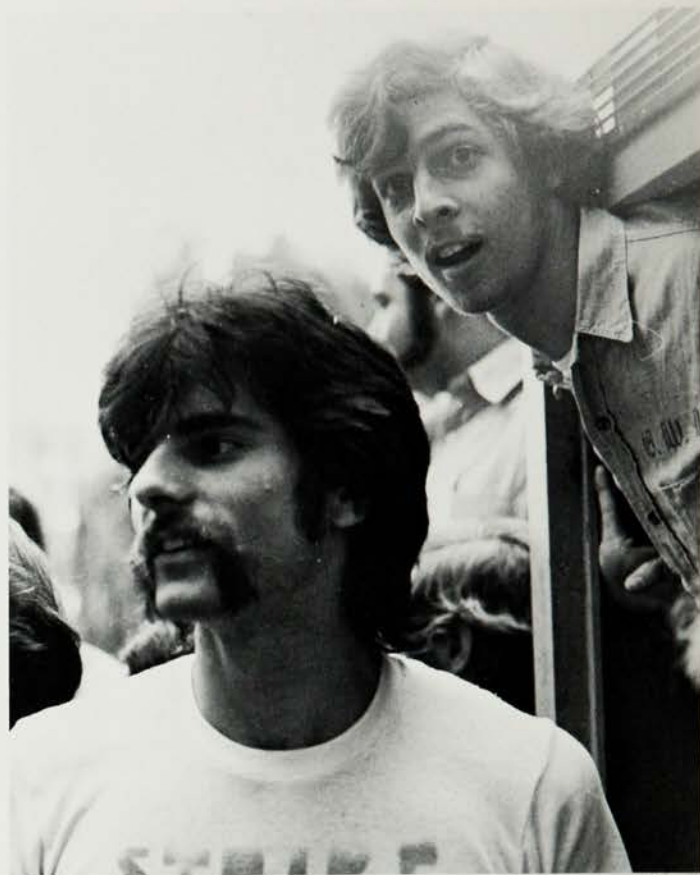
Hyams





Nifty Swifty Fifties Weekend

Dowd

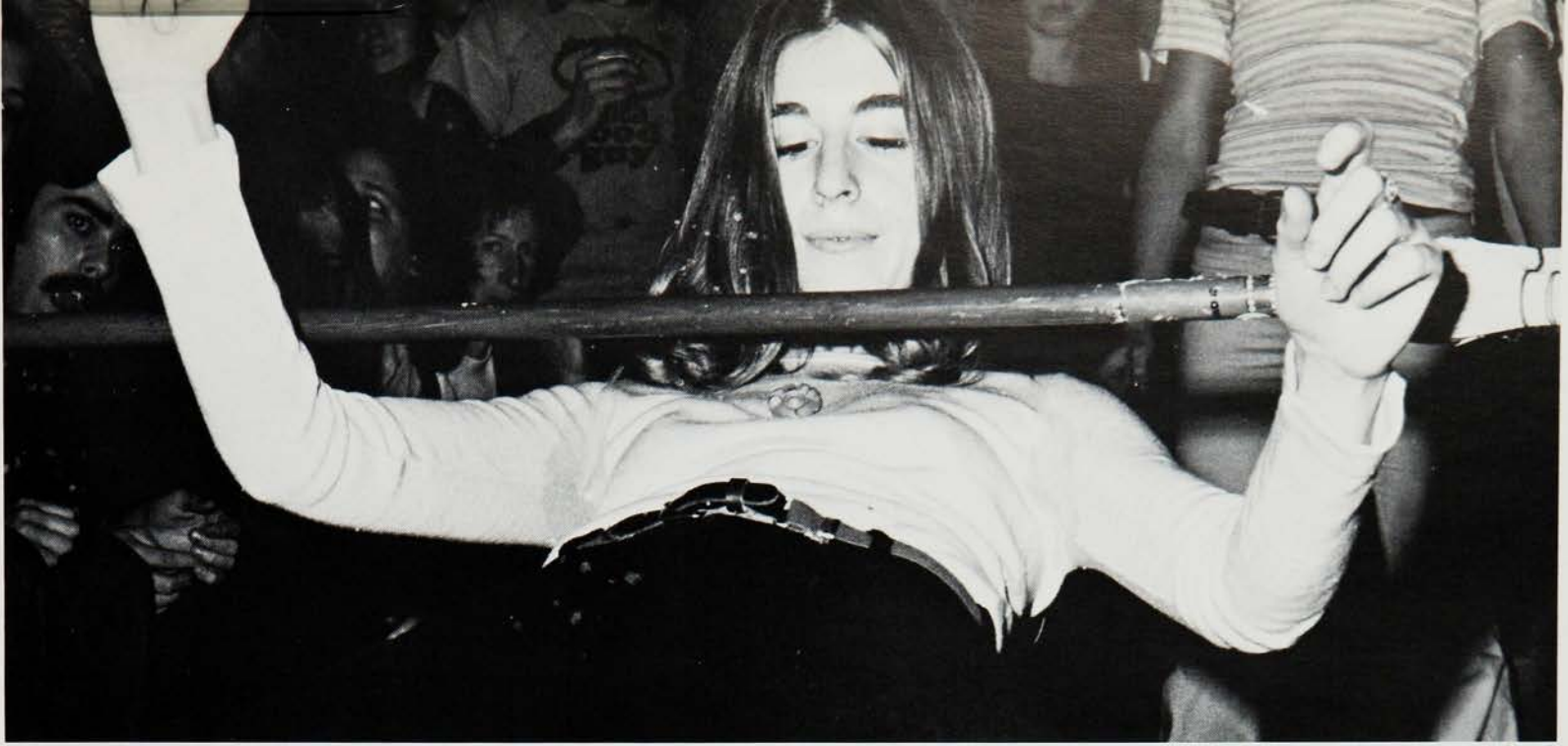


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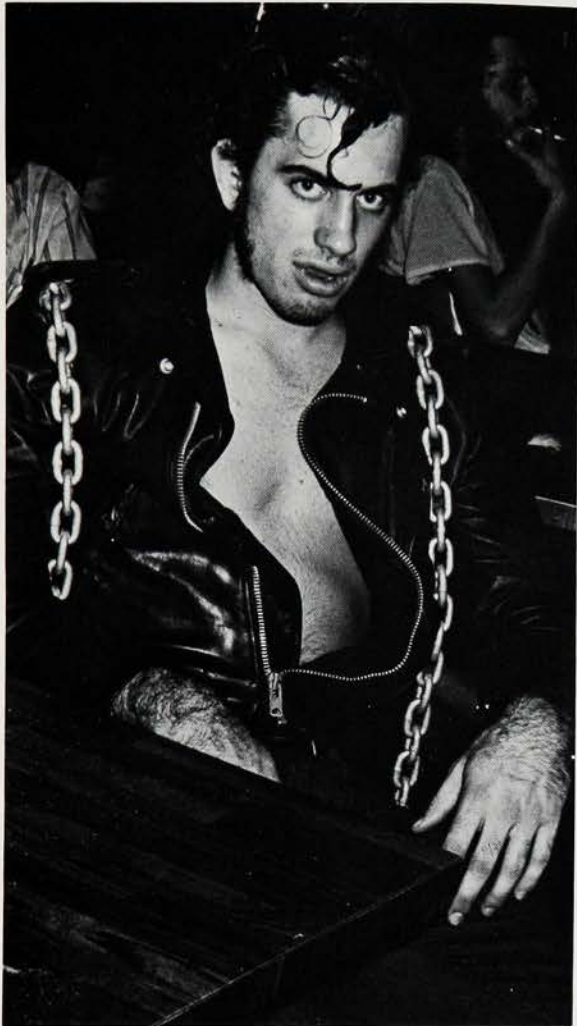


Dowd





Dowd



Dowd



Dowd





Hyams



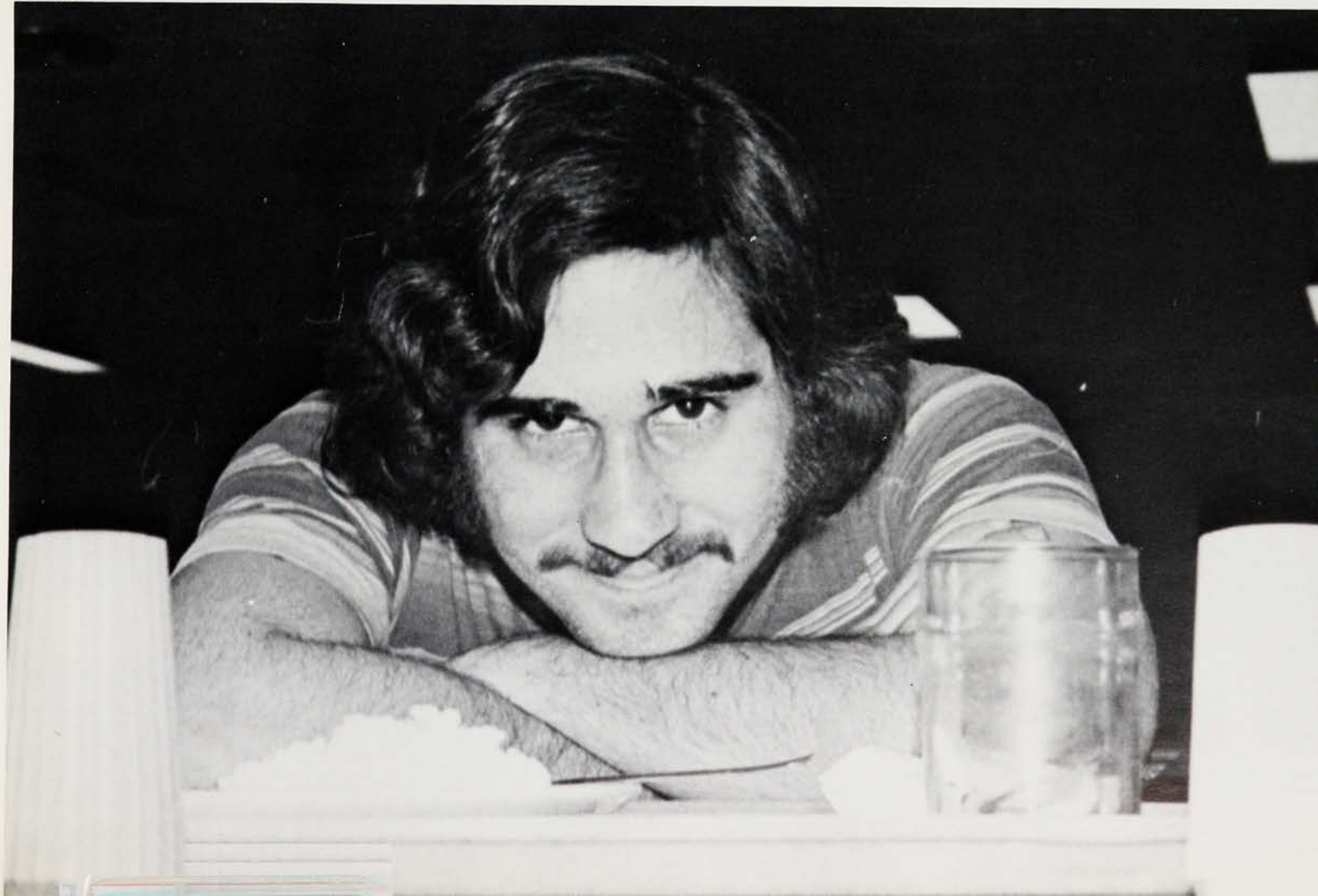
Wice





Sommer

Bresenhoff







Wice



Wice





Sommer



Professor Eva Johnson

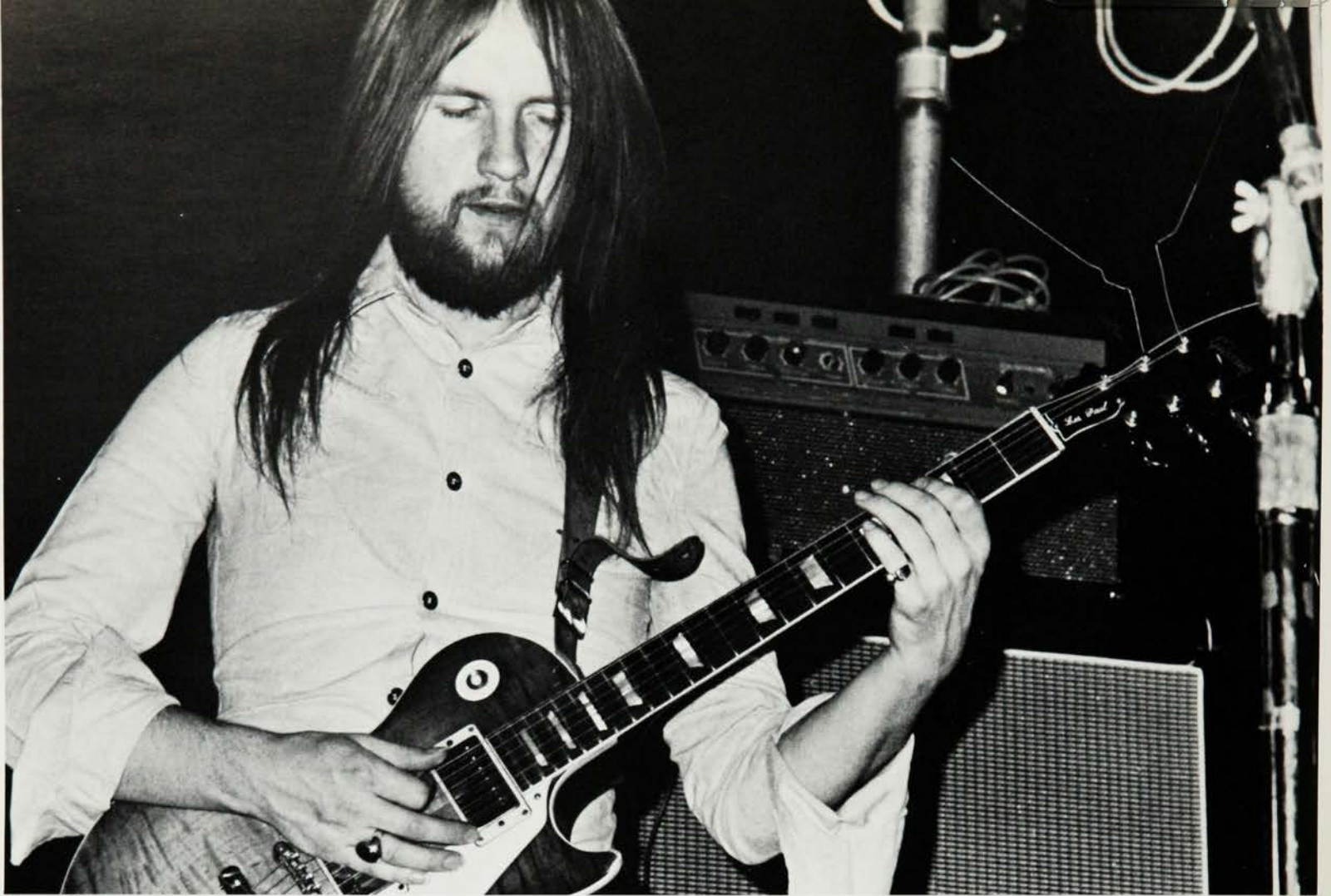
Wice



Professor John Morgan

Wice





Procol Harum

Hyams



Hyams



Hyams





Fischel



Asst. Director of Campus Security Byron Matthai

Vita



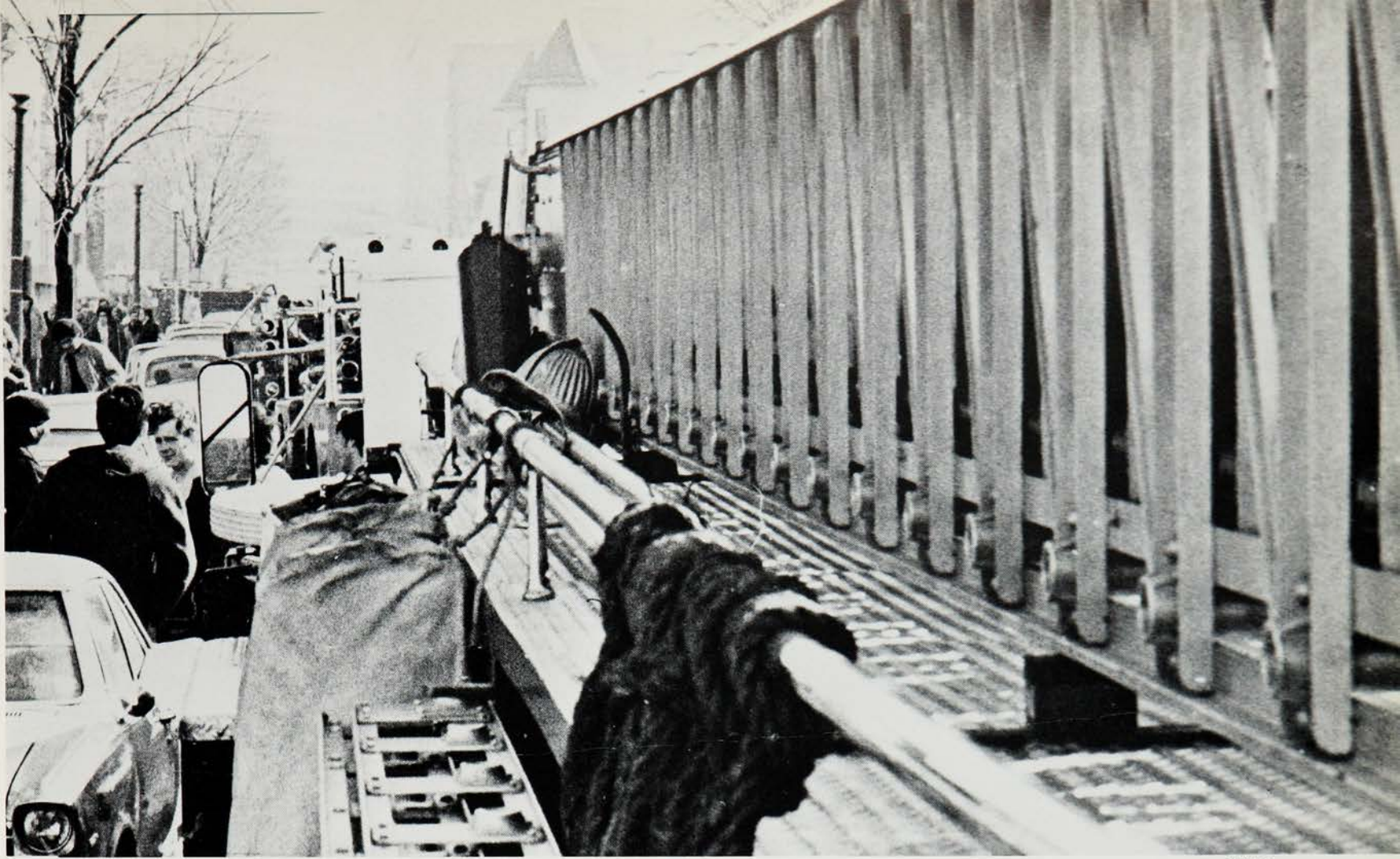


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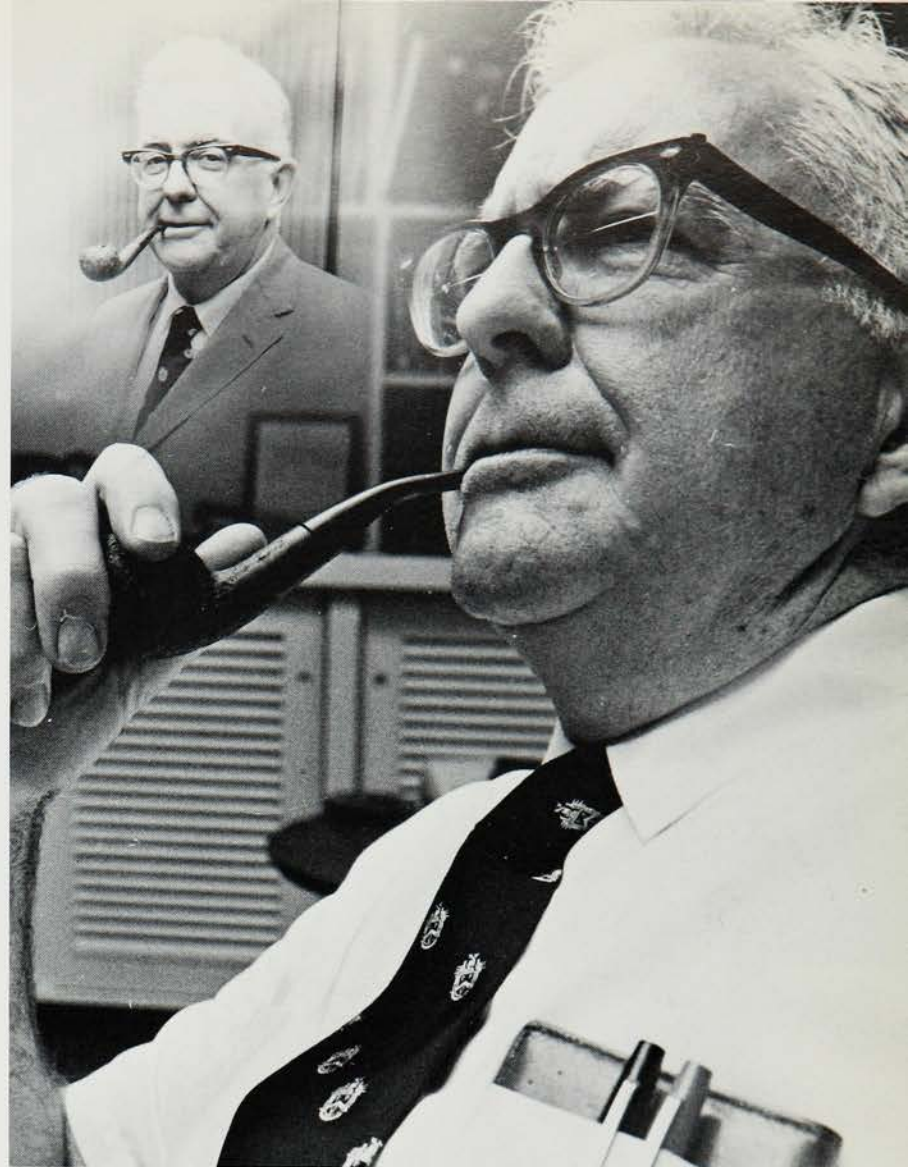


Hyams





Dowd



Vice President Harold Bright

Hyams

Sommer

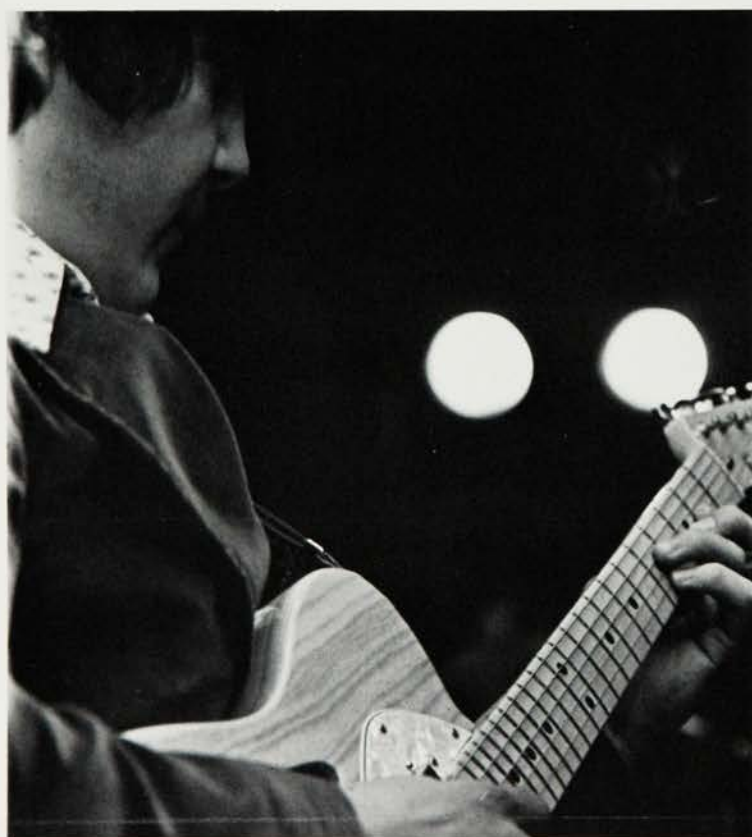




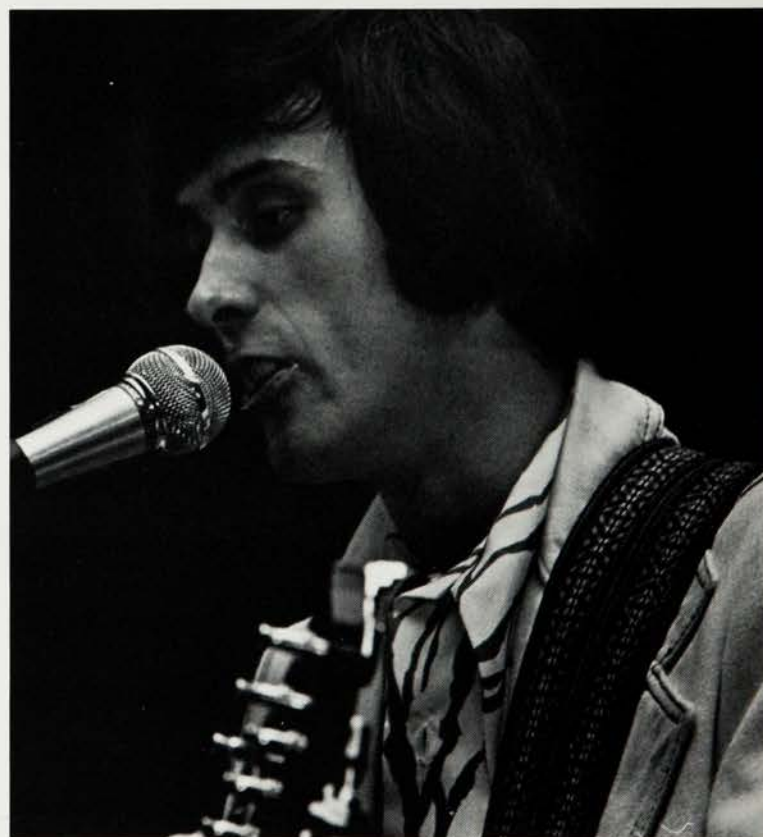


Engineer's Ball

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Tabor



Tabor





Tabor



Tabor

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Faculty Senate

Cahan



Bresenhoff

Vice President William Smith  
Stone



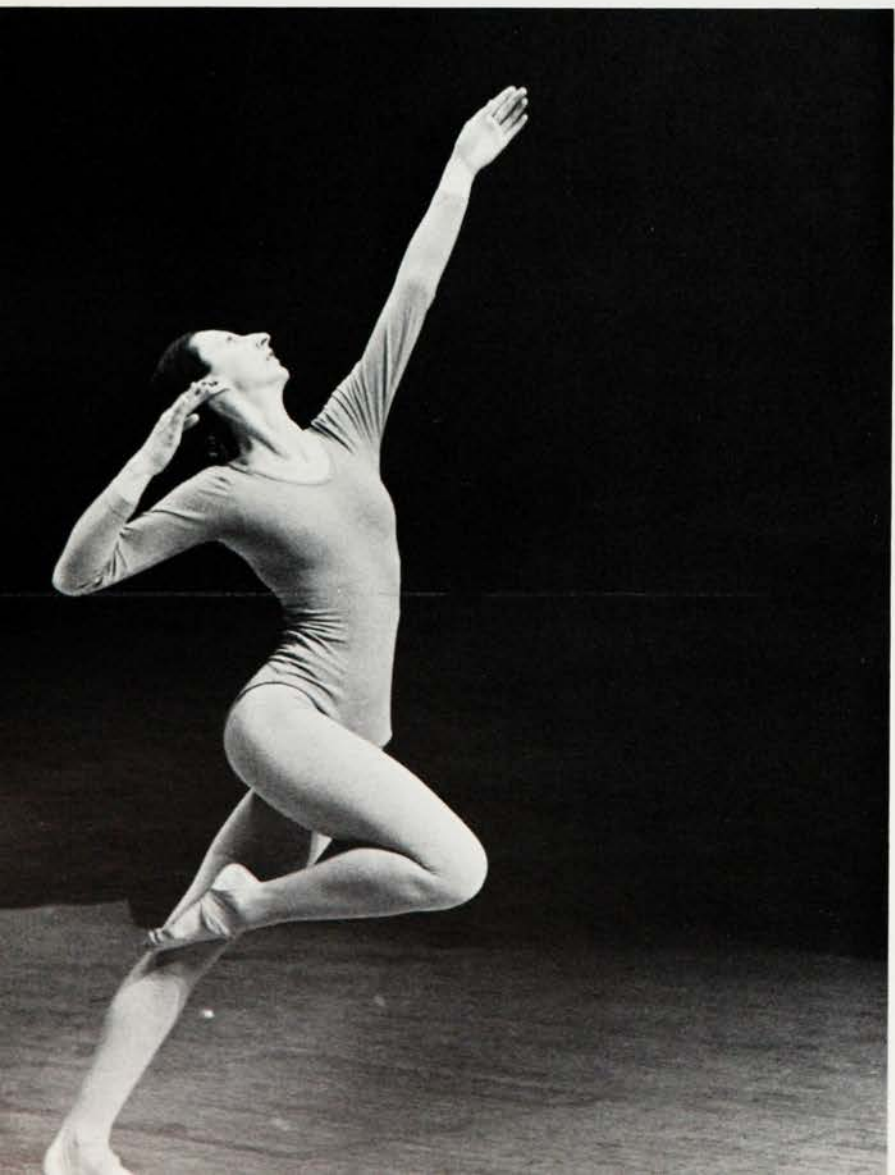


Halper





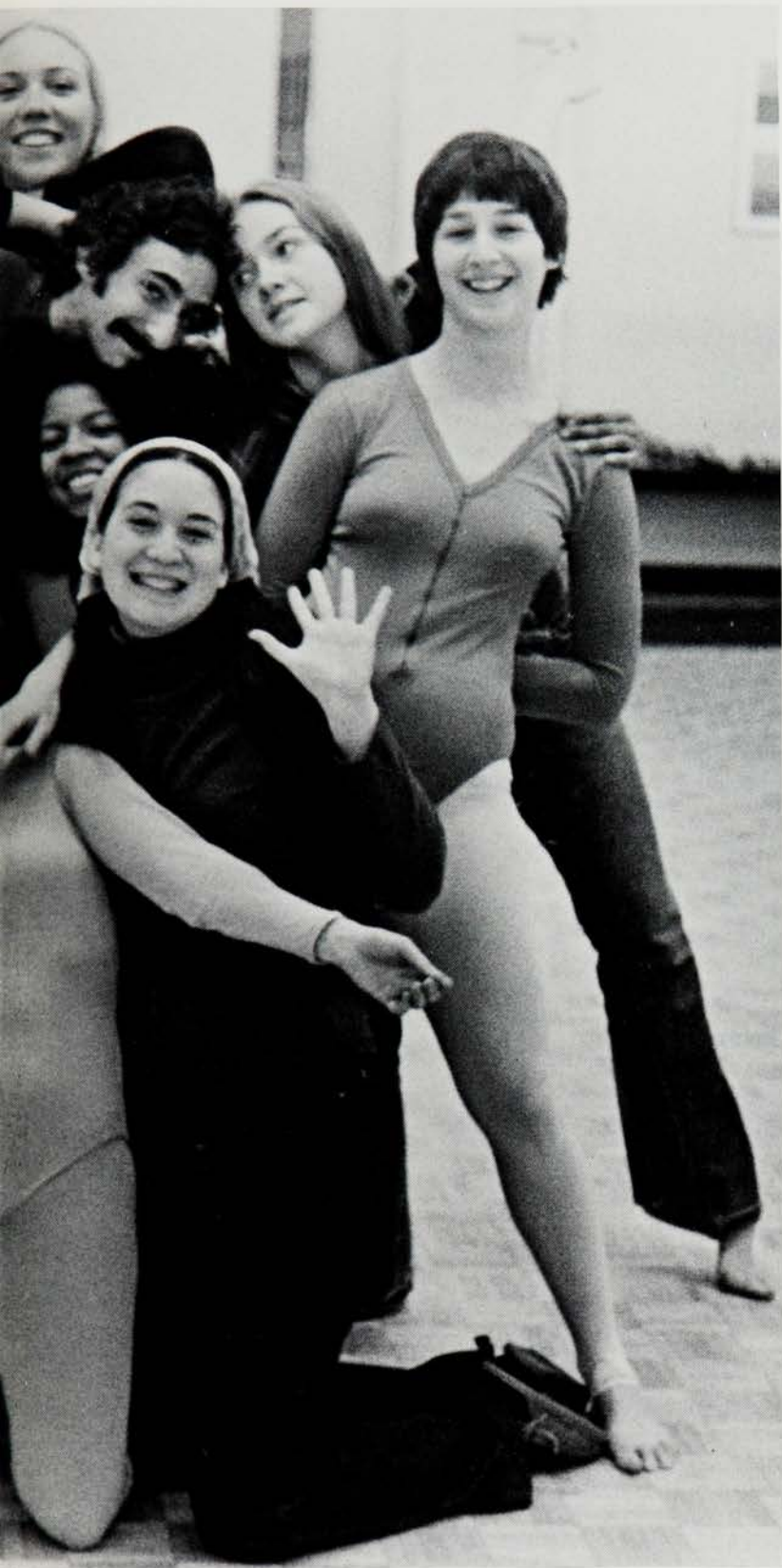
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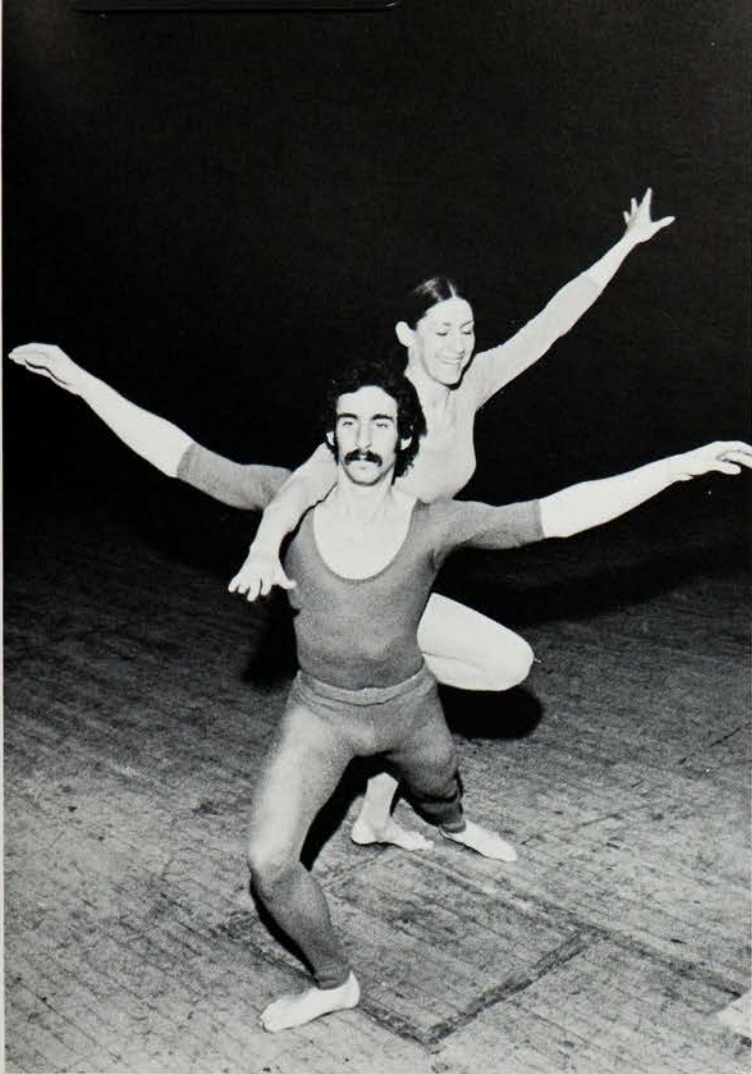
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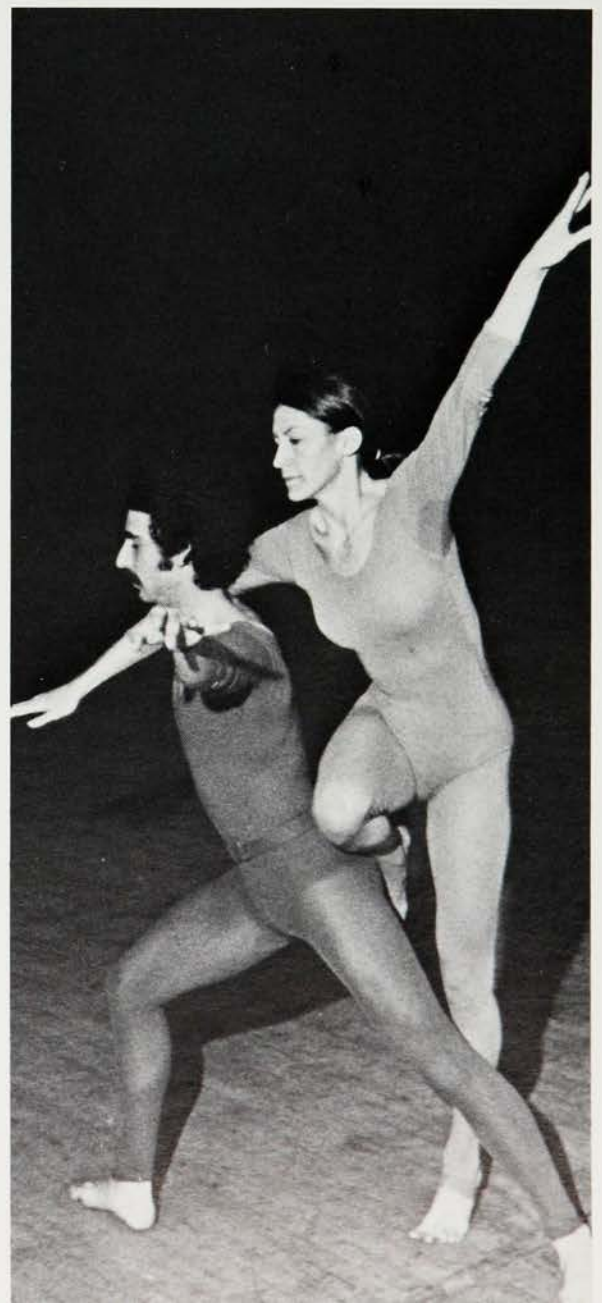
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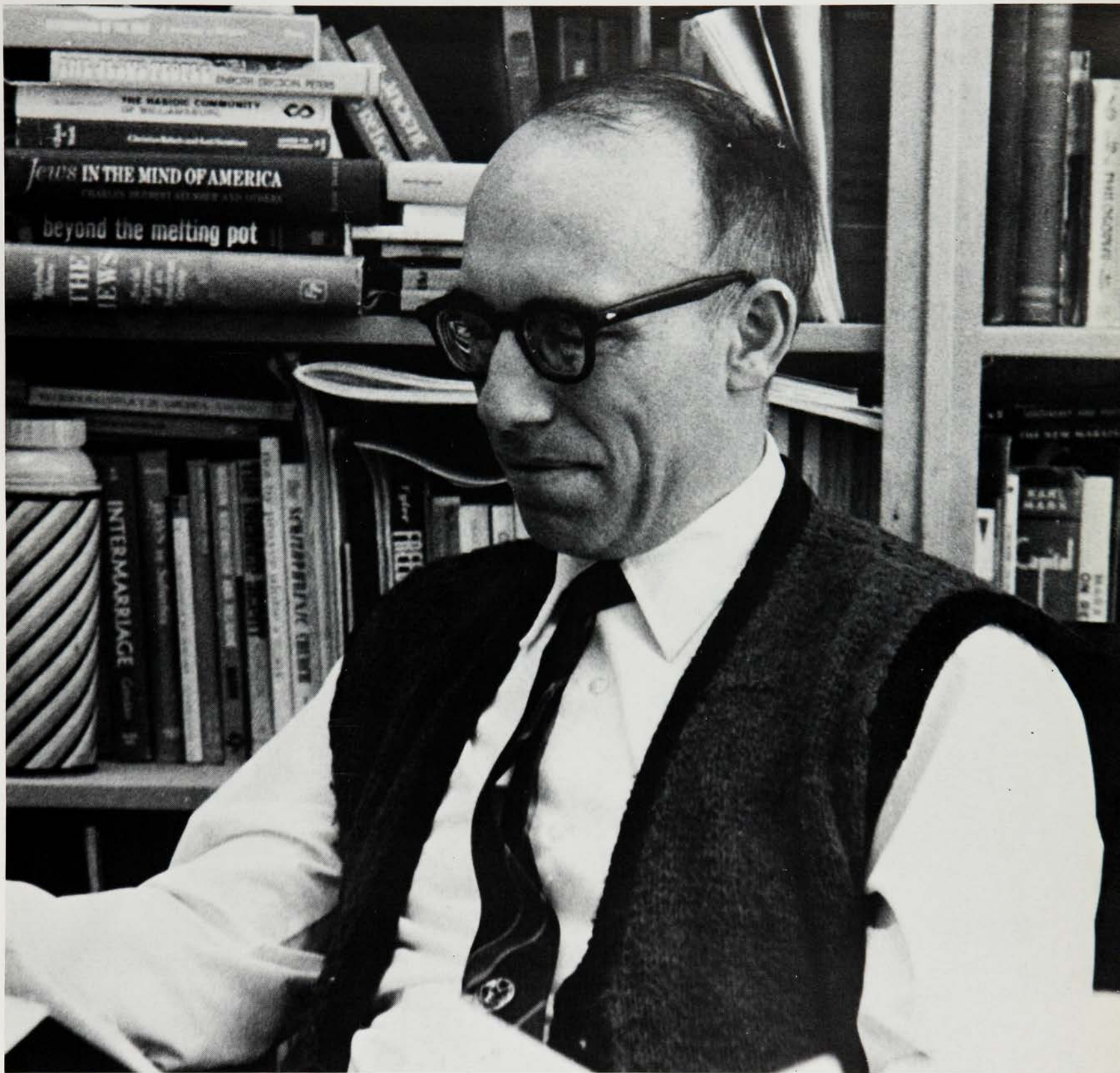


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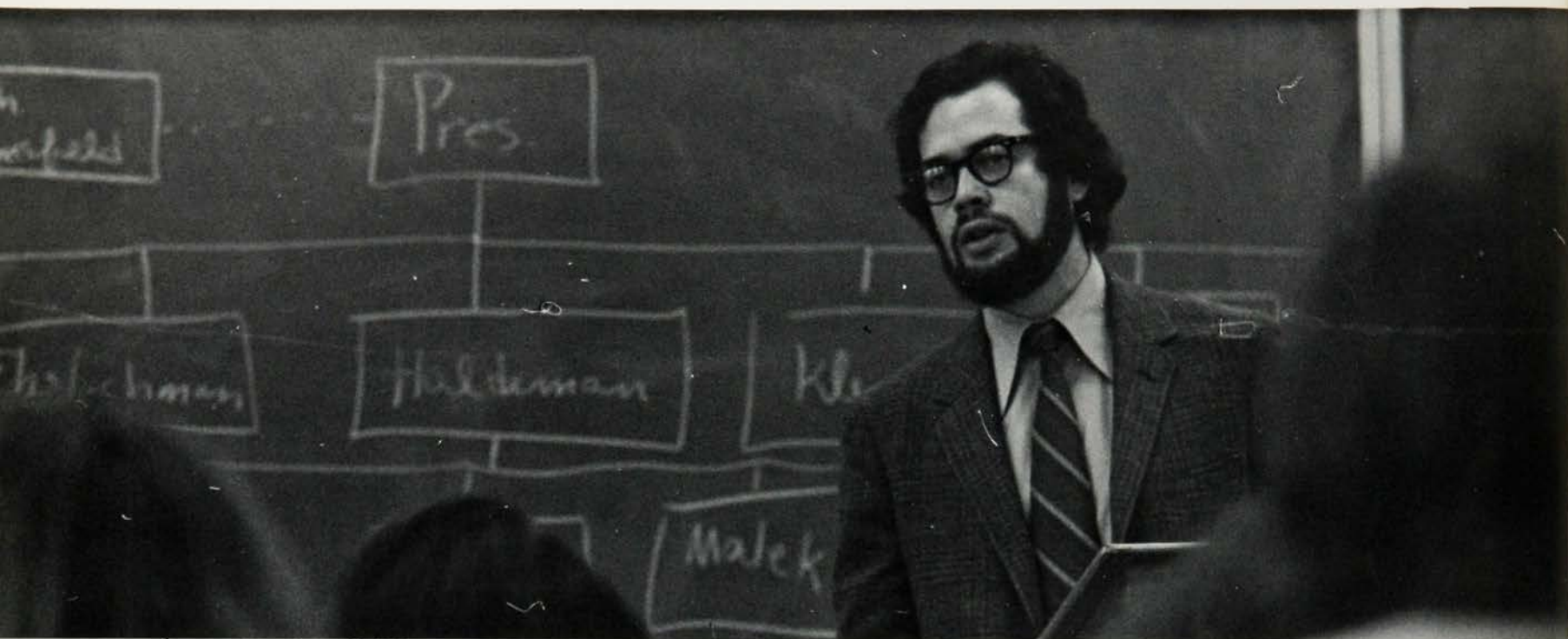




Dean Harry Yeide

Wice





Professor Stephen J. Wayne (before)

Dowd



Professor Stephen J. Wayne (after)

Wice





Vita

University President Lloyd H. Elliott



Hyams









Sommer



by Mark Leemon

"I'm running against Tricky Dick," the grey-bearded man in rumpled navy dress whites once said. "And I need your help."

The man was Joseph Wolfgang Parry-Hill, a frequent campus visitor and self-styled "Crusader, Engineer, Civic Leader, Teacher, Politician, and Advertising Executive." He died of a heart attack last summer at the age of 58.

In recent years Parry-Hill ran for every elected office in the District. He generally ran a Republican write-in campaign, since he never amassed enough signatures on his petitions to place his name on the ballot.

However, his campaign cry of RALLY ROUND (Revolutionary Abraham Lincoln Legion of Youth for Rehabilitation, Order, Understanding, and National Deliverance) became a familiar refrain at GW.

He came to campus mostly for company, since college students are friendlier than most citizens, and more tolerant, perhaps, of out-of-the-way people. He was generally a good-natured man with (at least some of the time) an inkling that his political pursuits were not the most ordinary.

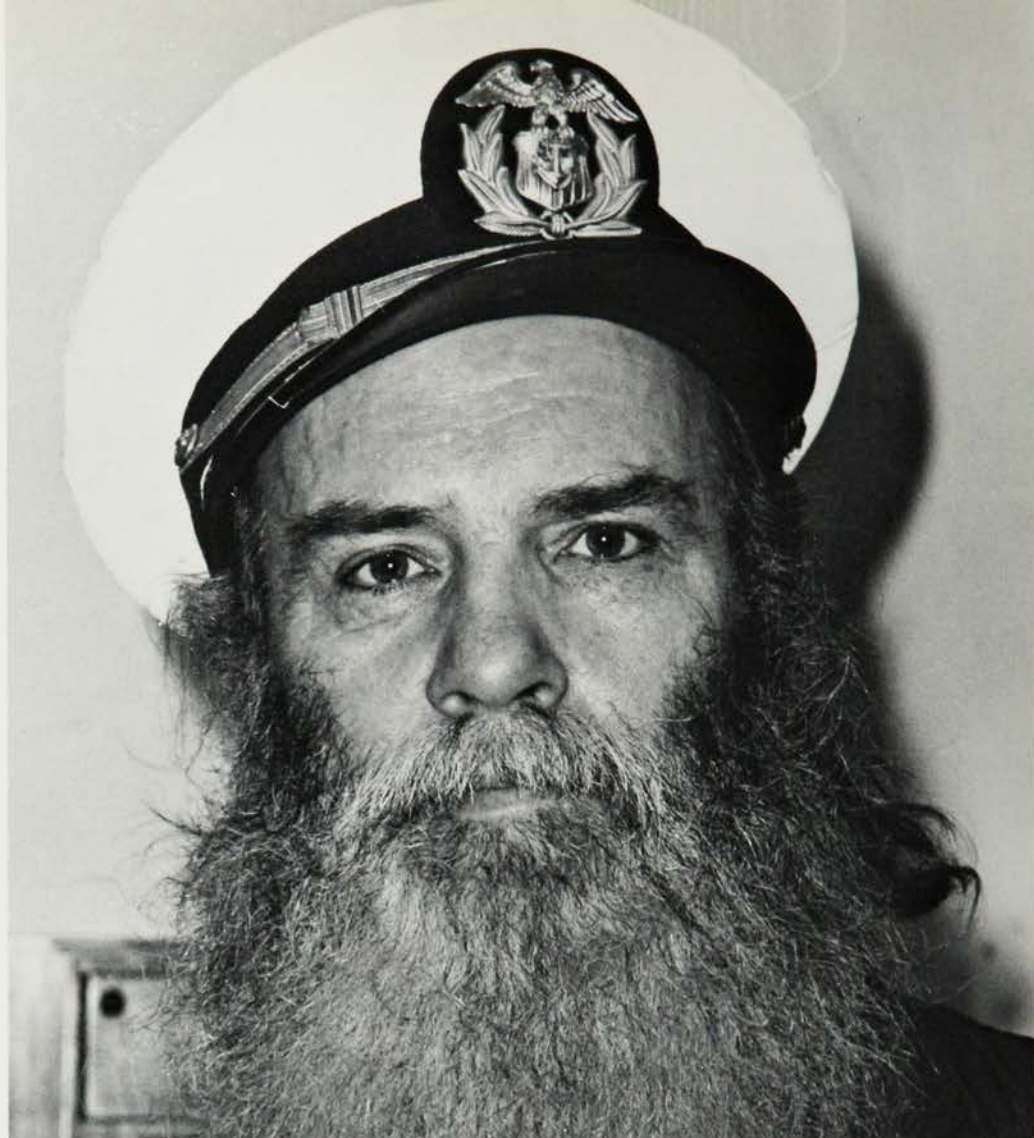
Parry-Hill ran his campaign pleas in the Hatchet, ads which also appealed for new members in his "co-op" house on Military Road. He wanted to start a kind of counter culture group but his efforts in that direction were spectacularly unsuccessful.

During the Moratorium in 1969 Parry-Hill opened his house to out-of-town Yuppies. They repaid his act of charity, he said, by flushing four crates of oranges down the house's toilets, ruining the plumbing. He referred to these people afterward as the "peace mob."

Parry-Hill's house was not always a "co-op." Until the mid-1960's, he lived there with his wife, who later divorced him, and eight children: Jessie, Joe, Jerry, Janet, Jay, Jean, Jenny, and Jimmy.

Parry-Hill more or less supported his family by working as a stationary engineer — he held a first class license — and by various self-employment schemes, most of which were financial disasters.

He was, for example, in the salvage business; he would bid on government ships in hopes of dismantling them and selling the scrap. Similar reasoning led him to keep a yard full of junk automobiles. His neighbors hated him for this home business operation and endeavored many times to



Joseph Parry-Hill

Stone

have the police force remove the wrecked cars. In addition, their frequent complaints about Parry-Hill's dog, Gertrude, resulted in the invoking of a seldom enforced D.C. law prohibiting dog barking. He appealed and lost his case to the D.C. Court of Appeals on constitutional grounds.

Another of Parry-Hill's commercial efforts, the "AAAA Elevator Construction Company," was awarded a contract to remodel the basement of the Library of Congress in the late 1950's. He had hopelessly underbid and despite a liberal (and probably illegal) use of his children's labor before and after school, he ended up in debt from the project.

Parry-Hill worked for a brief period in 1959 for GW Hospital as a stationary engineer. Shortly after taking the job he had a serious motorcycle accident, having driven the wrong way down a one-way street in the afternoon rush hour. Leaving the hospital many weeks later, he tried his hand

at higher education, studying psychology at D.C. Teacher's College.

1964 found Parry-Hill in Panama, where he joined the Panamanian Merchant Marine. Details for this period of his life are hazy, but his commission was possibly bought and paid for, a common occurrence in many foreign navies. (In any event, Parry-Hill's title of Chief originated here).

While it is unclear and certainly doubtful that Parry-Hill was the "first American Indian to run for Congress since 1776" as his campaign literature proclaimed, it is probable that he was the "first candidate simultaneously on welfare, medicaid, and food stamps."

The eccentric old gentleman is gone. Gone too is Zeus, Parry-Hill's confidante and chauffeur, who would wander up to the Hatchet offices, looking lost, and inquire in a slow deliberate voice: "Has the Chief been here?"

Indeed, he had.



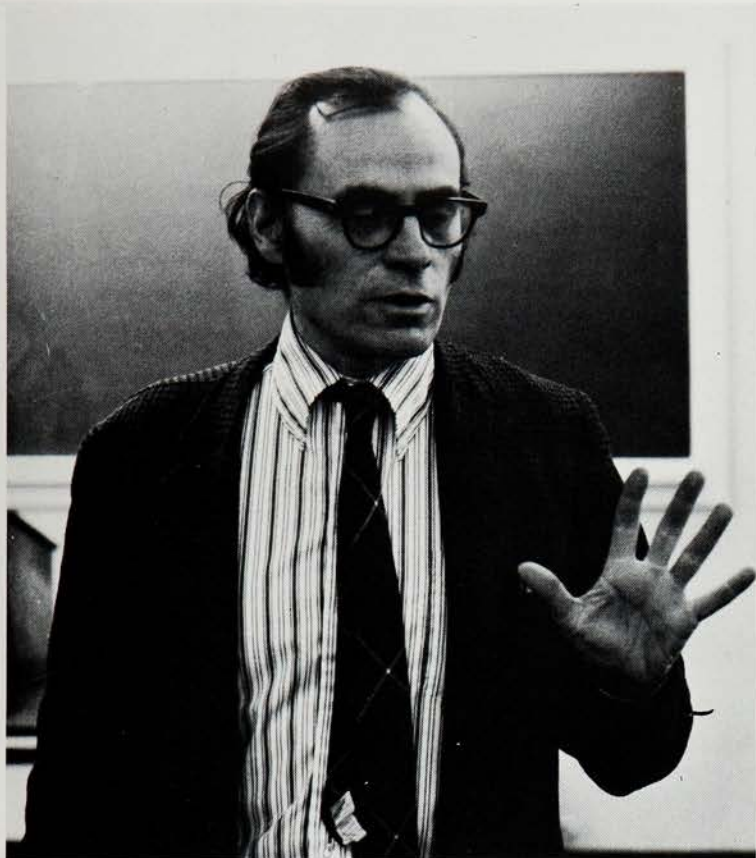


Tabor









Professor Robert Ganz

Wice

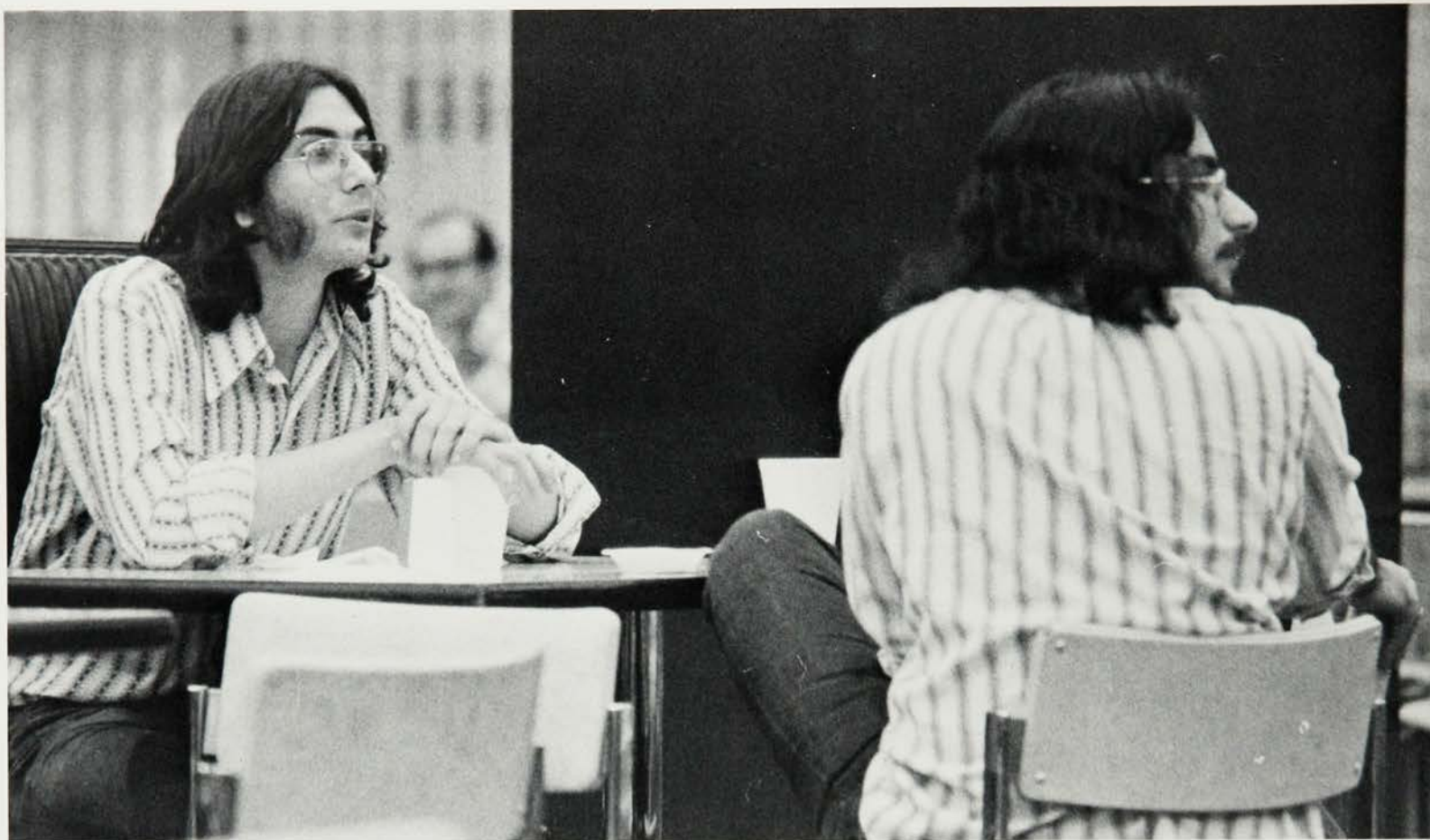


Professor Clarence Mondale

Hodes







Dowd

To MARK N.  
 Date Feb 1. Time \_\_\_\_\_  
**WHILE YOU WERE OUT**  
 M. \_\_\_\_\_  
 of \_\_\_\_\_  
 Phone \_\_\_\_\_  
     Area Code      Number      Extension

TELEPHONED	PLEASE CALL	
CALLED TO SEE YOU	WILL CALL AGAIN	
WANTS TO SEE YOU	URGENT	
RETURNED YOUR CALL		

Message Your mother would like you to bring home the pamphlets tonight. and get a haircut

Operator \_\_\_\_\_

No. 2725 S STCTT & CO., Inc. • Phone 333-5200



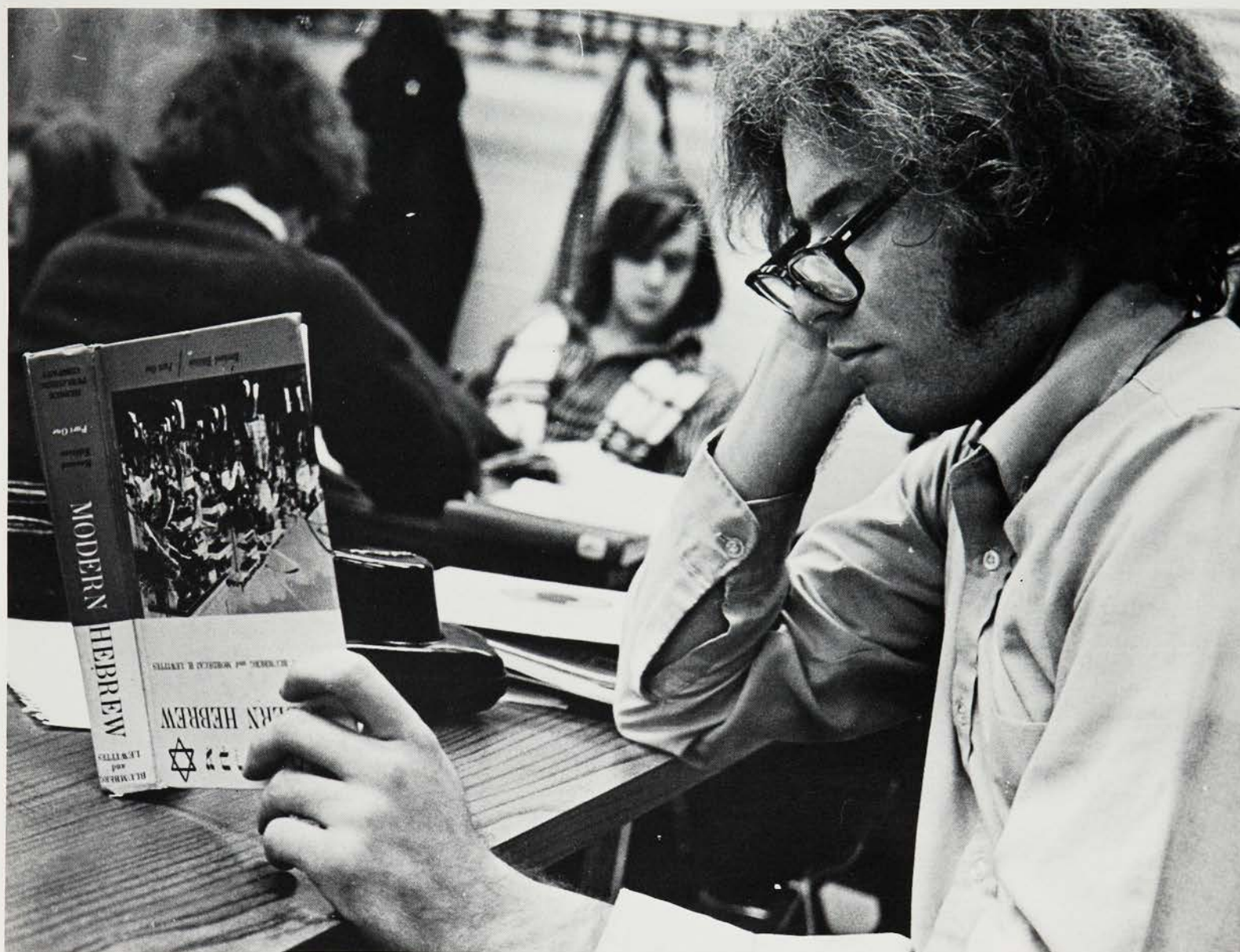
Cahan





Student Activities Director David Speck

Hyams







Ickow



# PROGRAM BOARD PRESENTS 1973 JAN. TO APR. MOVIES







Martha's Marathon of Birthday Bargains

Hodes

Hodes







Hodes



Hodes



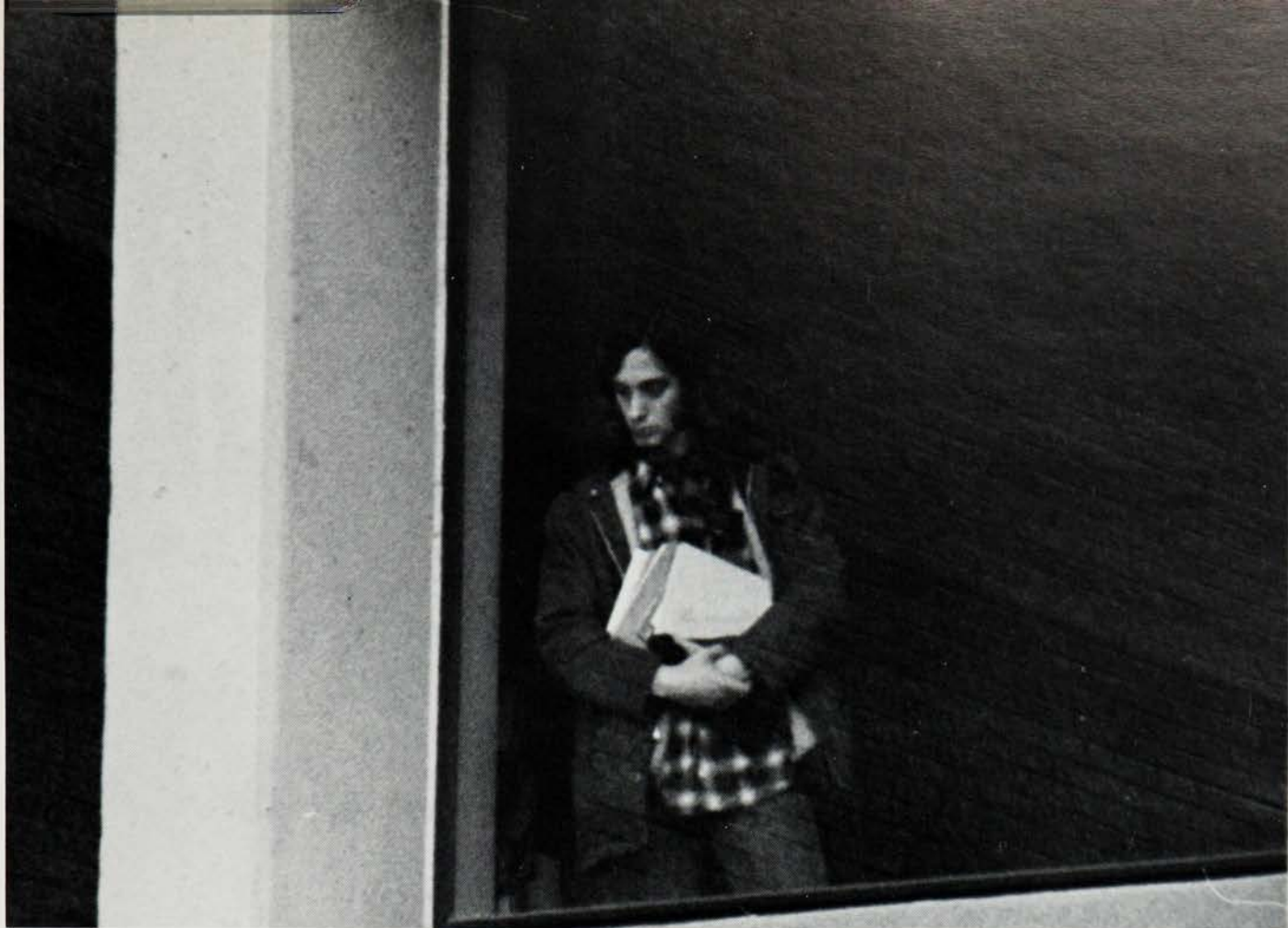
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Dowd





Dowd



Professor Stephen Burks

Wice



Professor John Latimer

Wice





Liz Myer and Friends

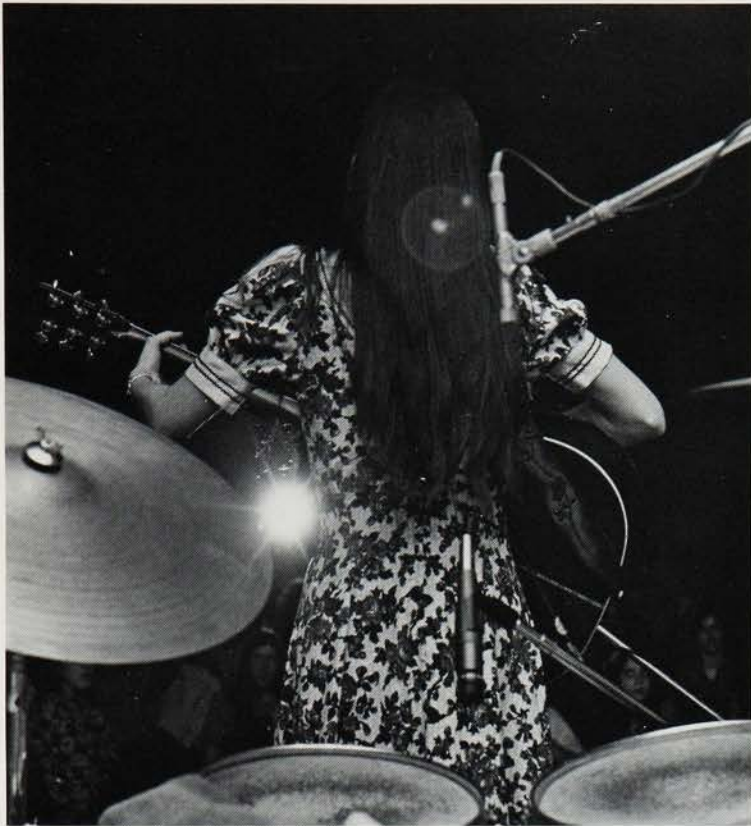
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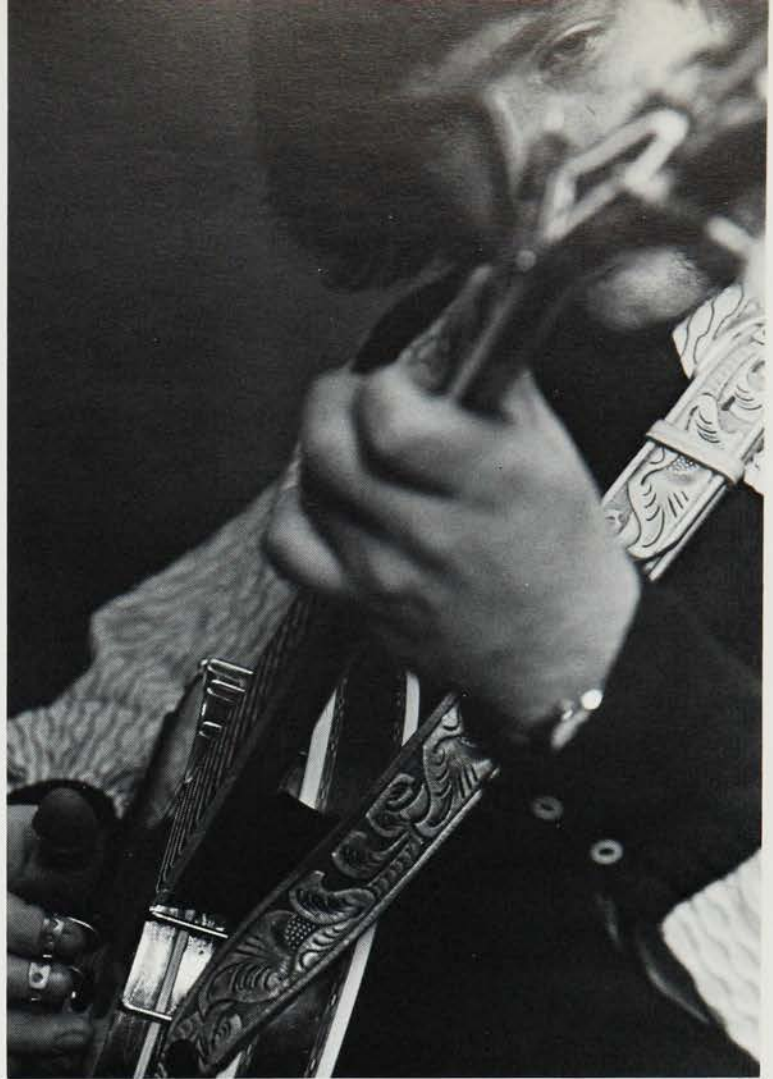
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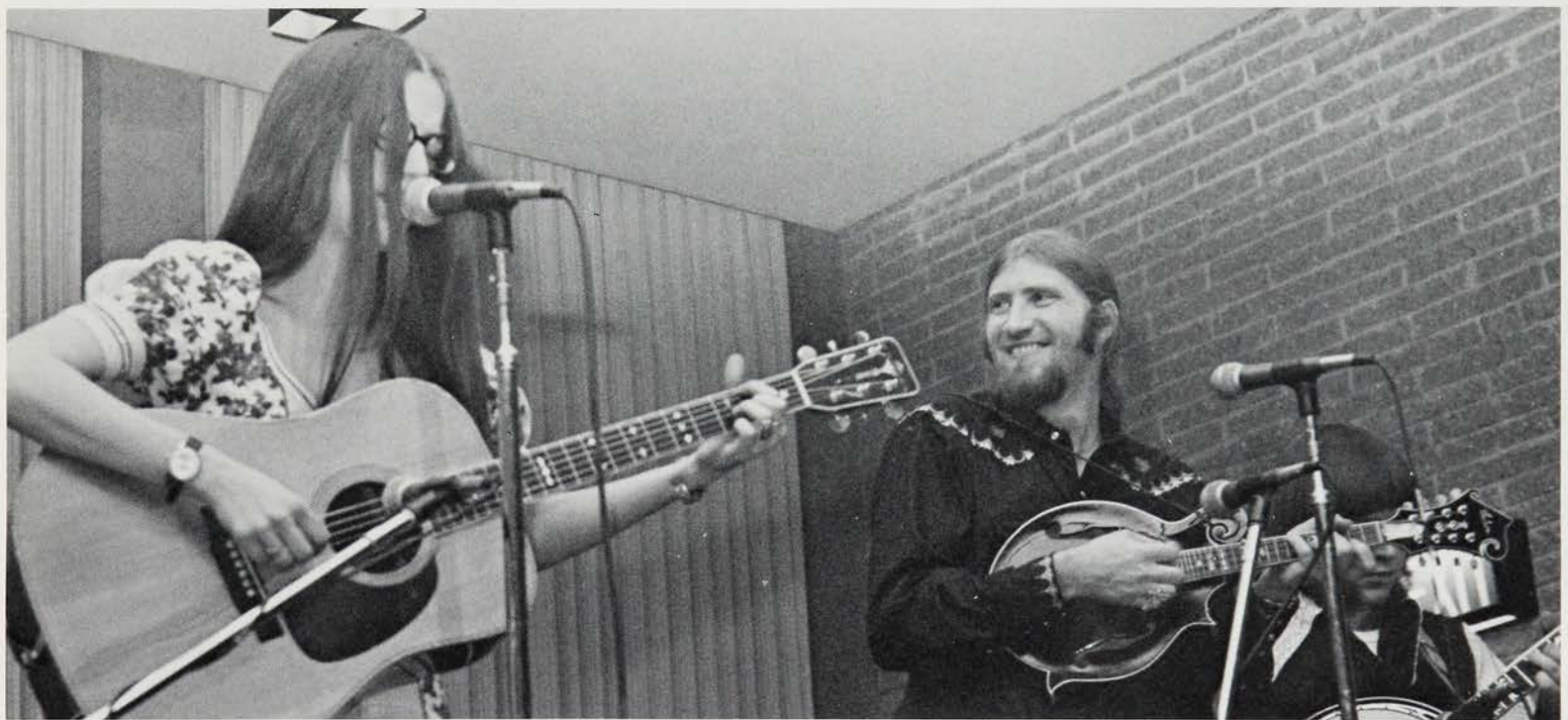




Tabor



Tabor



Tabor





Tabor



Tabor





Professor Ching-Yao Hsieh

Wice



Professor George Henigan

Wice





Tabor





Hyams





Dance Marathon

Ickow

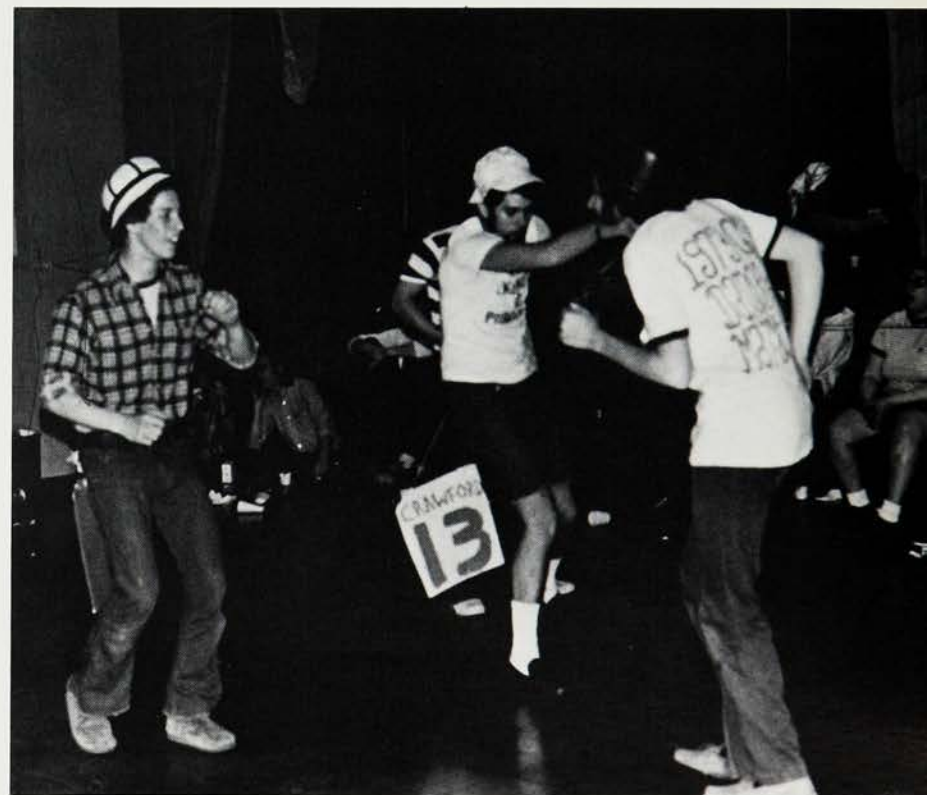


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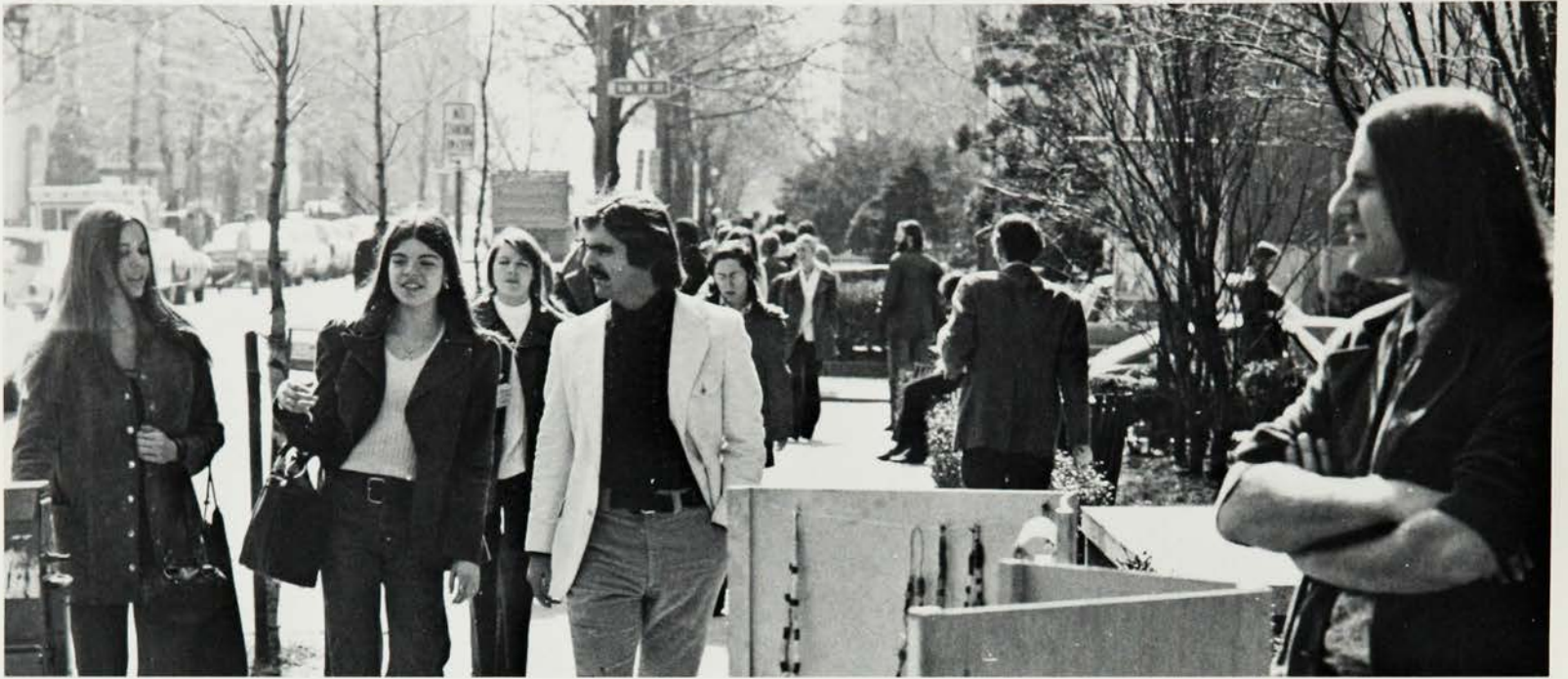


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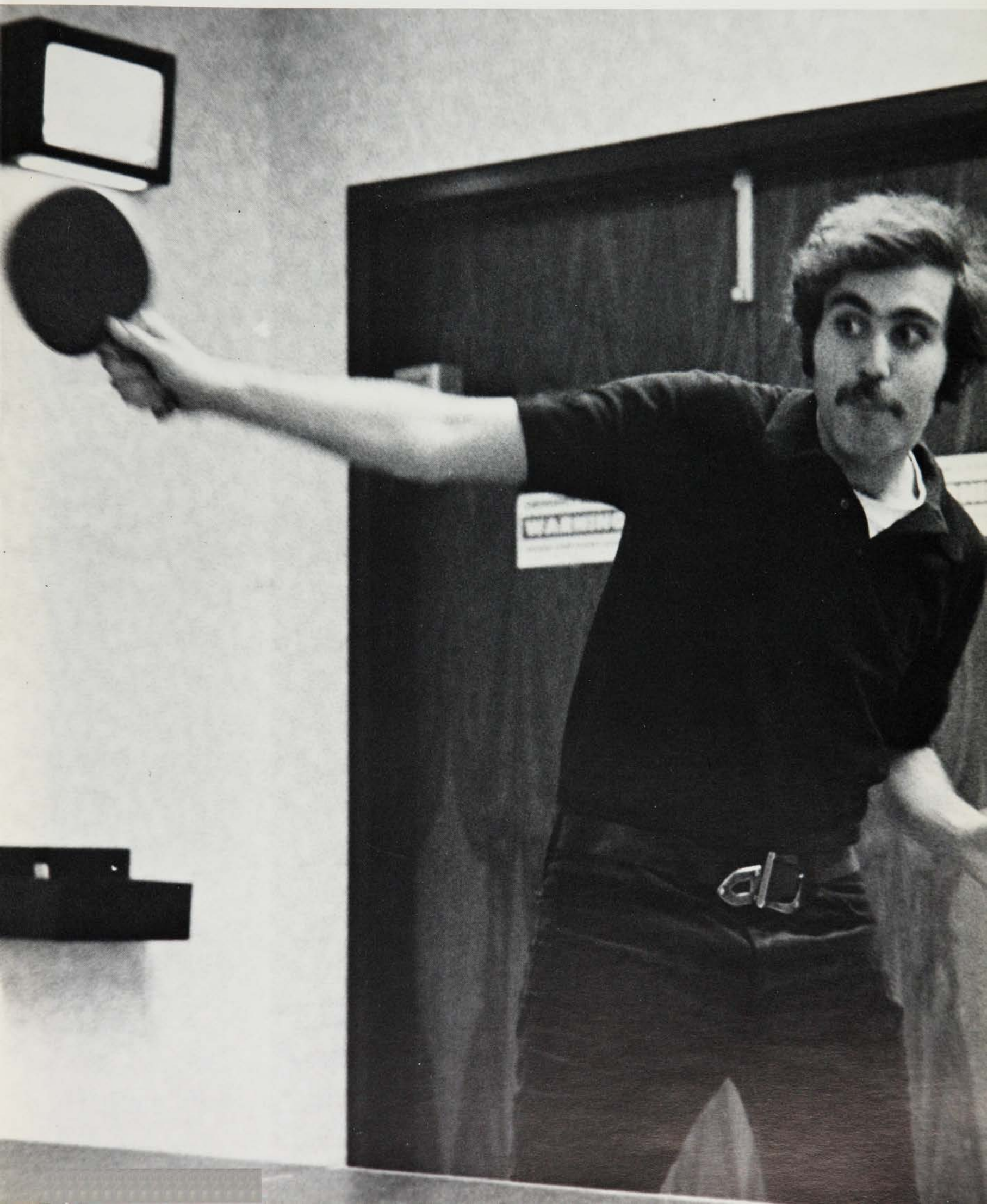
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Tabor









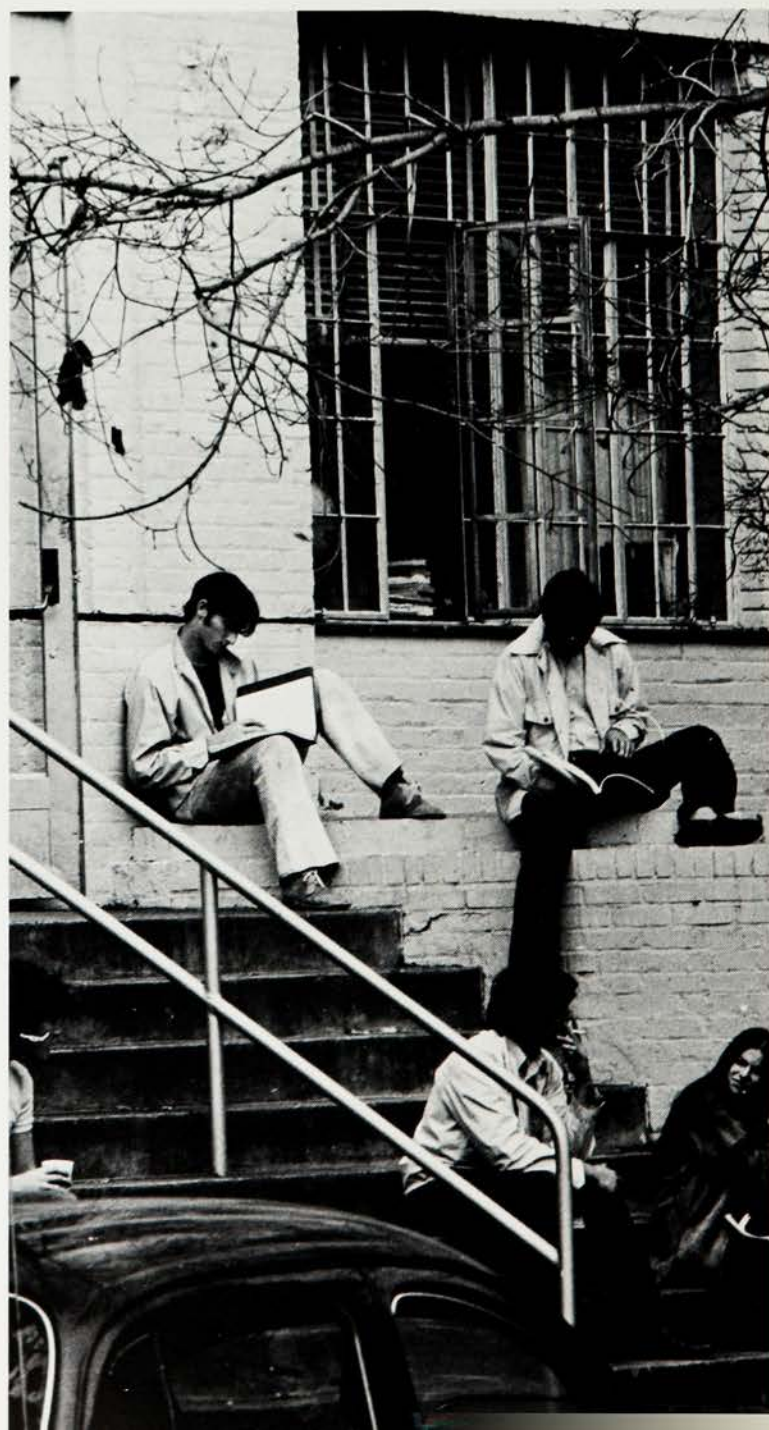
Wice



Irene Cavanagh

Janet Wilson

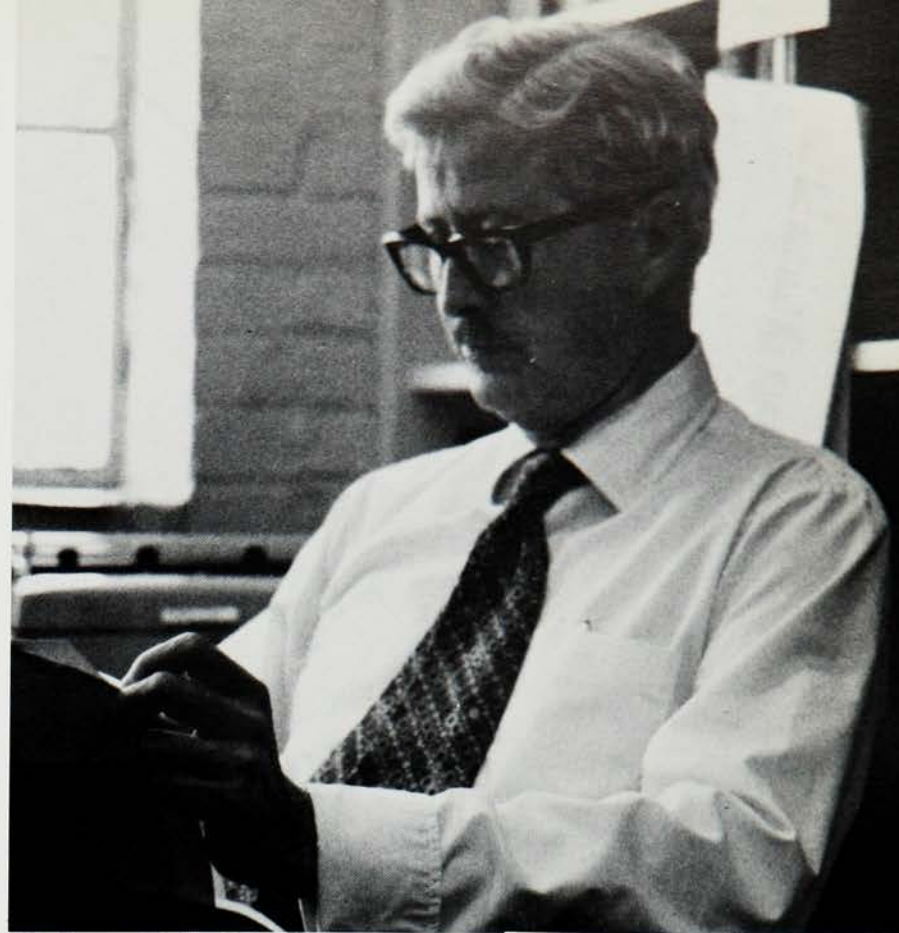
Sommer







Sommer



Professor Philip Highfill

Wice



Ickow









Hyams



Thea Frisby

Sommer

Hyams







Newsman Peter Lisagor

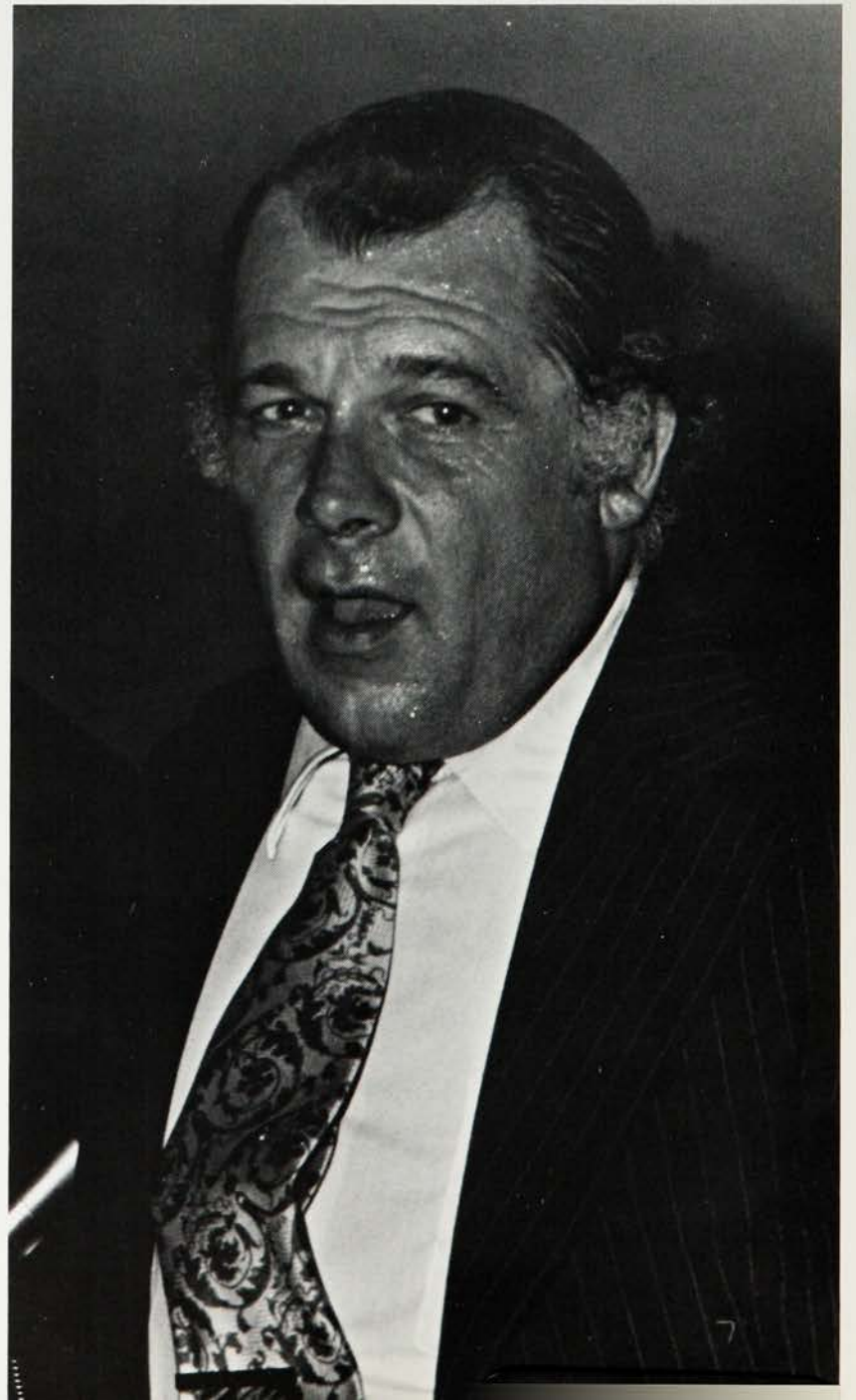


Hodes



Attorney F. Lee Bailey

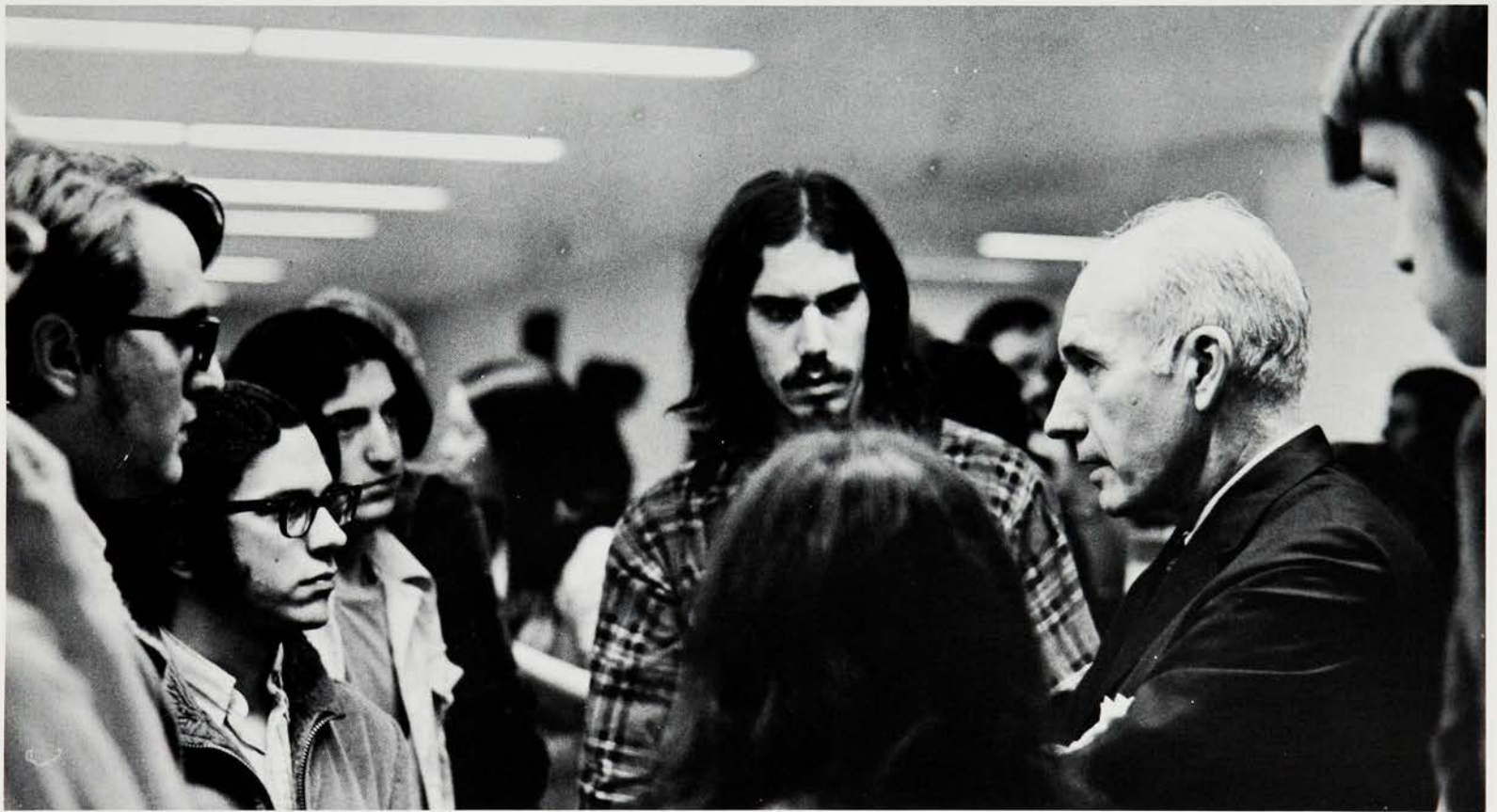
Hyams







Hyams







Buffalo Bob

Sommer



"Nostalgia" is how Buffalo Bob explains his return to the public eye. "Just plain going back to the good old days." The nostalgia has evidently swept every section of the country, and the show is now booked through 1972 at 45 colleges. Buffalo Bob discounted talk that many college students are stoned on marijuana and that they view the kiddie show antics as another way of enhancing their drug euphoria. The collegians simply want to be kids again, he insisted. At Georgia Tech, he said, there was an essay contest for students who wanted to win seats in the Peanut Gallery. "I want to sit in the Peanut Gallery because this semester I've already been on Bozo and Romper Room," wrote one nostalgic student.

## VARIETY

BUFFALO BOB NEW CLICK ON CAMPUS

### THE NATIONAL OBSERVER

#### Buffalo Bob and a Night of Nostalgia

Pandemonium: Balloons and bubble gum distributed for the occasion, are popping everywhere; short-haired and long-haired students, young mothers with their children, are all on their feet. Buffalo Bob! Then they hush, 1,600 strong, for the inevitable they've come to hear. Buffalo Bob obliges. "Say kids," he booms, "WHAT TIME IS IT?" The answer thunders back, ricocheting off the walls. Eventually he swept off to prepare for another college, blowing kisses as he went and saying, "Good night, sweet kids. I love you."



Sommer

## The New York Times

Mr. Smith said he was taking his Nostalgic Revival to Harvard on April 18. Will the White House be next?

### BUFFALO BOB SMITH'S COLLEGE DATE APPEARANCES 1970/1971:

<b>1970</b>					
2-14	University of Pennsylvania	1-14	Florida Technological University	3-19	Lasell Junior College
4-4	Temple University	1-17	University of Rochester	3-21	Salem State
4-19	Villanova	1-22	Albany State	3-25	Robert Morris College
5-1	Penn State	2-3	Brockport University	3-27	Kutztown University
5-17	American University	2-4	Geneseo University	4-18	Harvard
10-13	University of Miami	2-13	Queens College	4-19	Hunter
10-31	Fairleigh Dickinson	2-18	Georgia Tech	4-21	Alabama University
12-4	University of Colorado	2-19	University of Hartford	4-22	Syracuse University
12-5	Claremont College	2-20	University of Bridgeport	4-23	NYU
12-6	University of North Colorado	2-22	University of Rhode Island	4-24	Cortland State
12-11	Duke University	3-4	Tulane University	4-27	Ohio University
12-12	Suffolk University	3-9	University of Connecticut	4-28	University of South Carolina
<b>1971</b>		3-14	George Washington University	4-29	Loyola
1-6	University of California	3-17	Brevard Junior College	5-5	Towson State
				5-7	Nassau Community College
				5-14	University of Mass.
				5-29	Florida State





Bill Monroe

Tabor



Tabor

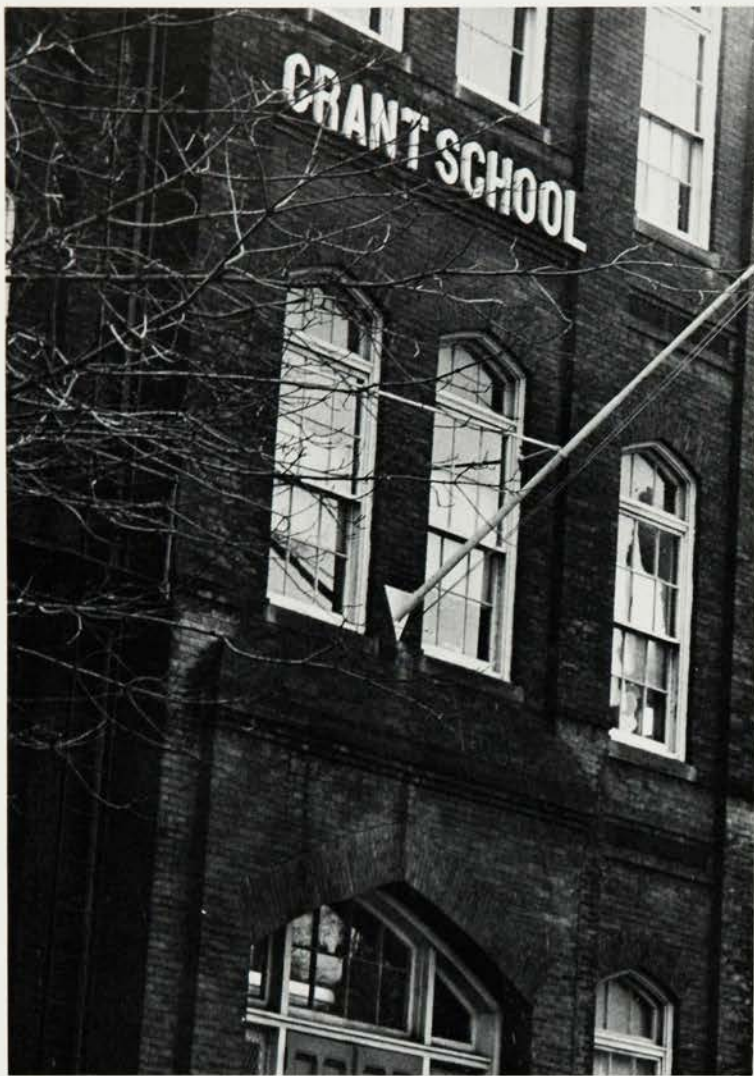
Tabor





Tabor

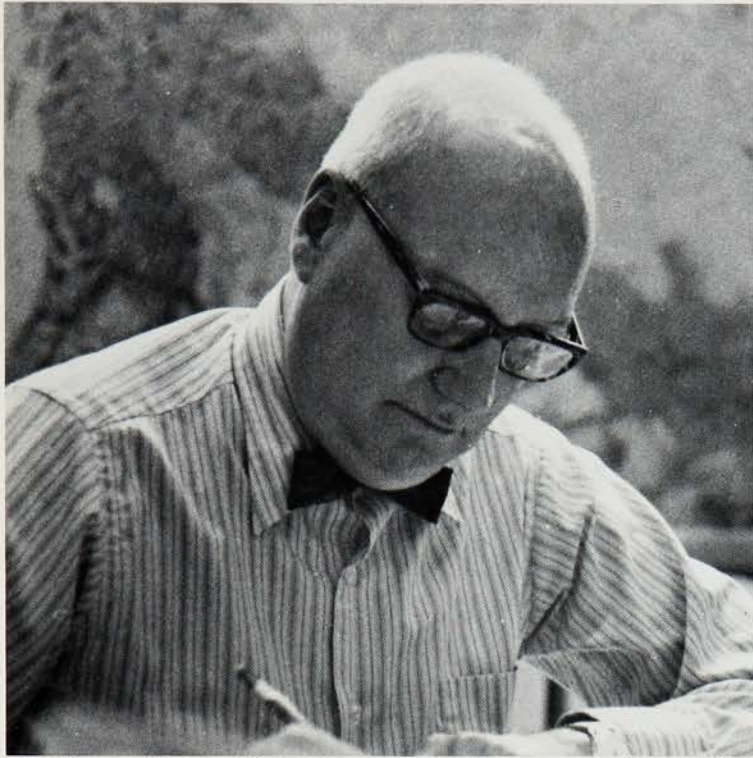




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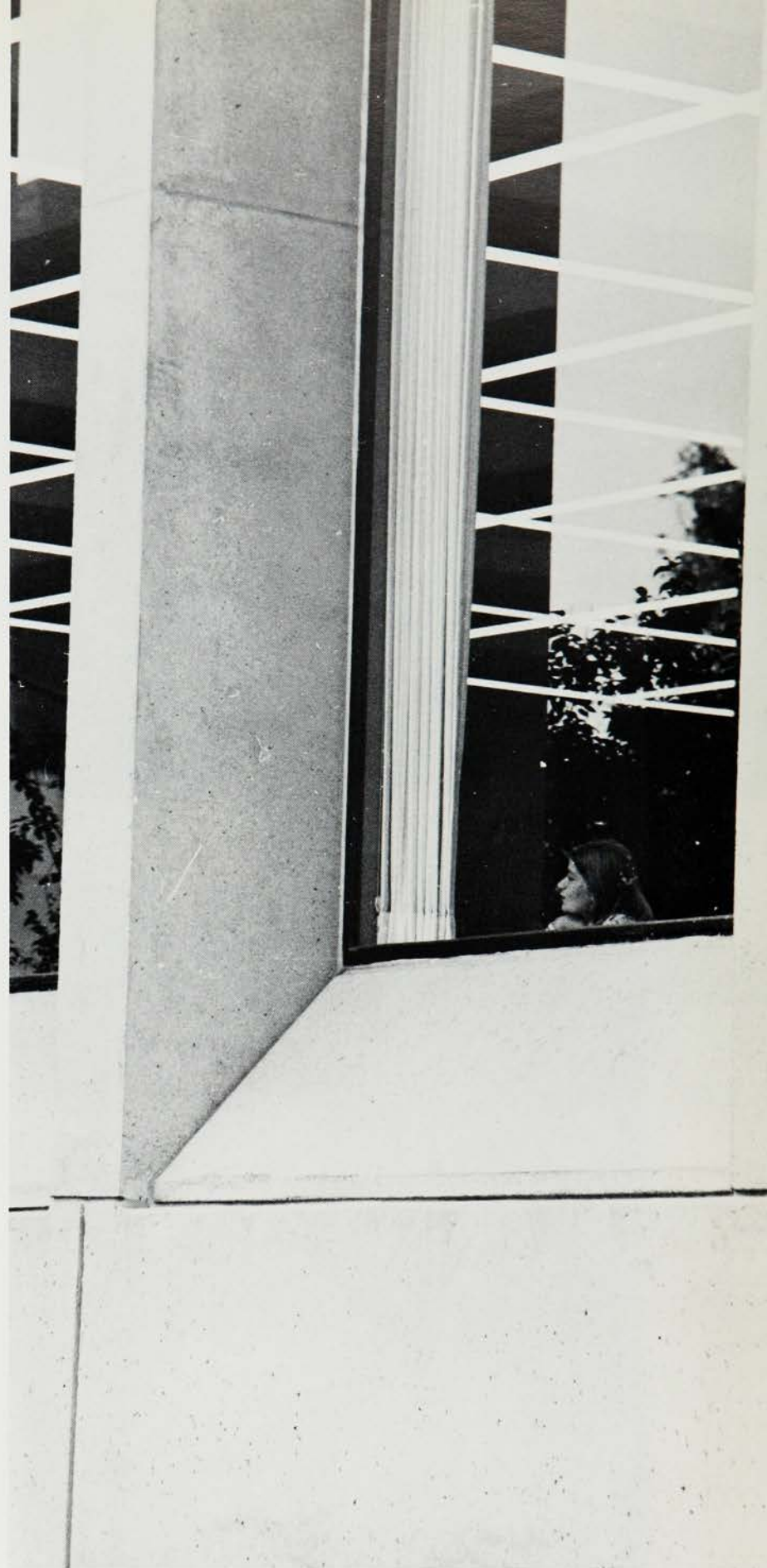
Professor Howard Merriman

Wice



Professor Edwin Stevens

Wice



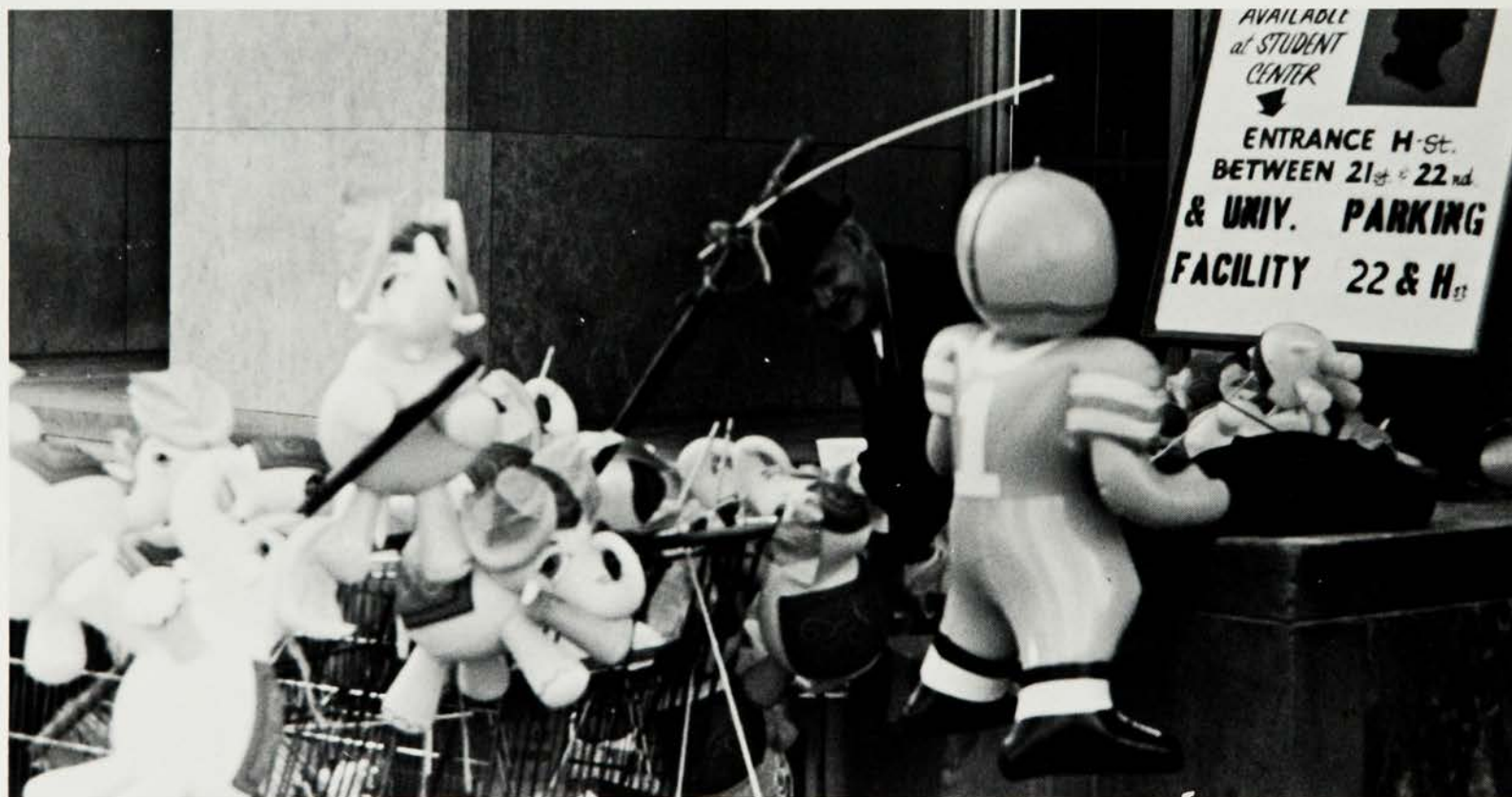




Ickow



Sommer



Tabor





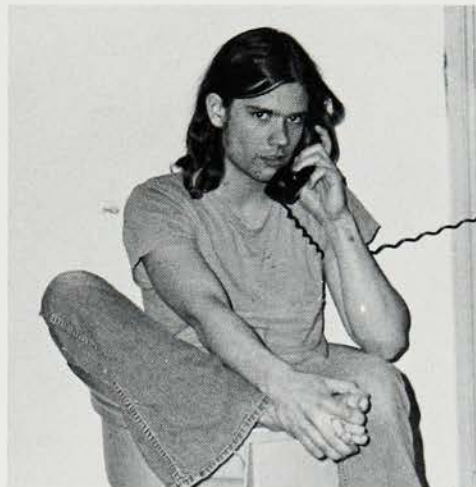
Bresenhoff



Tabor



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Bresenhoff



Sommer





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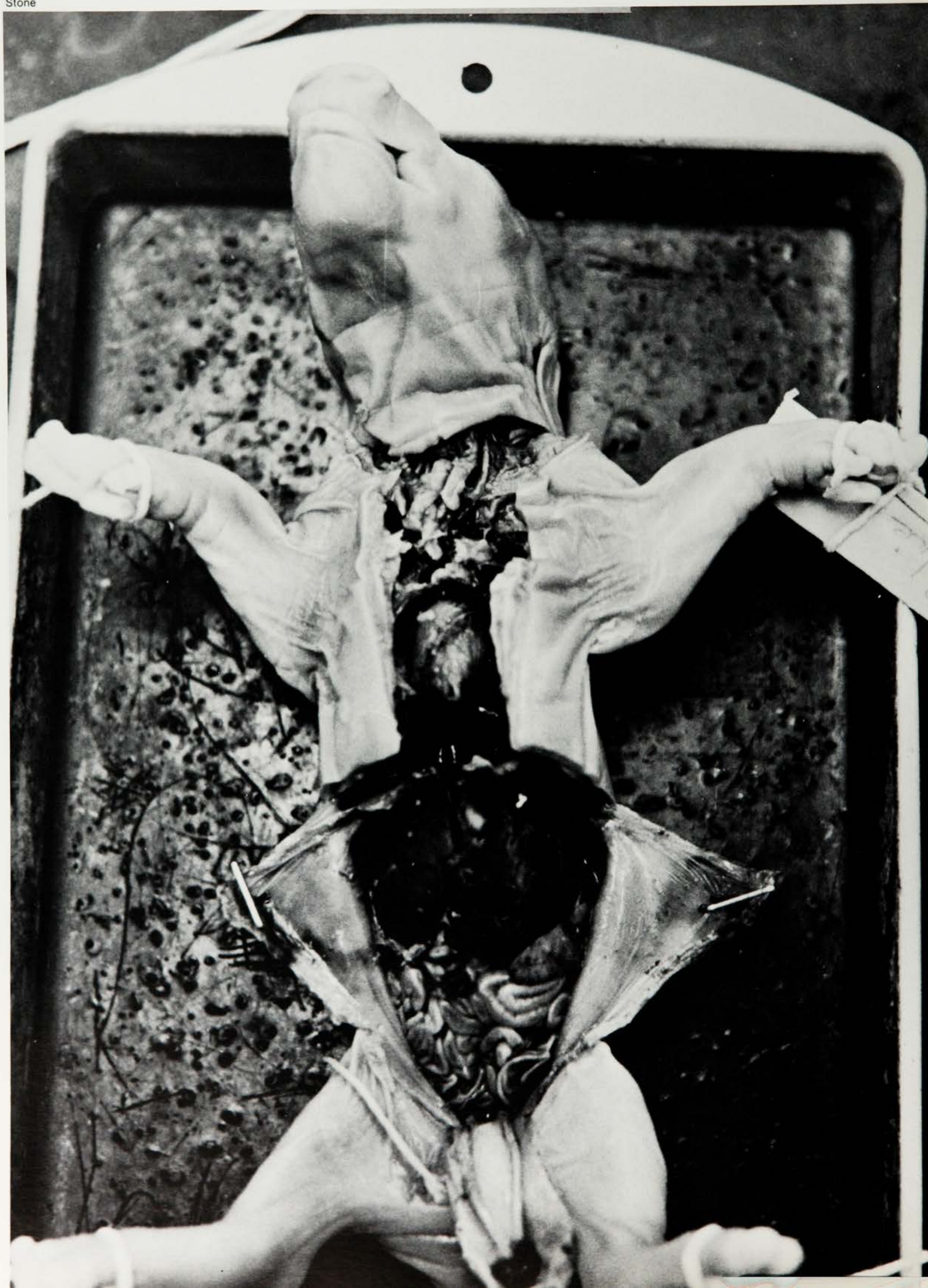


Fischel

Tabor











Dating Game's Jim Lange

Hyams

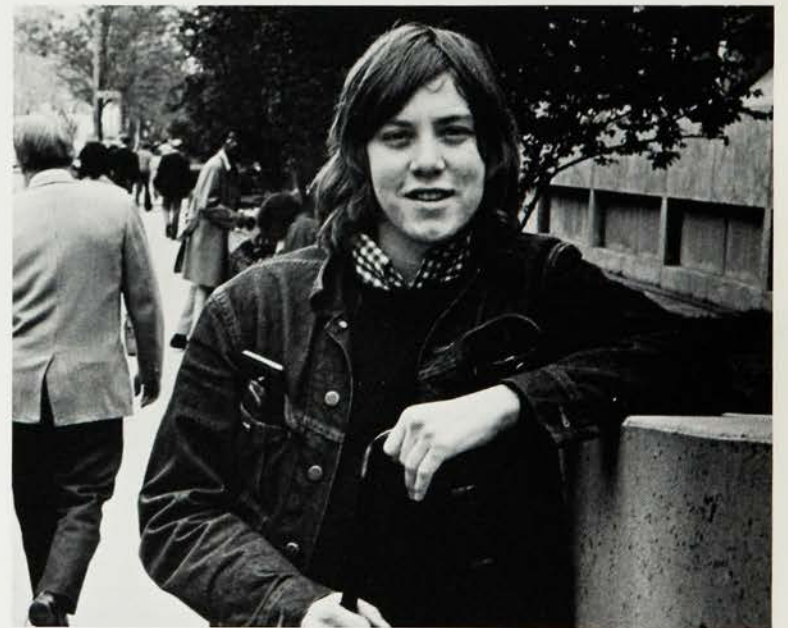


Hyams





Szlenker



Sommer

Dowd



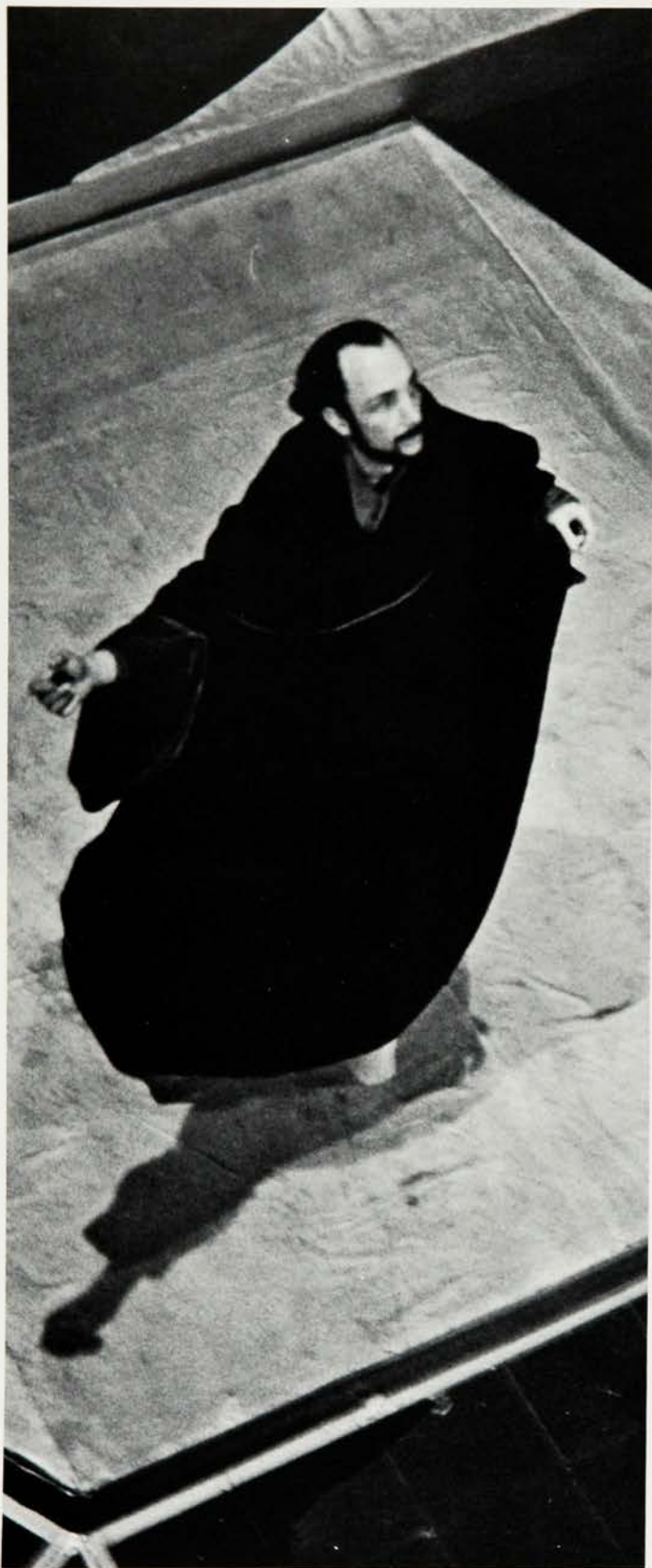


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Hyams





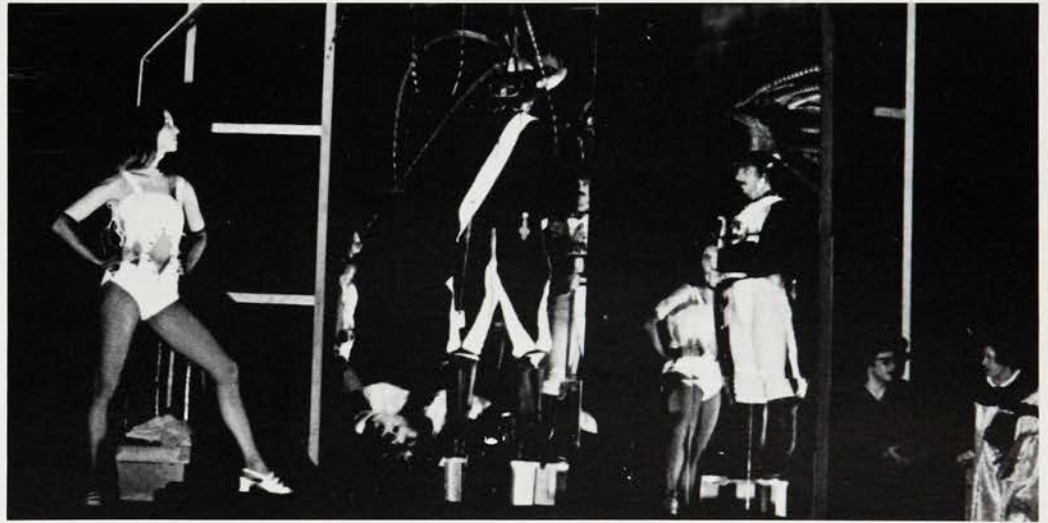
"The Balcony"

Tabor



Tabor





Tabor





Professor Sydney James

Wice





Sommer



Professor E. J. B. Lewis

Wice



Professor Robert Jones

Wice





KODAK SAFETY FILM

19

KODAK SAFETY FILM

20



KODAK SAFETY FILM

30

31

KODAK SAFETY FILM

32



Shawn Phillips





21

KODAK SAFETY FILM

23

33

34

35





*Who's Who Among Students Reception*

Sommer





Senior Cruise

Sommer



Sommer



Sommer

Sommer







Senior Picnic

Tabor



Tabor

Tabor





Tabor



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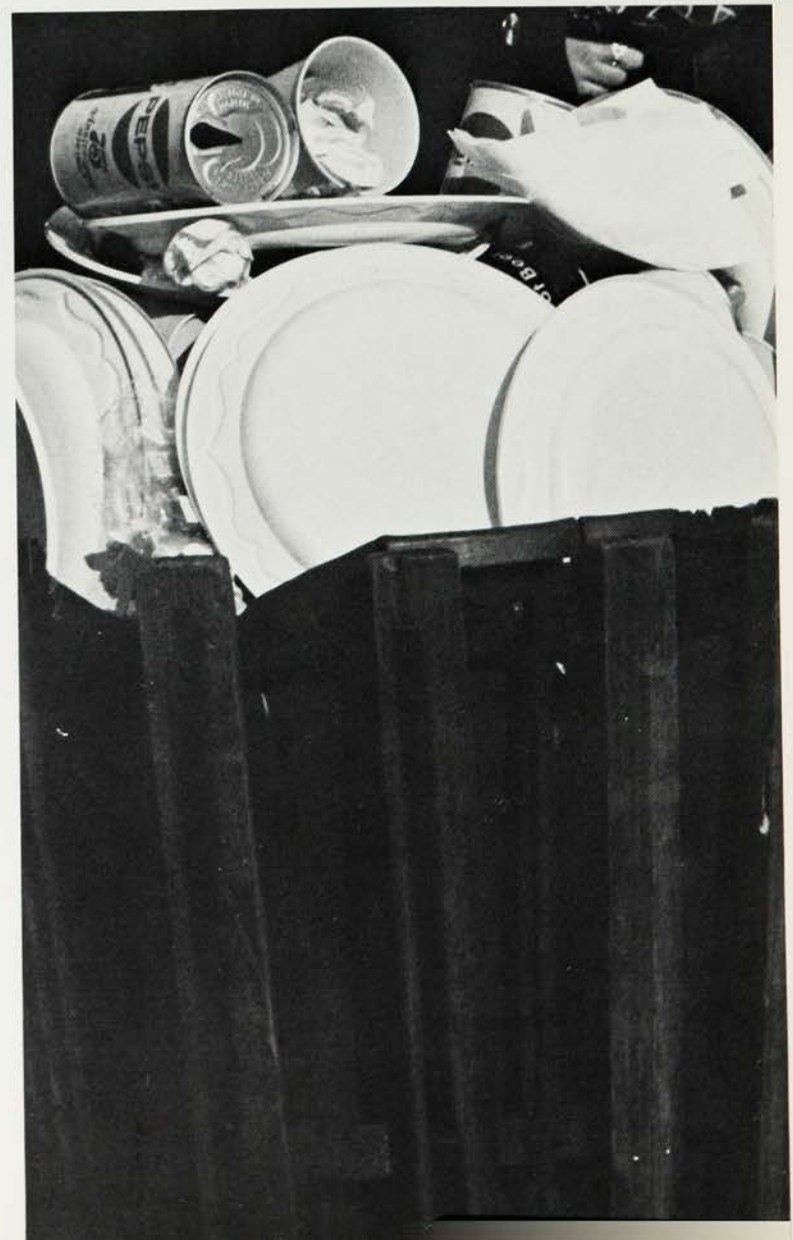
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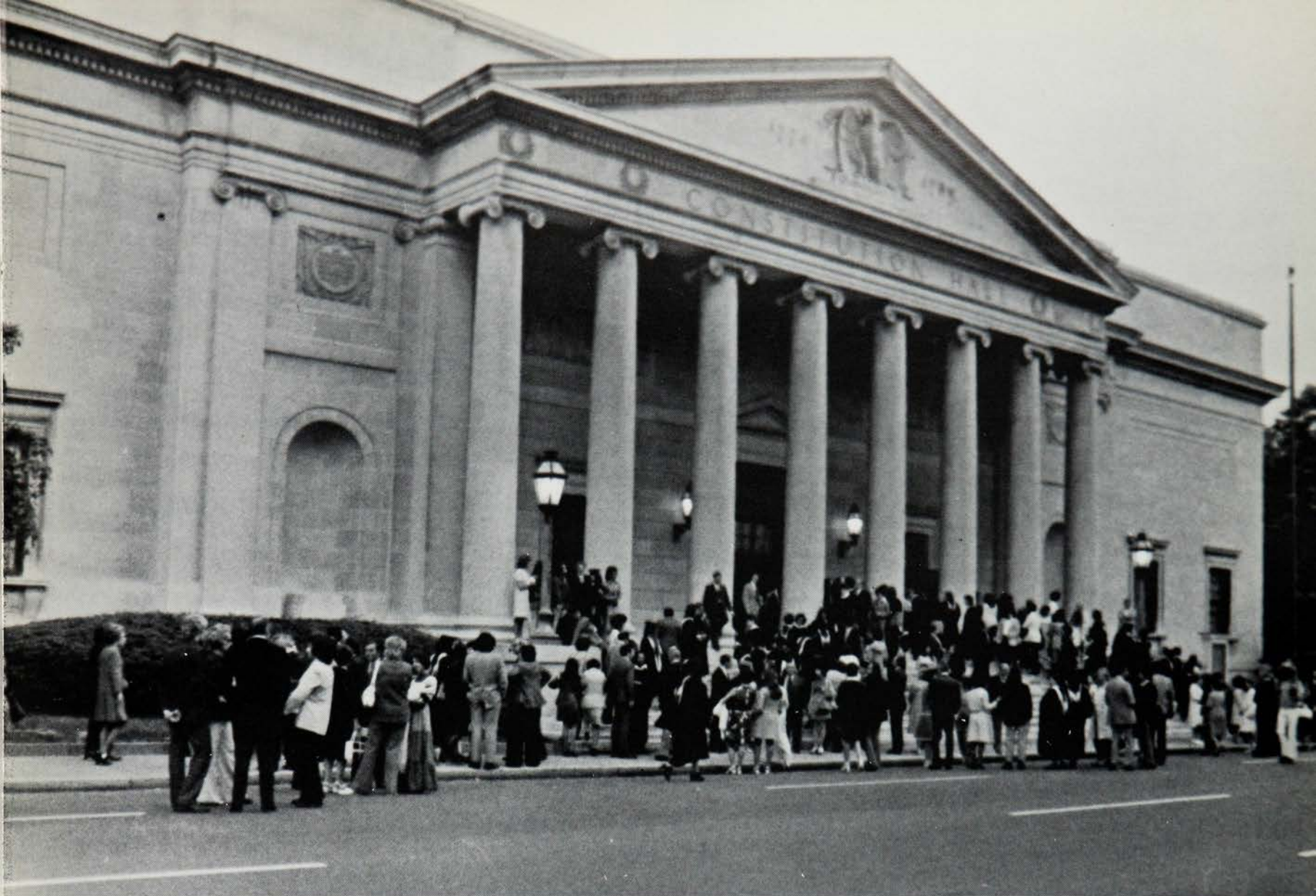
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Tabor







Tabor

One Hundred and Fifty-second Year

Annual Commencement  
of  
The George Washington University

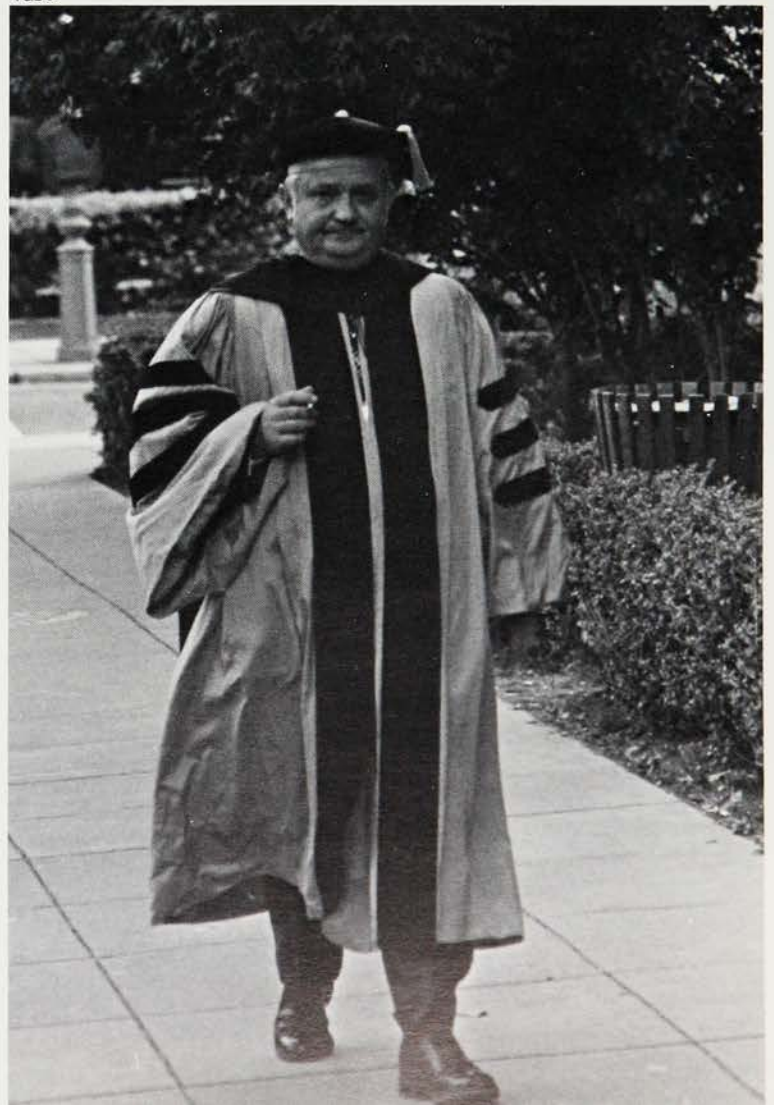


The Graduate School of Arts and Sciences  
The School of Government and Business Administration  
The School of Engineering and Applied Science  
The School of Public and International Affairs  
The School of Education  
Columbian College of Arts and Sciences

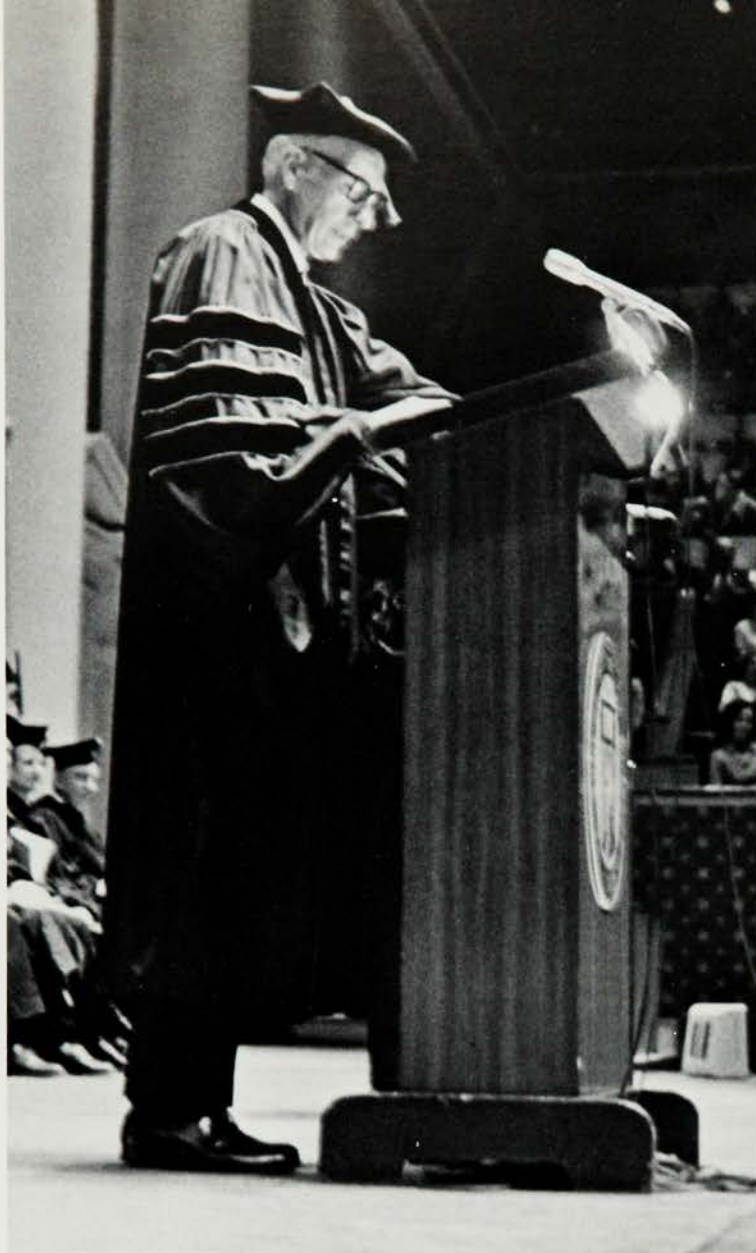
Sunday, May 6, 1973

THE GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

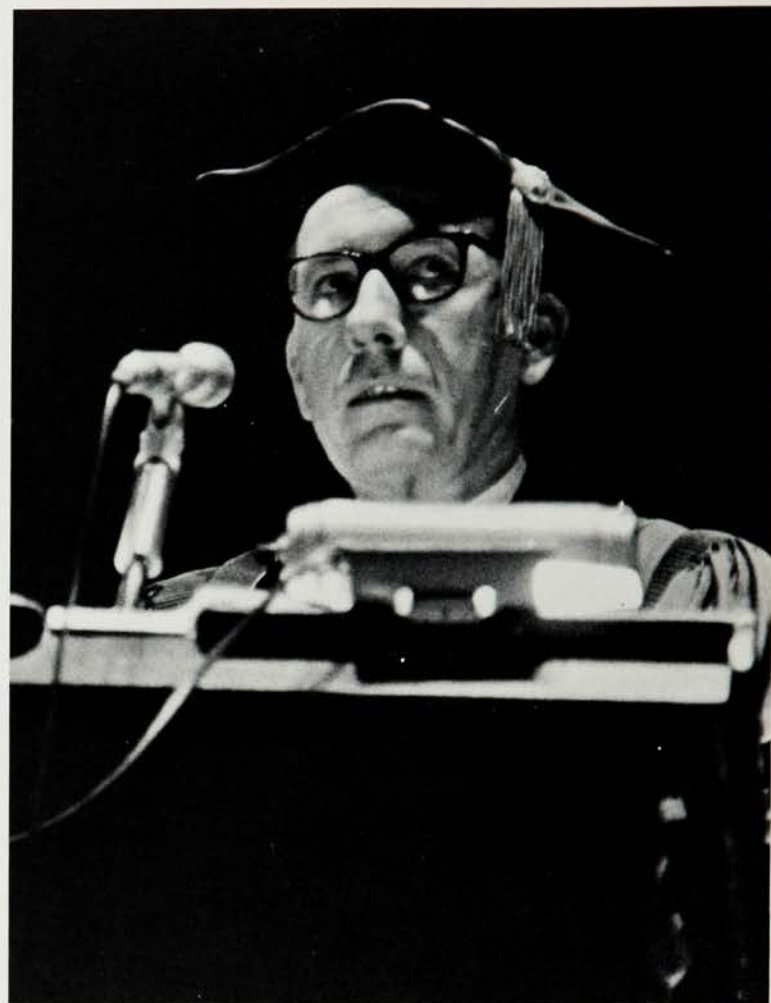
Tabor







Tabor



Tabor

*We invited the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, the Secretary of Defense accepted, but the Attorney General declined.*

*That may be something of an historical first.*

*But then we should have known better than to invite anyone who can't keep a steady job.*

President Lloyd H. Elliott  
Columbia College Commencement  
May 6, 1973



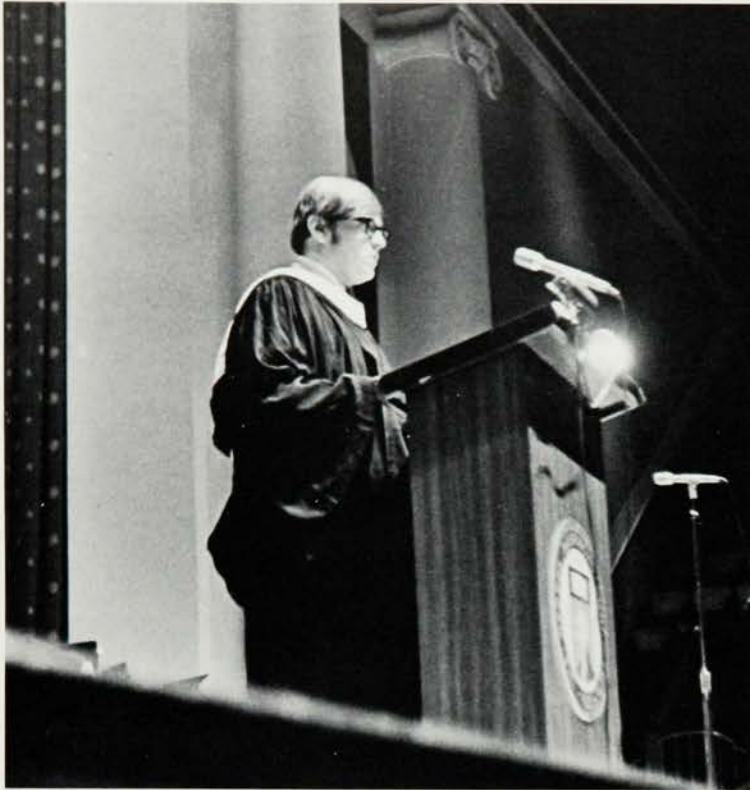


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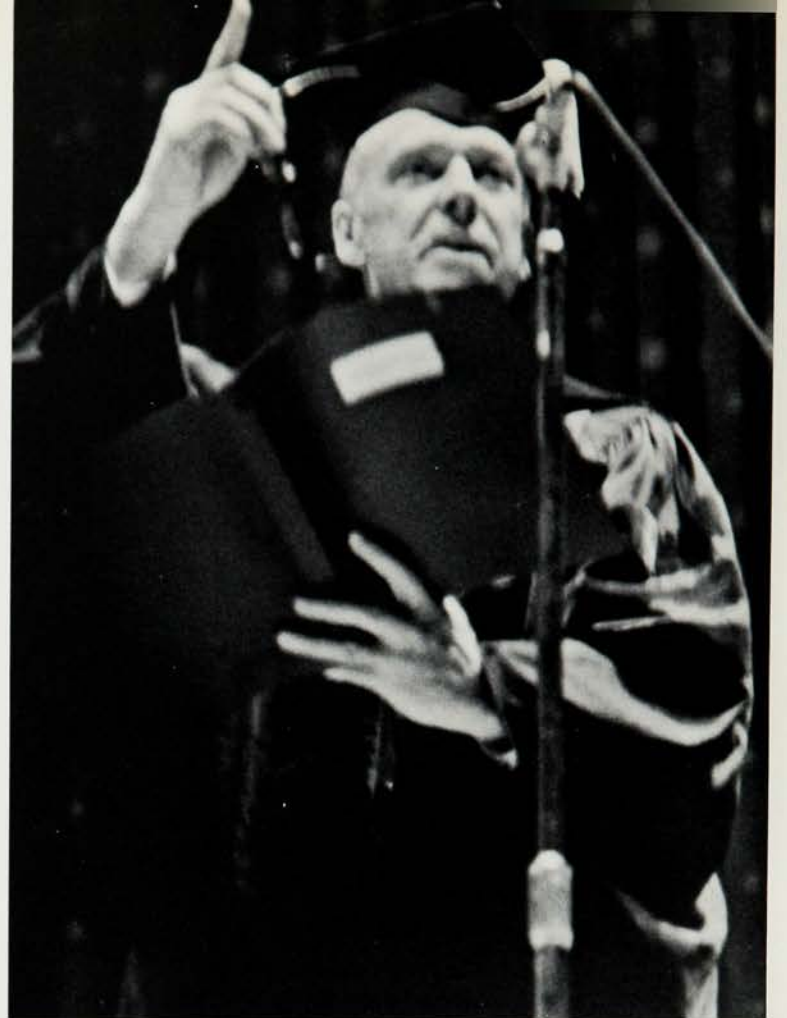






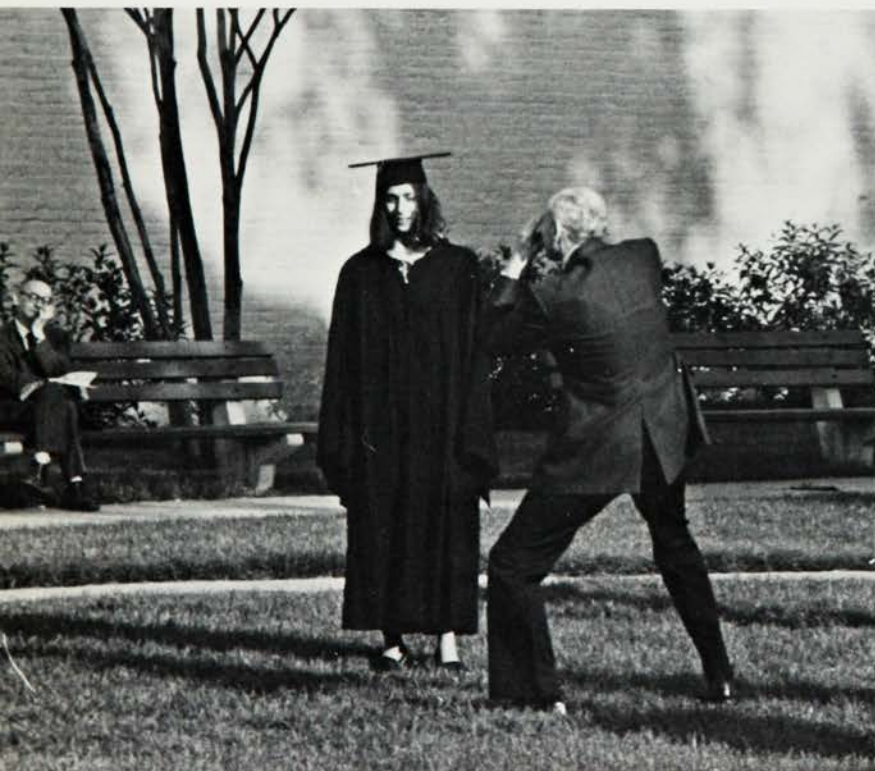
Roger Schechter

Tabor

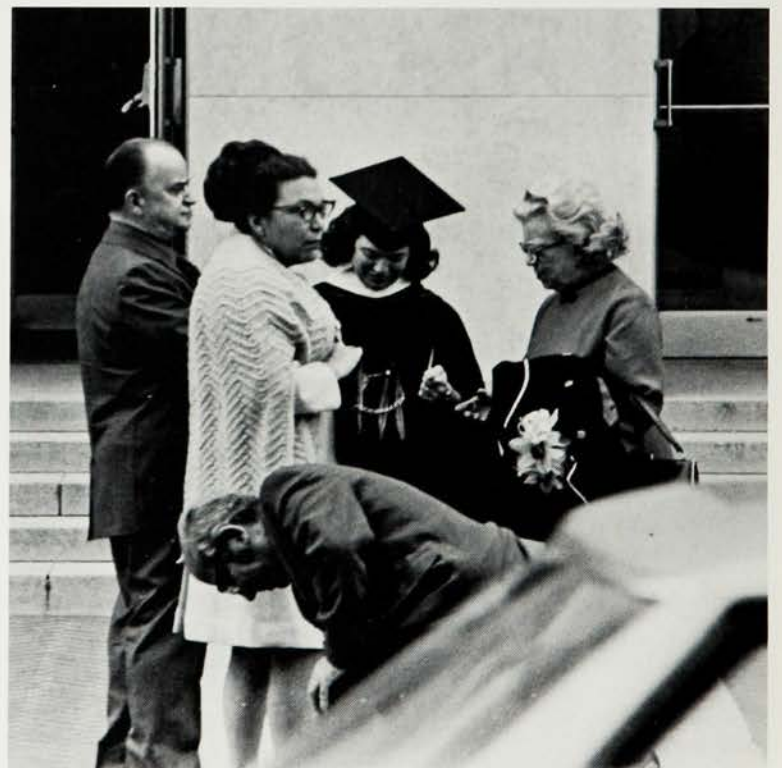


Columbian College Dean Calvin D. Linton

Tabor

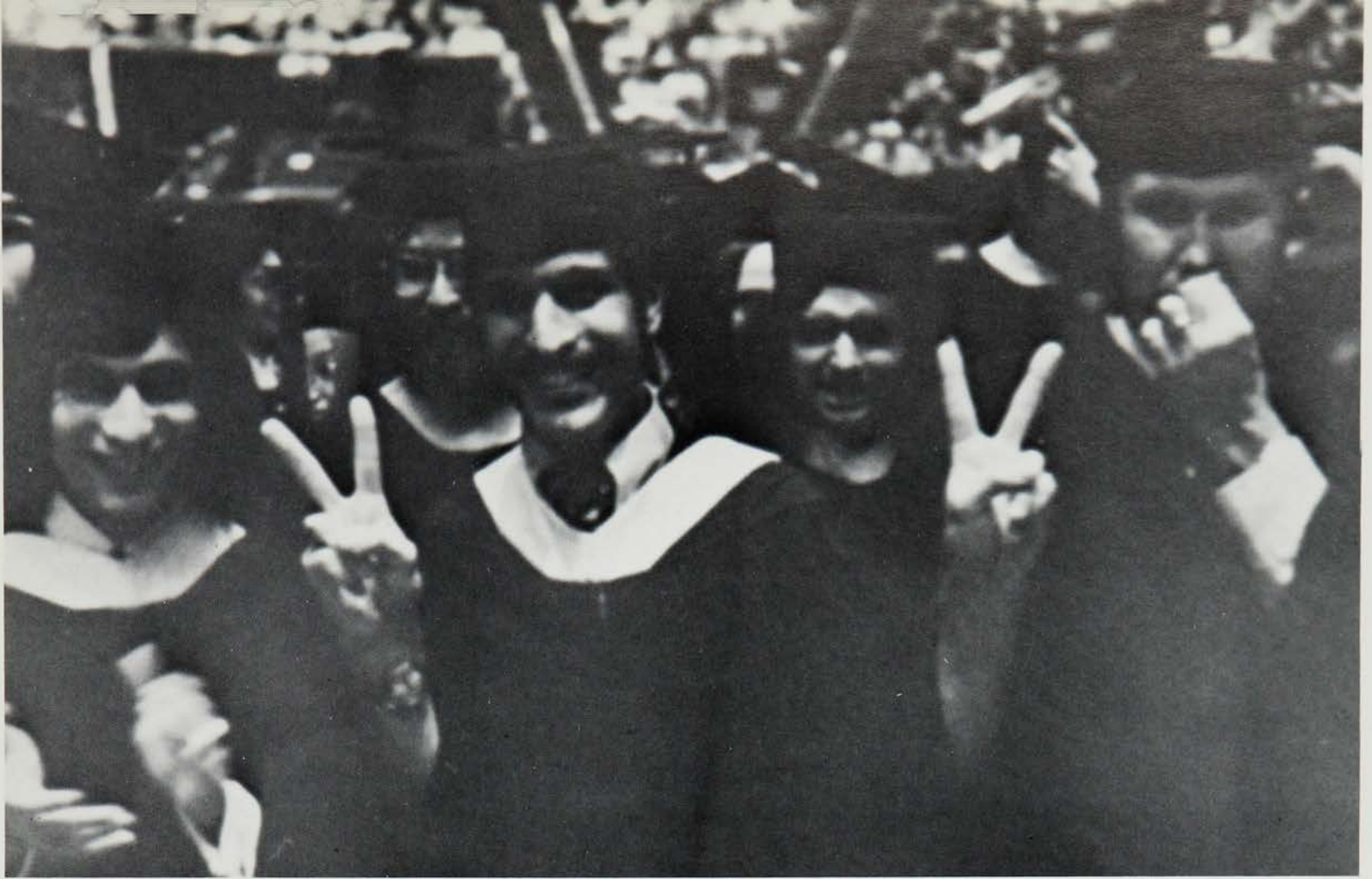


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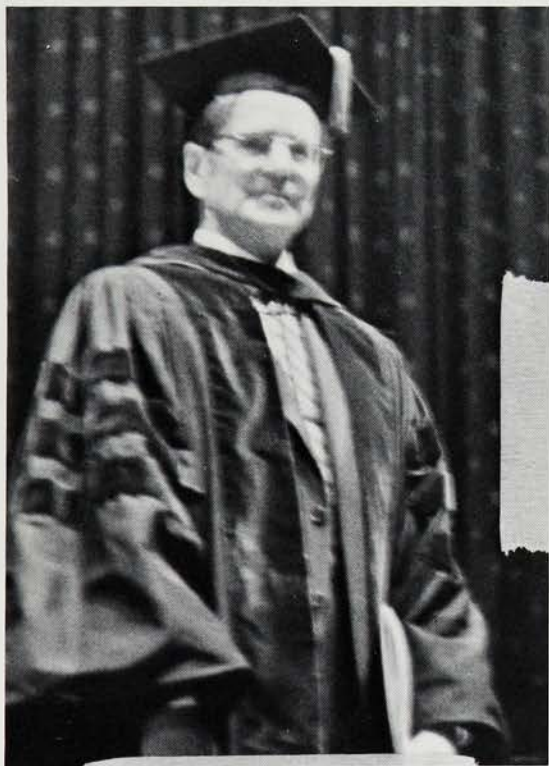


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Tabor



Professor John Brewer

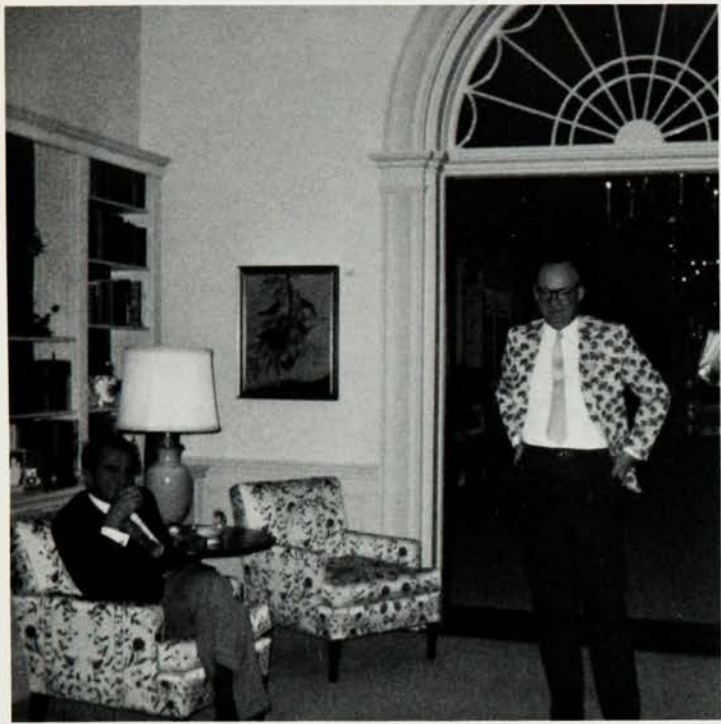
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Professors Wolfgang Krauss, John Latimer, Howard Merriman

Tabor

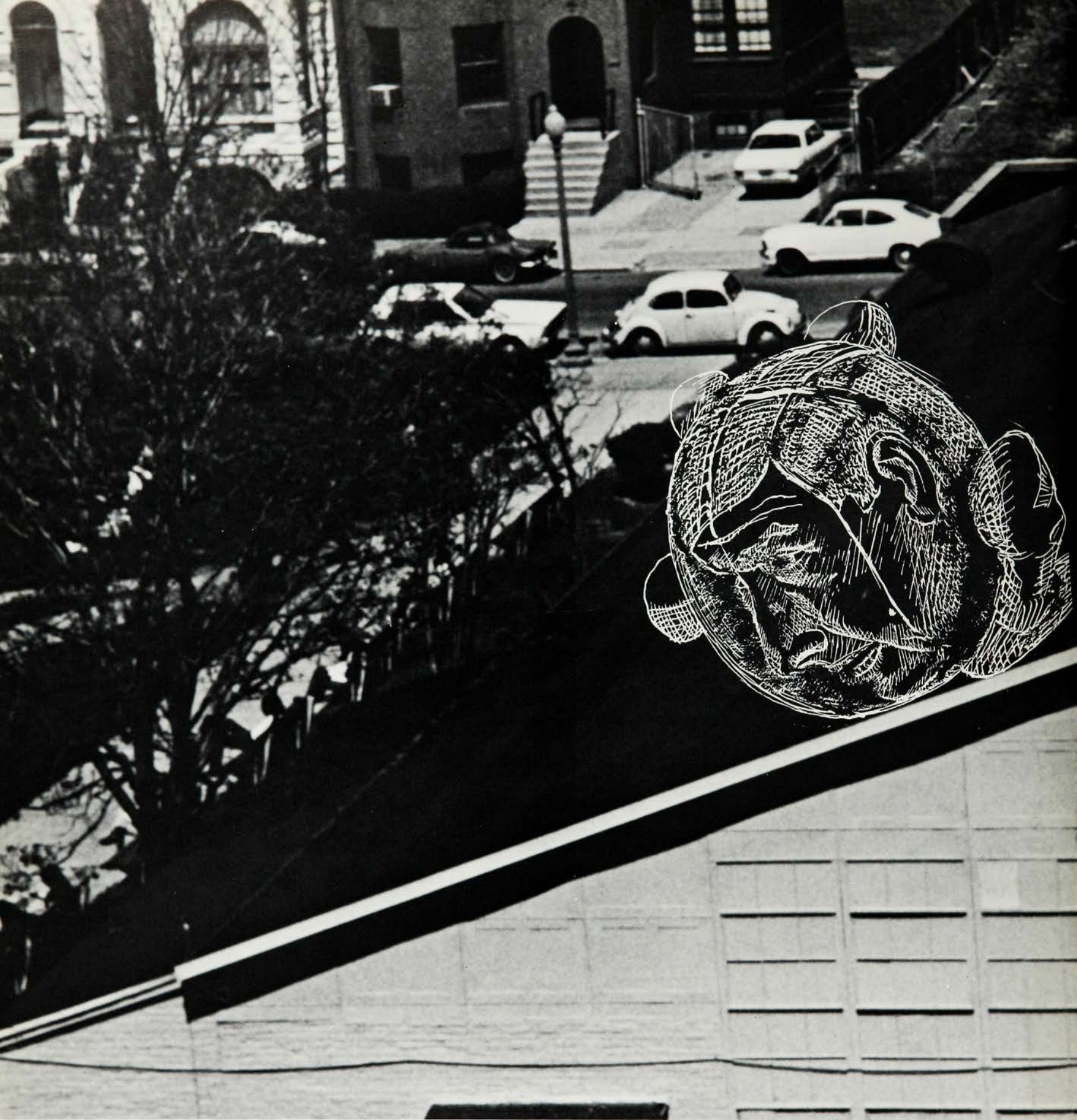










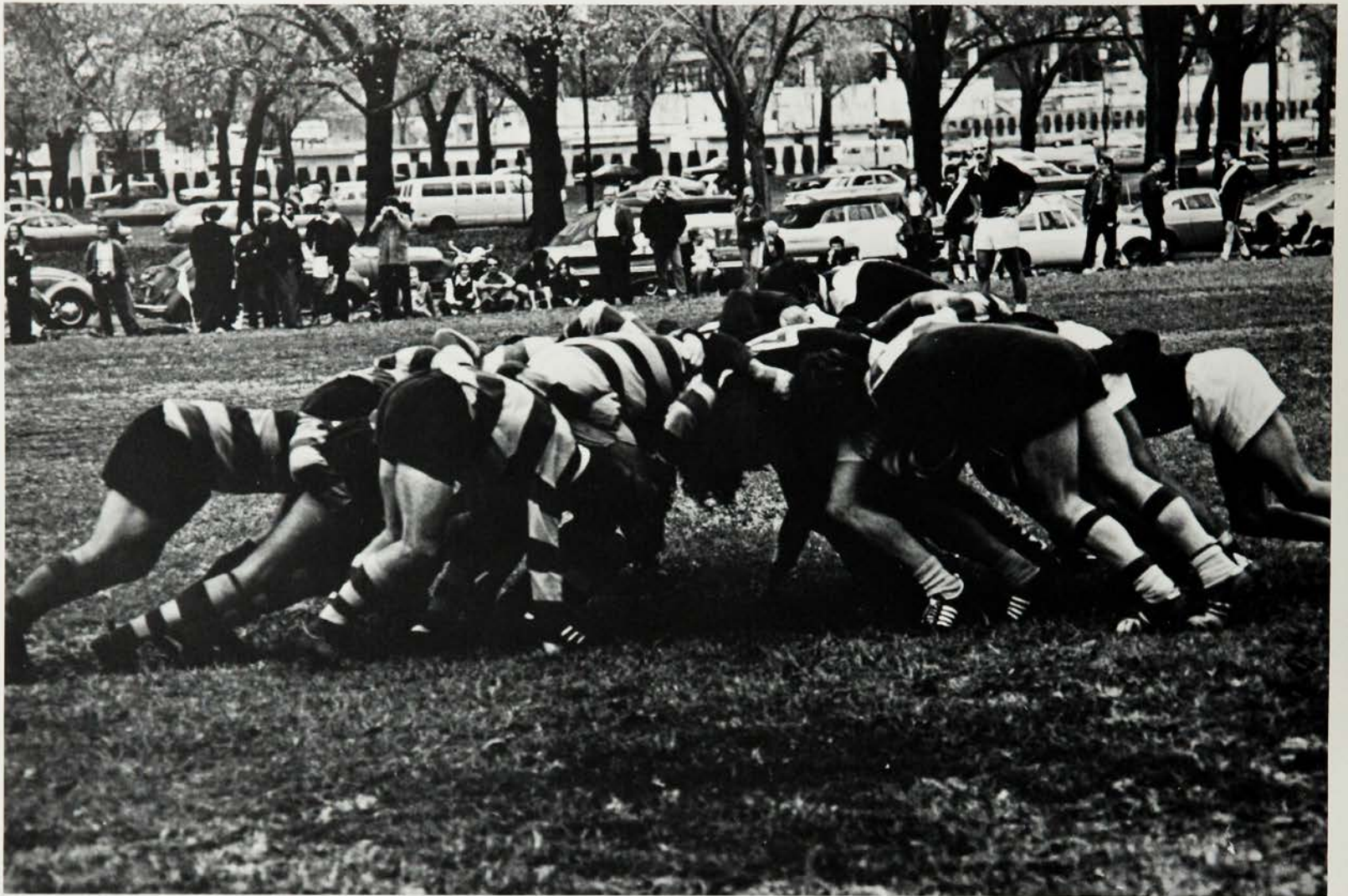


# Sports





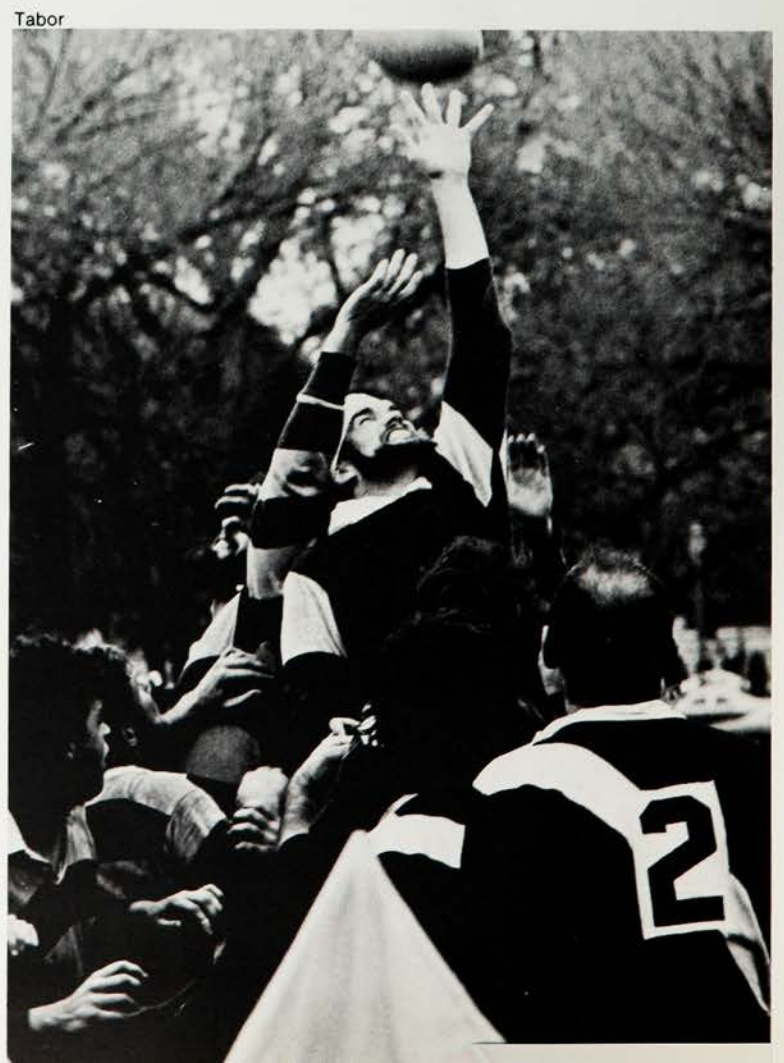




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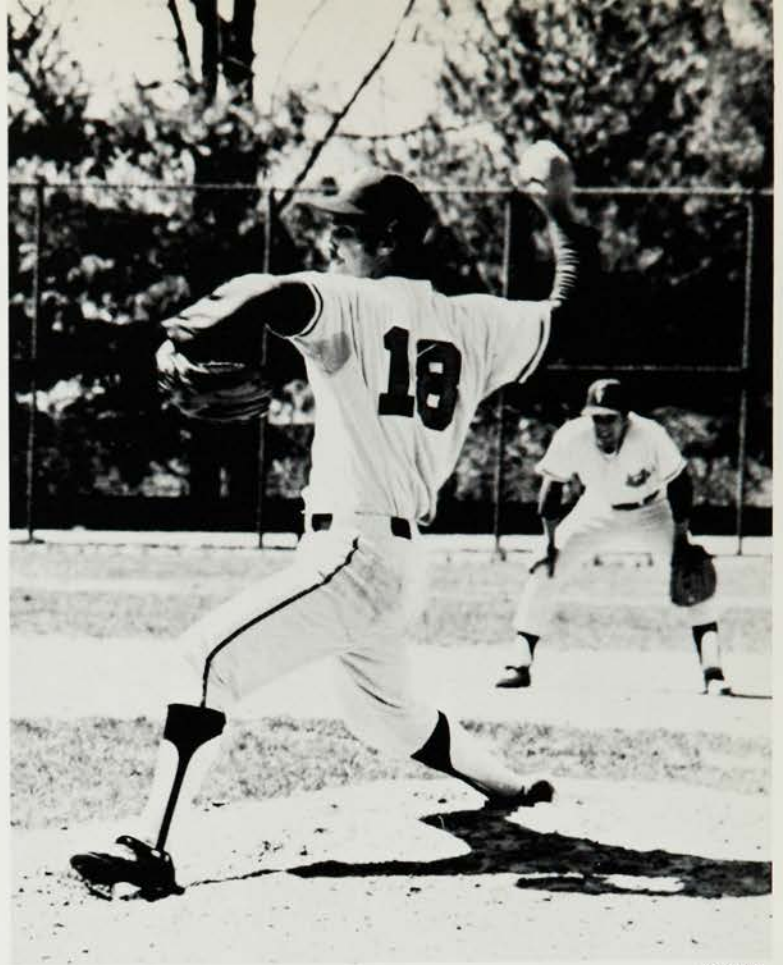


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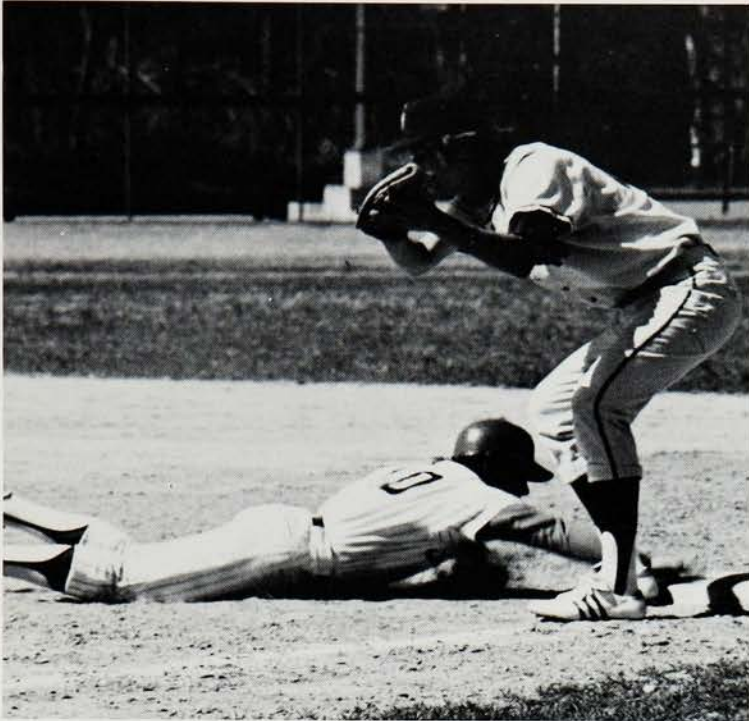


Smoler



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Smoler



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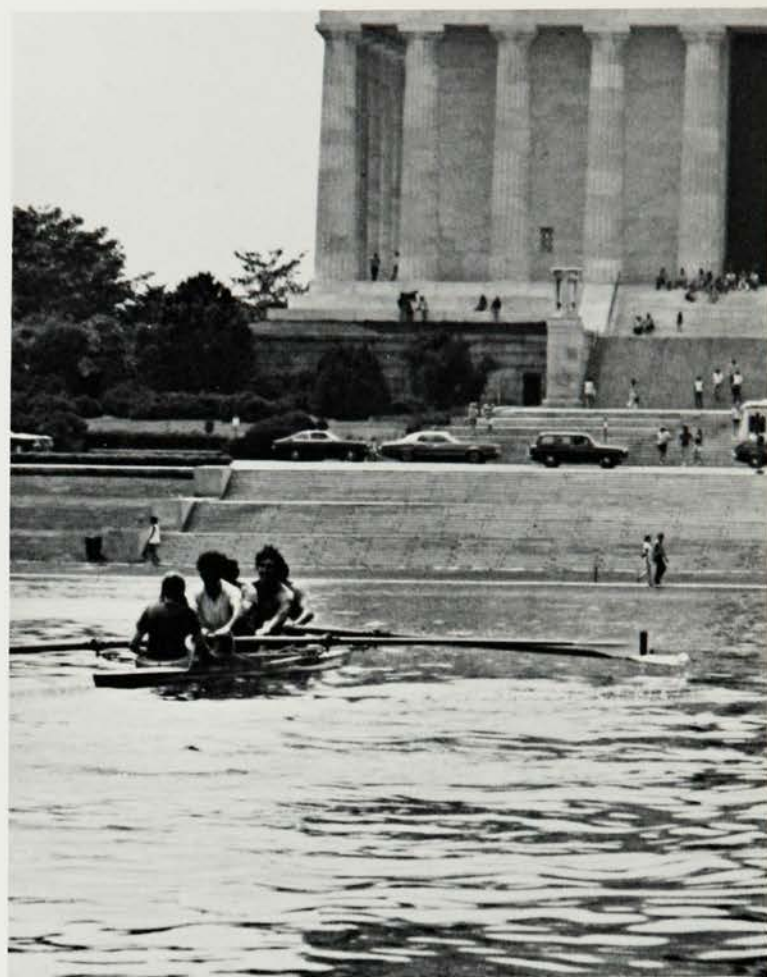


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Smoler



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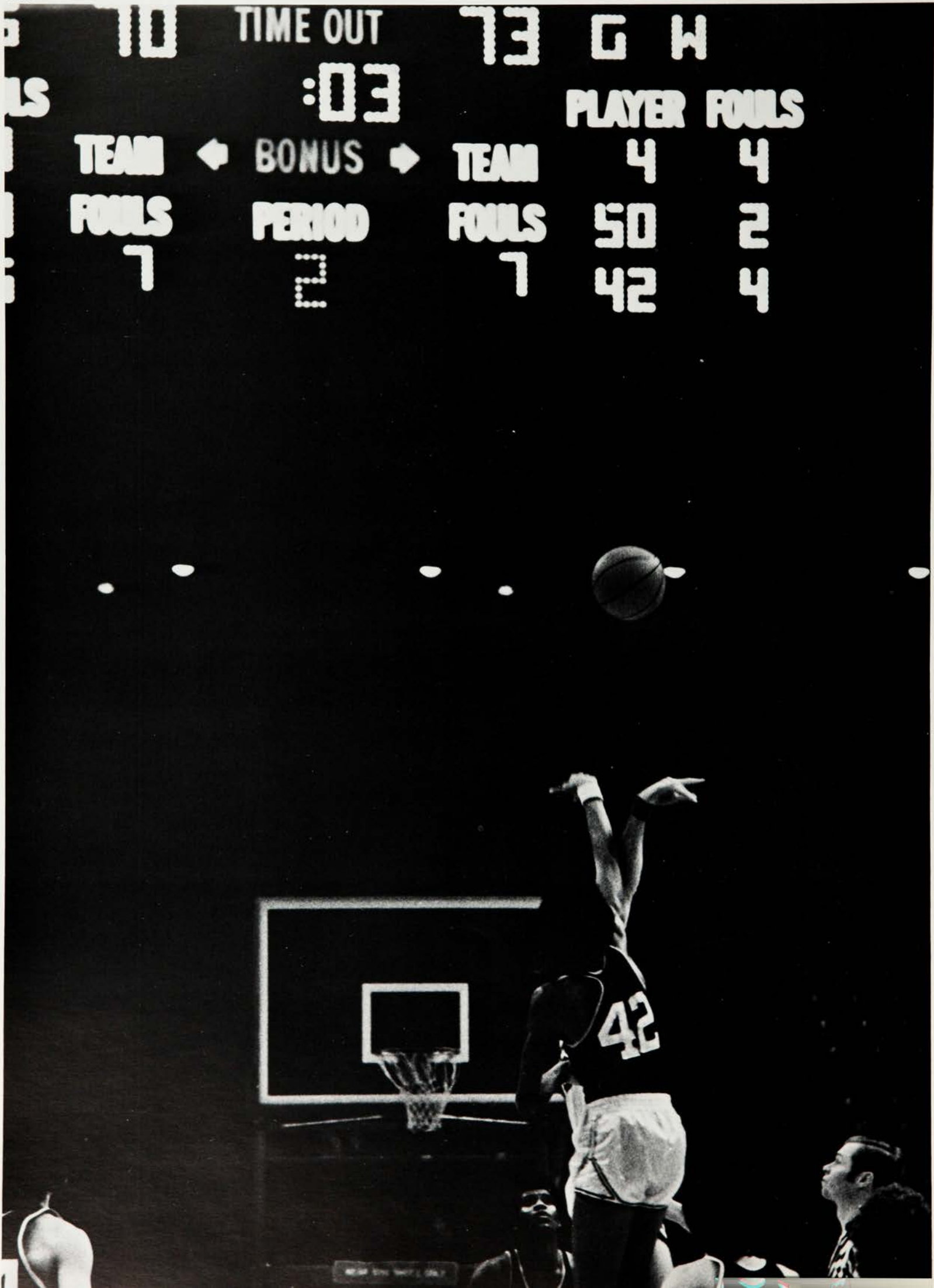


Stone



Tabor





73		TIME OUT		73		G H	
:03						PLAYER FOULS	
TEAM	←	BONUS	→	TEAM	4	4	
FOULS		PERIOD		FOULS	50	2	
7		2		7	42	4	

NEAR THE WALL ONLY





Tabor



Tabor

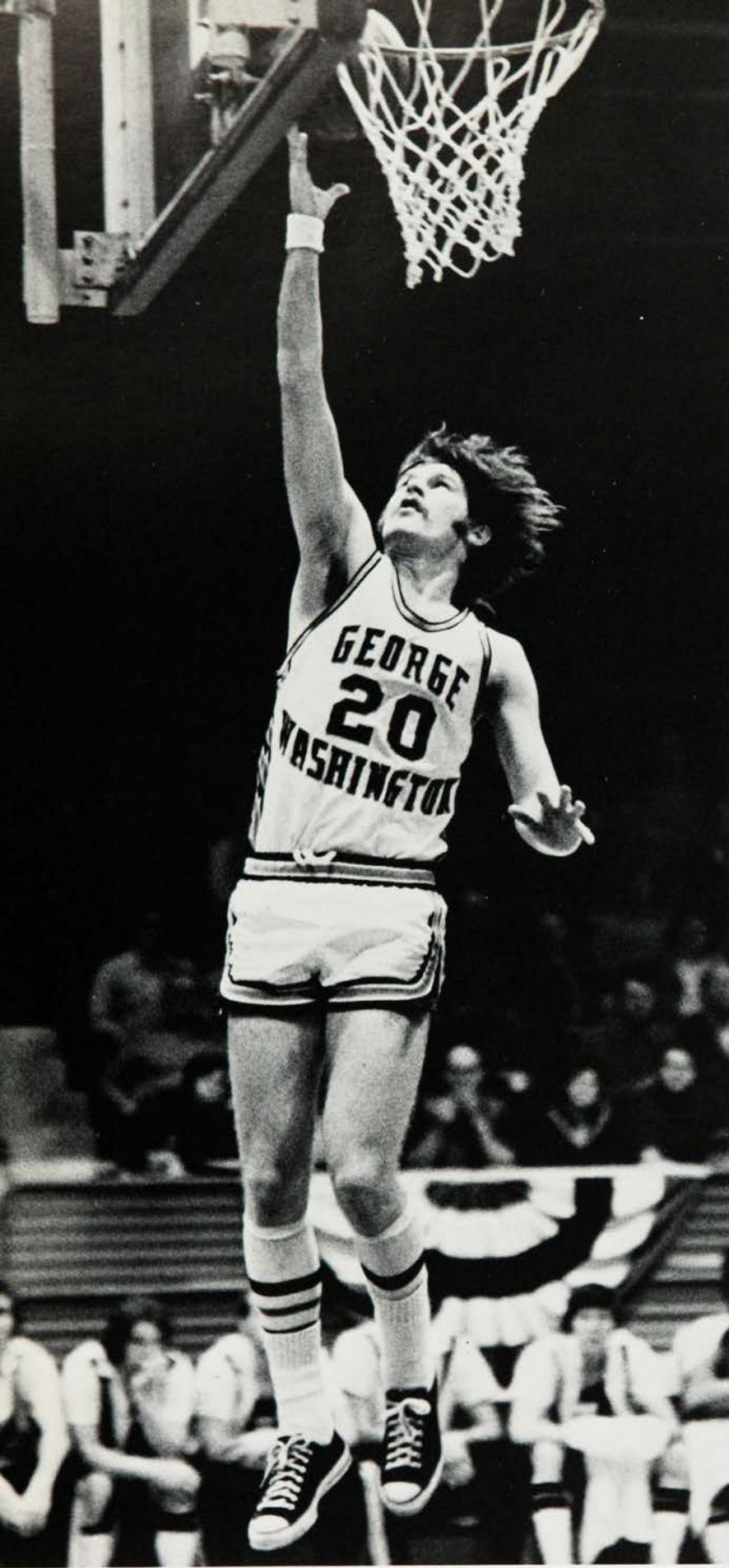


Tabor



Tabor





ickow

by Stuart Oelbaum

The buzzer rang and it was all over. Syracuse had beaten GW 74-72, ending the Colonials' season and their chance for an NIT bid. As the fans, proud of their team, but nonetheless disappointed, trudged out of Ft. Myer, Pat Tallent paused on the way to the locker room and vented his frustration by kicking a ball. Scoring 19 points and playing a strong floor game, Tallent's performance had been good, but it could have been better. He had missed a last minute shot which would have tied the game. And that's the kind of season it was: good, but it could have been better.

Two disappointing 11-14 seasons weighed heavily on Coach Carl Slone's slender 6-4 frame and gave him more gray hairs than a man of 35 deserves. This season, the congenial coach had more ups than downs. He brought GW its best basketball team in 17 years. Yet, his strategy was booed at games, he was occasionally ridiculed in the press, and, in general, he was not accorded the recognition he deserved.

One coach the fans liked was Bob Tallent. The reticent Tallent had led GW to its last winning season before this one and was very successful as JV coach. Slone's other assistant was Tom Schneider. Schneider had been the freshman coach at American and was hired when Don DiJulia left in September. The youthful Schneider's earnest and tense appearance before games caused unfamiliar fans to misidentify him as a player.

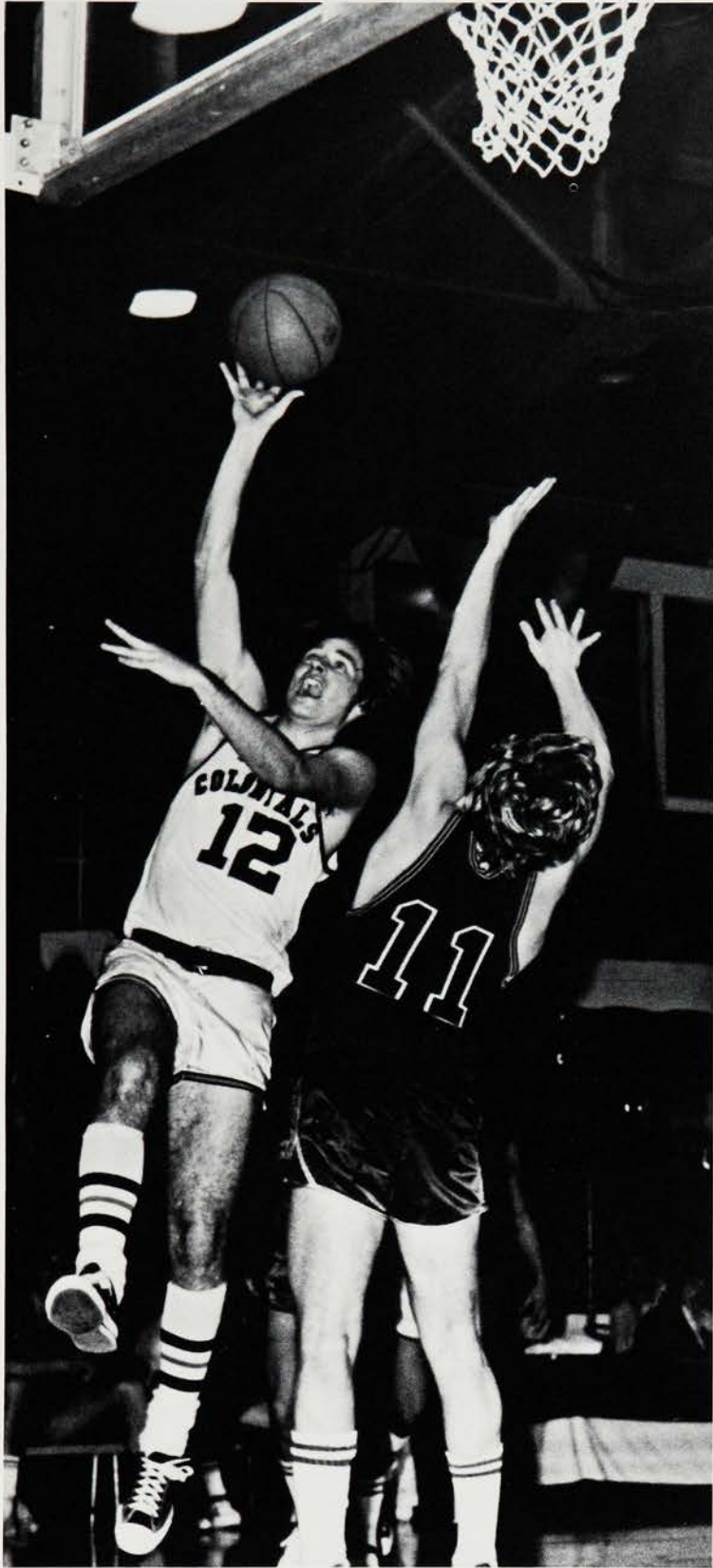
Anchoring the team was senior captain Mike Battle. His uncanny style caused fans to remark that the worse he looked going up for a shot the better chance he had of making it. The 6-7 forward scored 16 points a game, but, especially later in the season, failed to provide much needed floor leadership. Battle remained a sentimental favorite of the fans. He left in style, responding to a tremendous ovation by scoring 21 against Syracuse in his final game.

The man who did most of the scoring was Tallent, leading the team with an 18.8 average. His specialties were an outside jump shot (he hit eight in a row against Texas A & M) and running the fast break. Despite some sophomoric mistakes, Tallent showed tremendous potential. His virtues were lauded in a letter to Sports Illustrated and he made the metro area collegiate first team.

Tallent's play on defense wasn't bad, but not as good as his backcourt mate Keith Morris. Morris was so

[Continued on p. 128]





Tabor



Tabor



Tabor



tenacious that even some of the best, like Maryland's John Lucas, couldn't elude him. When called for a foul, Morris shot up his hand and flashed the ref a sardonic grin which implied, "That call was so bush that if it wasn't against me I'd laugh." Hometown crowds would vocalize their outrage with cries of "Bullshit."

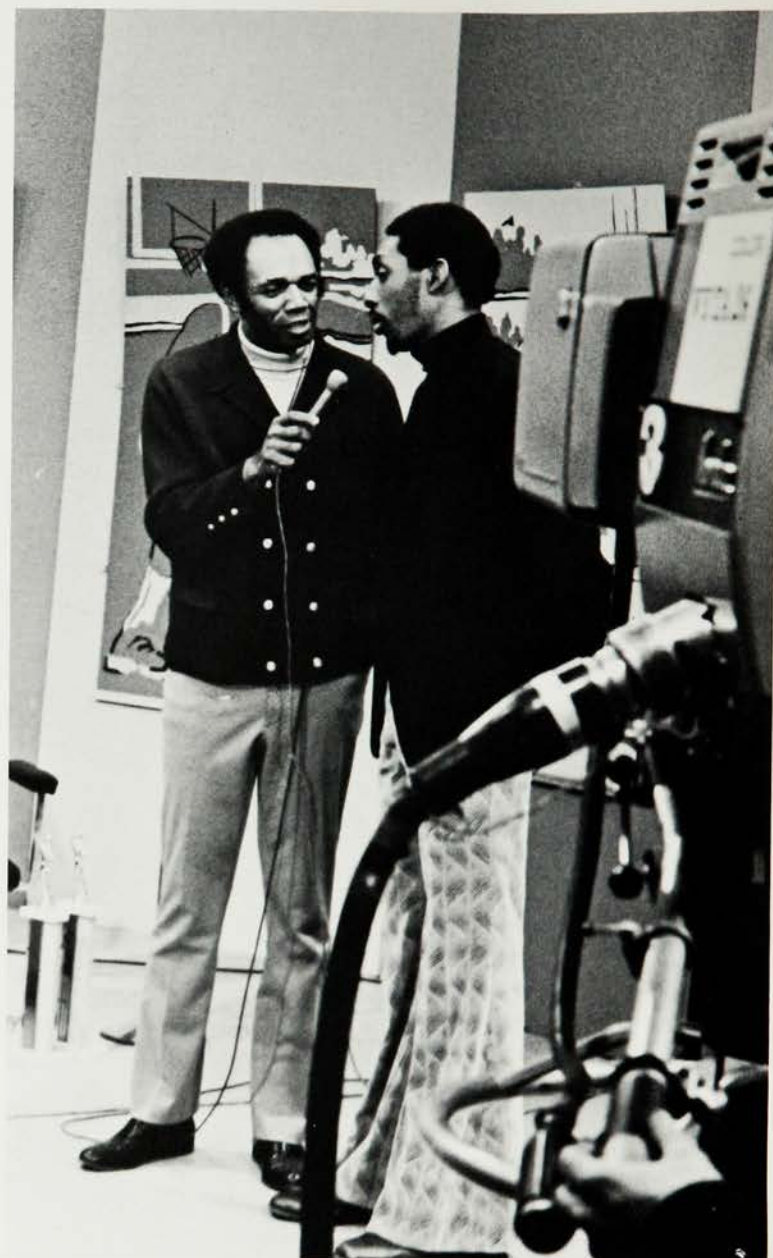
Haviland Harper was Morris' counterpart, good on offense and not much on defense. At times, he moved well to the hoop and excelled on the break. He was called the best player on the court after scoring 25 at Maryland.

The 6-6 soph gained consistency as the season progressed and someday he will realize the dream of his most ardent fan: "30 tonight Haviland!"

Like Harper, Clyde Burwell showed great promise in an inconsistent year. At times, the 6-11 soph would dominate a game by blocking shots, grabbing rebounds, and scoring underneath. At other times, the skinny Burwell would be pushed around by more aggressive big men. Burwell exhibited a good shooting touch in scoring at 13.1 clip and lead the team in rebounding with a 10.7 average. The fans' enthusiasm for his awesome potential was seldom reflected in his cool court demeanor.

Unfortunately, these five were not backed by a strong performance from the GW bench. Junior Tom Rosepink's hustling defense earned him ovations, but his scoring merited little applause. Senior Randy Smith was relegated to being Burwell's back-up and should have been used more at forward. When given some substantial playing time, Smith responded with 15 points and 12 rebounds against Catholic and 18 points and 10 rebounds against Virginia Tech. Sophomore Bob Shanta showed he needed work, experience, and confidence as did Jim McCloskey. After a slow start, Randy Click came around at guard, playing well against Georgetown.

*[Continued on p. 129]*



Tabor

Former Boston Celtic guard Sam Jones hosts GW's basketball team on his Washington area sports show







Dowd

The Buff's youth and inexperience were evident as GW had trouble mastering some easy teams early in the year. But GW faced Maryland, the first tough game, with a 6-1 record. After the tough, well-played loss to the Terps, the Colonials bounced back and captured the Springfield Hall of Fame classic. GW beat Citadel and then lost to American in the finals of the Presidential classic.

In the next eight games, the Buff lost by a point at West Virginia and East Carolina, but beat Richmond, American, Navy, Boston U., and Pittsburgh. The brilliant win against American and the rout of Catholic started the chant "N-I-T" bouncing around campus.

The cries were all but silenced when the Colonials lost to Temple, Cincinnati, and Virginia Tech in the next three games. GW revived its tournament hopes with wins over West Virginia and Georgetown, but then came the fatal Syracuse game.

While the quality of the Buff's play varied, GW's cheerleaders were consistently excellent. Such routines as "GW Yeah" had the Ft. Myer fans pleading for time-outs so that the cheerleaders could perform.

The overall success of the season introduced GW to some of the amenities of athletic prowess. GW got some decent TV coverage and games were broadcast on a commercial radio station. The broadcasts were not of the highest quality, to put it mildly. The ultimate came when Virginia Tech was called West Virginia for five minutes.

GW also got more press coverage, but again not without problems. Slone's over-exuberant praise of Burwell's ability was mocked, and Pat Tallent, claiming shooters don't receive sufficient coverage, was quoted as saying he grew a moustache to get more recognition. Fortunately, continued success on the court will give the Buff more opportunities to get accustomed to those amenities in future years.



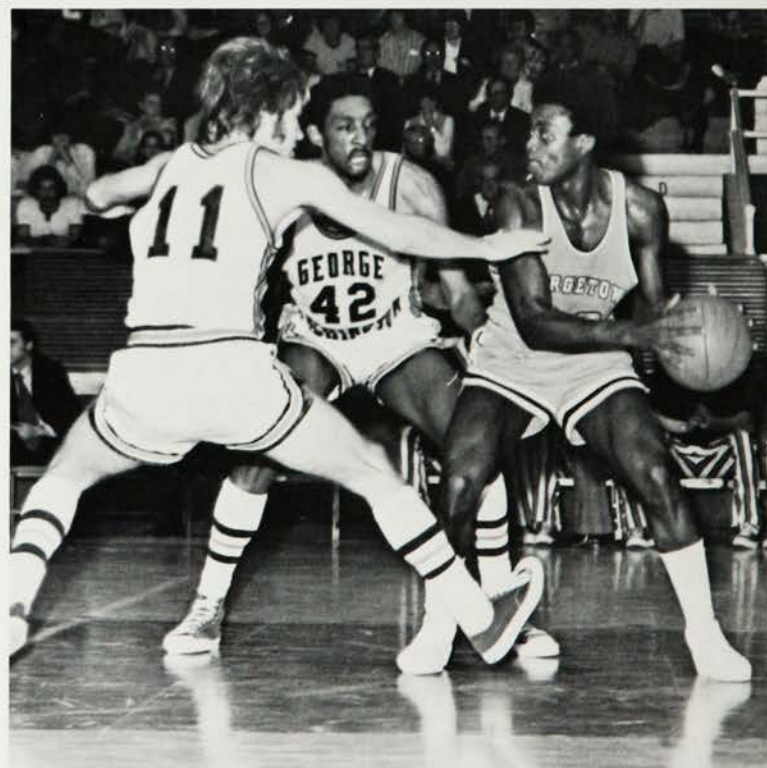
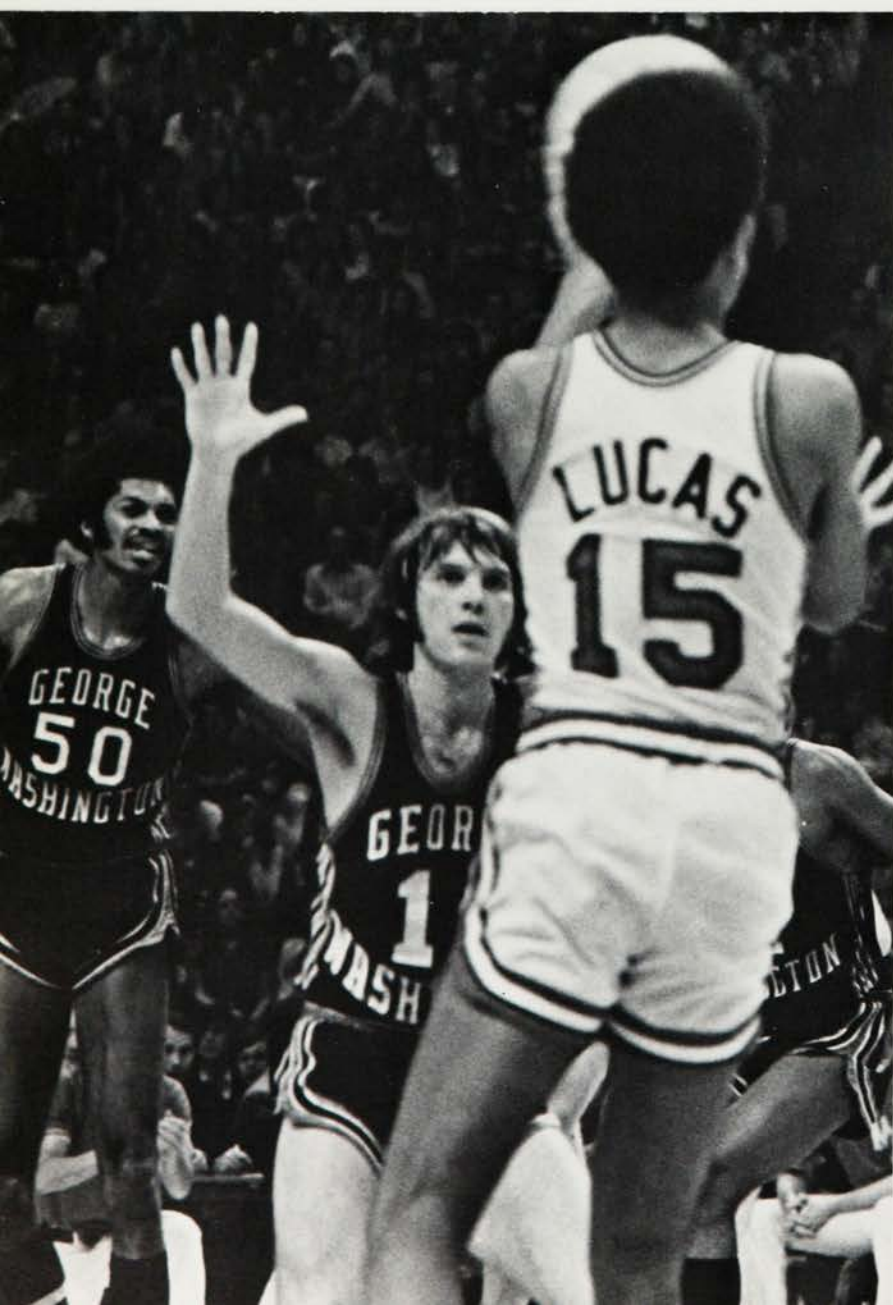
Haviland Harper

Tabor





Tabor



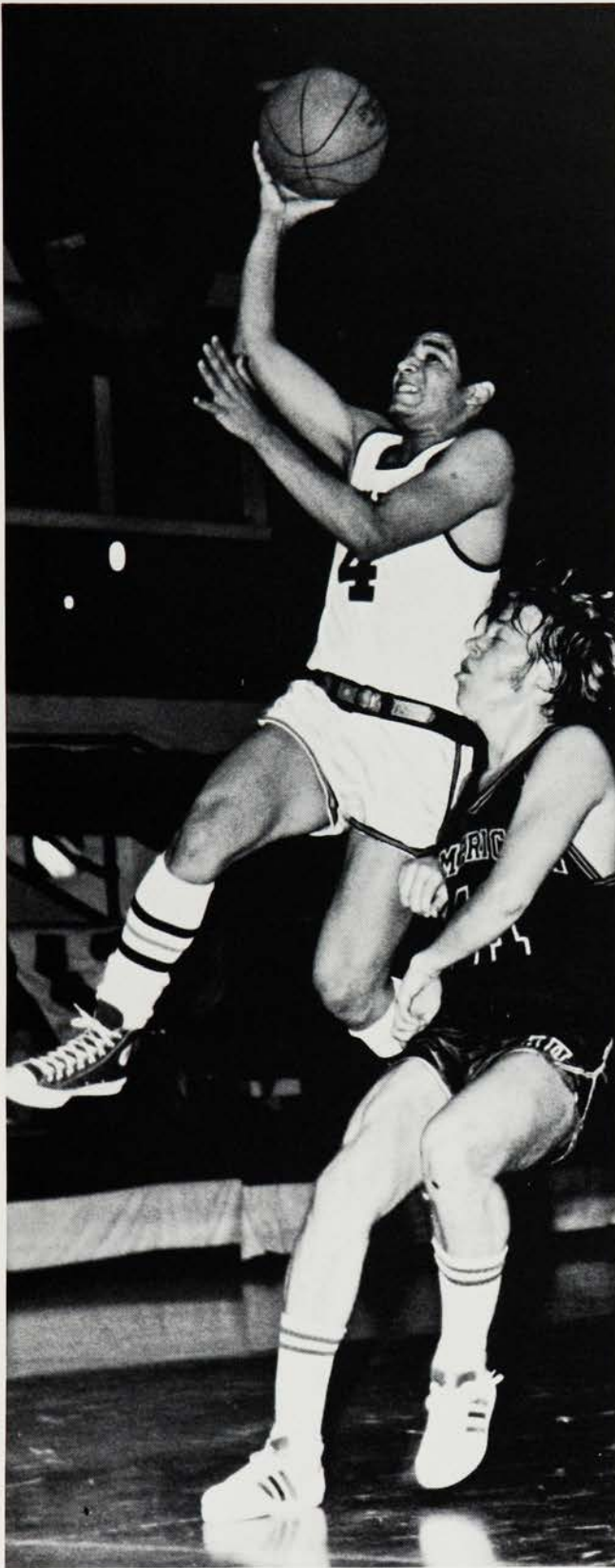
Mike Battle

Tabor

Randy Click

Tabor

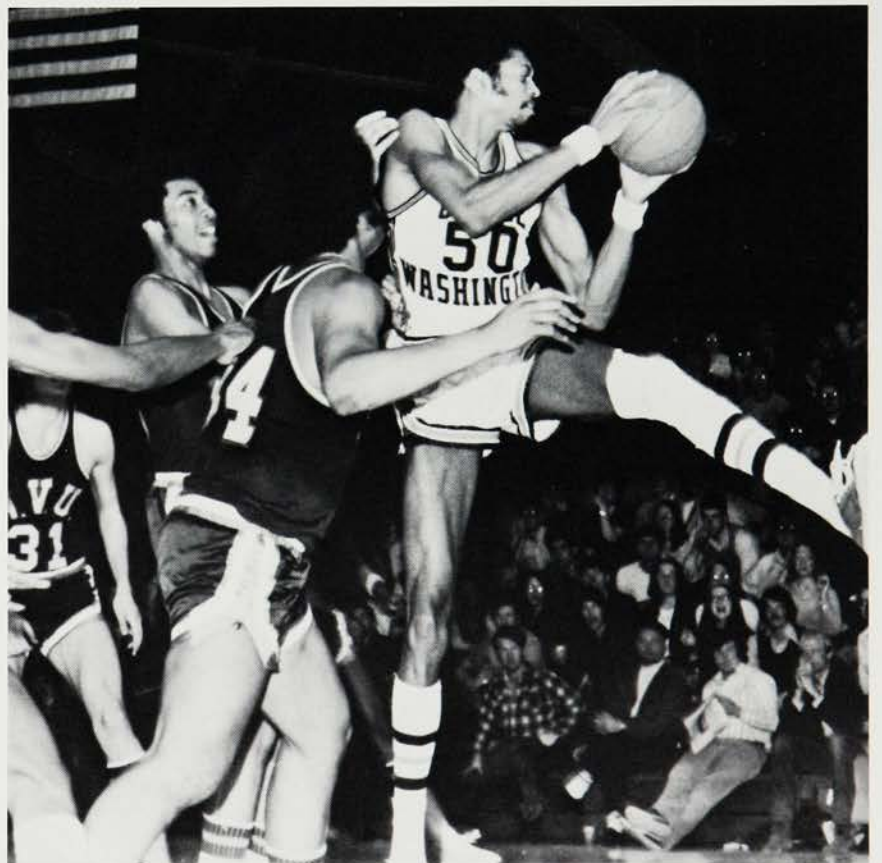




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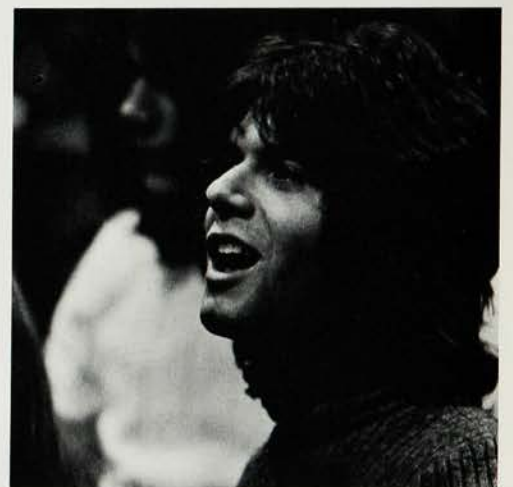
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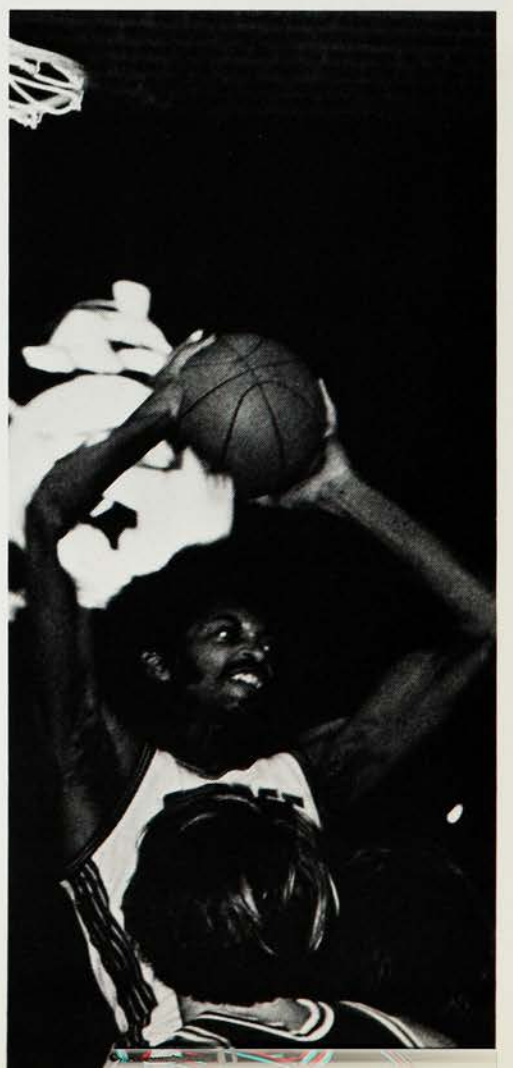
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Dowd



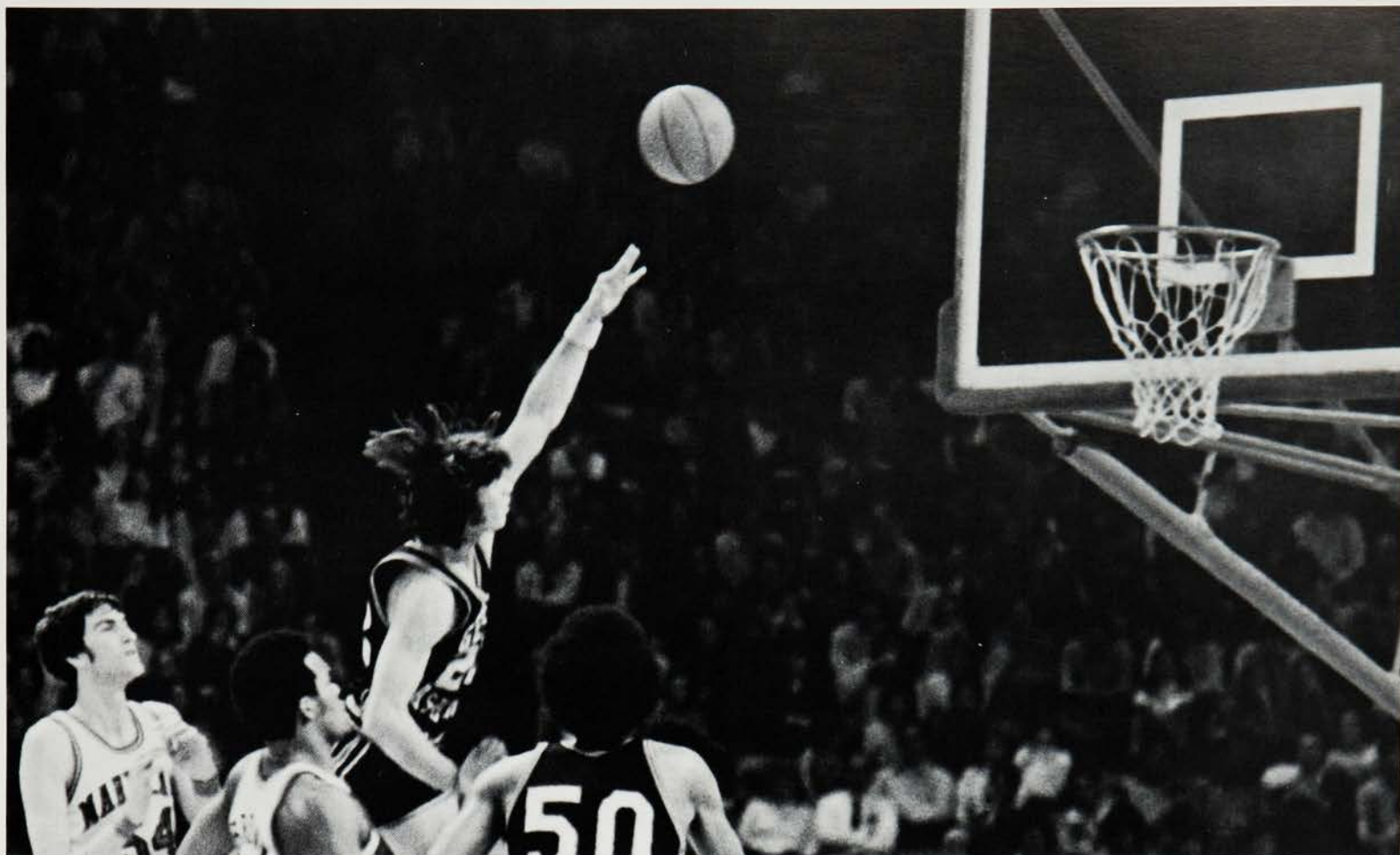
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Clyde Burwell

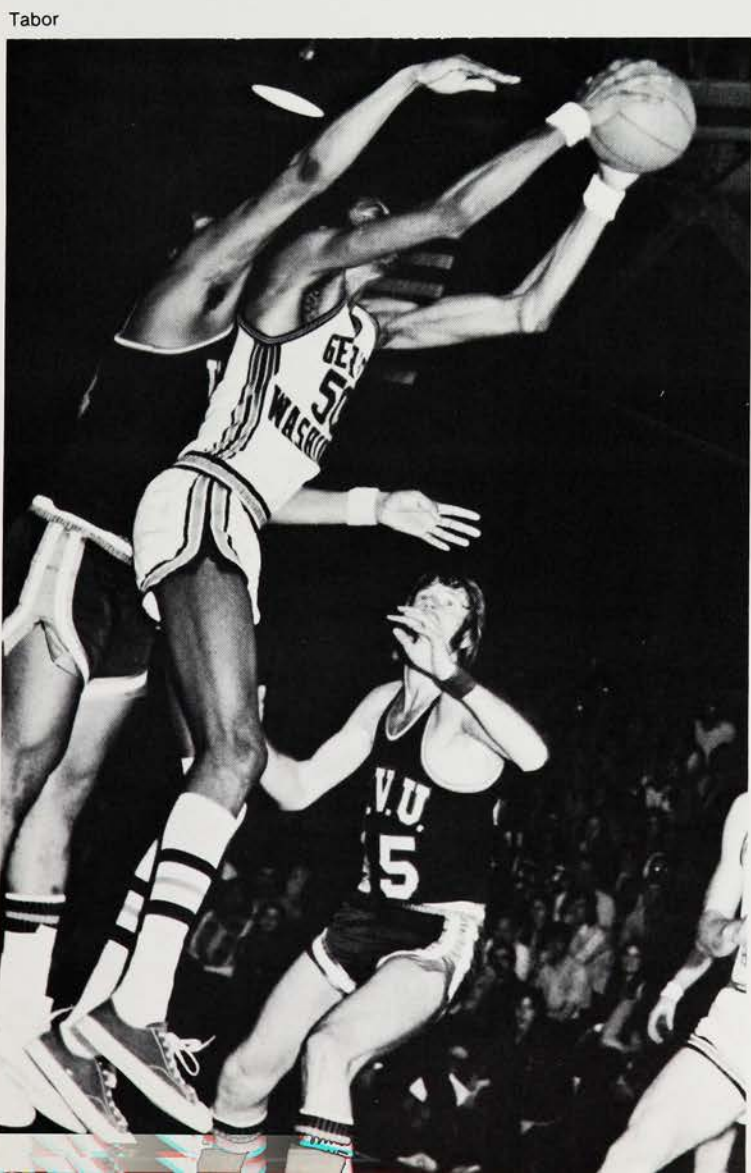
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Tom Rosepink

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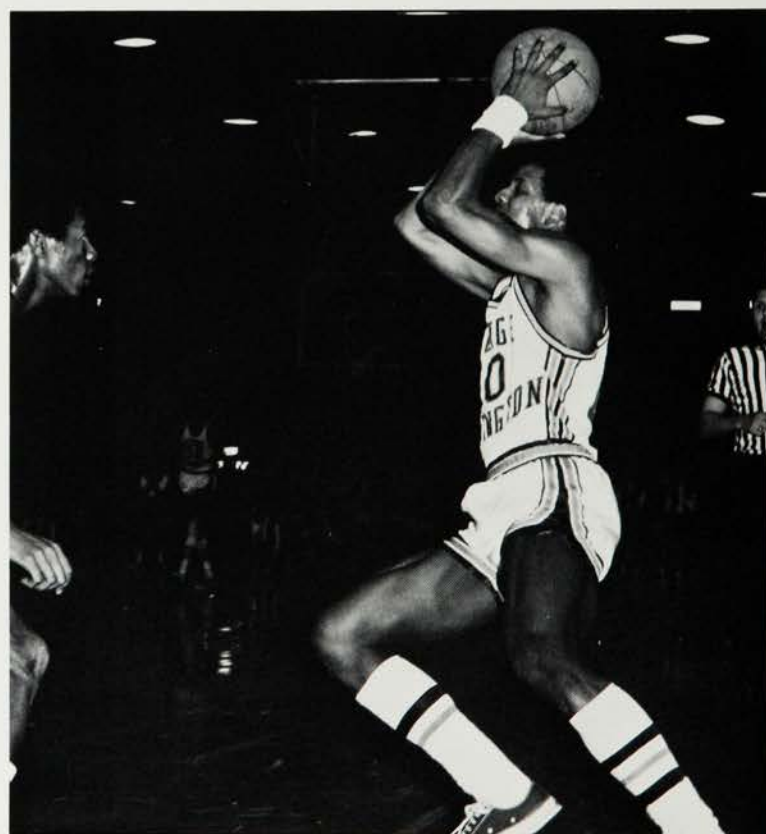


Pat Tallent

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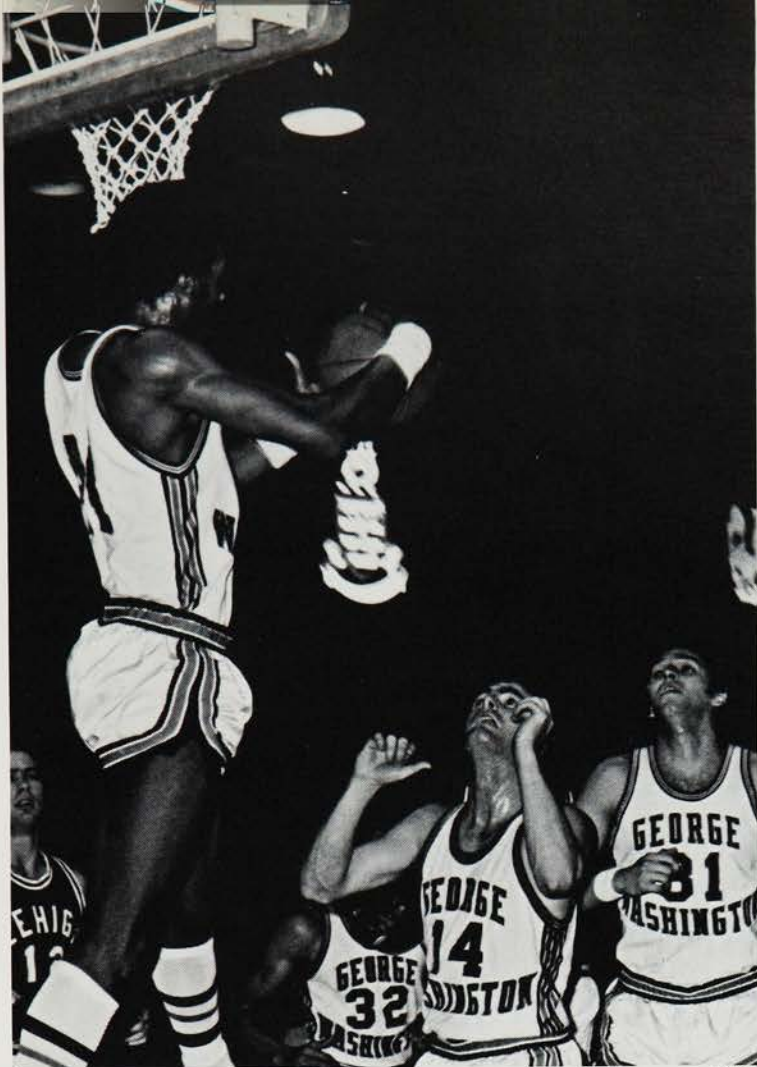
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Keith Morris

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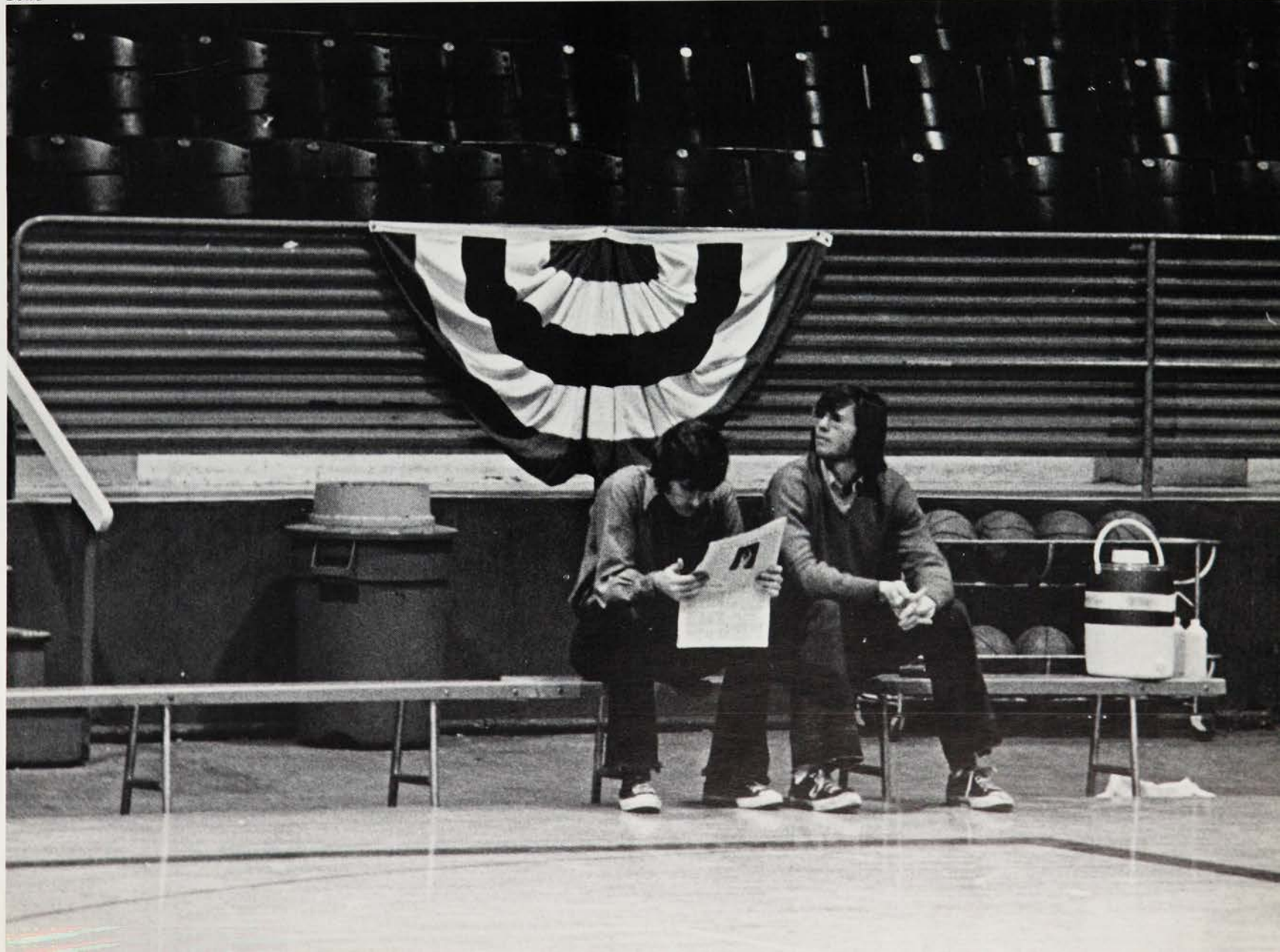


Randy Smith    Jim McCloskey    Bob Shanta    Tabor

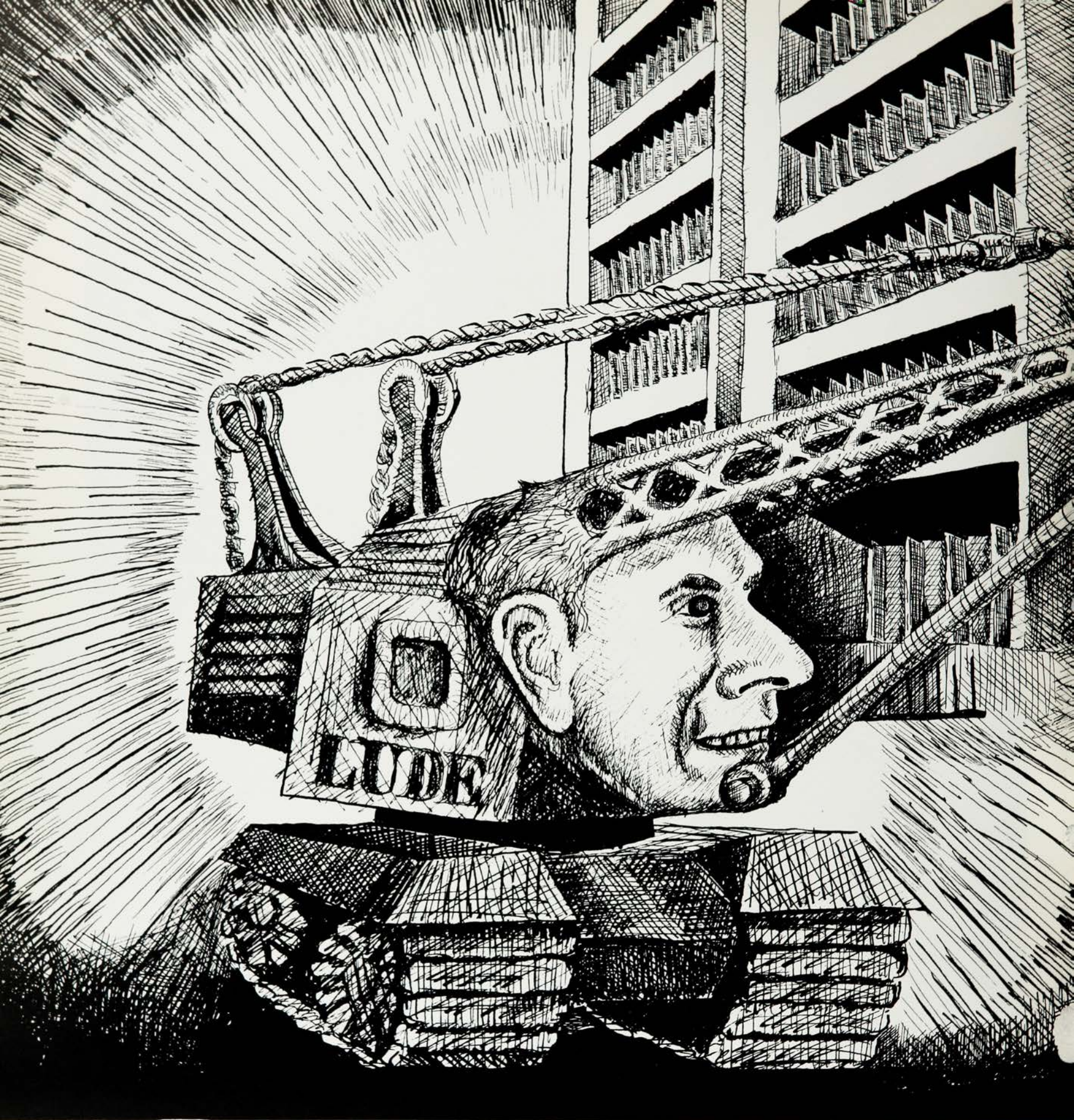


Dowd

Dowd

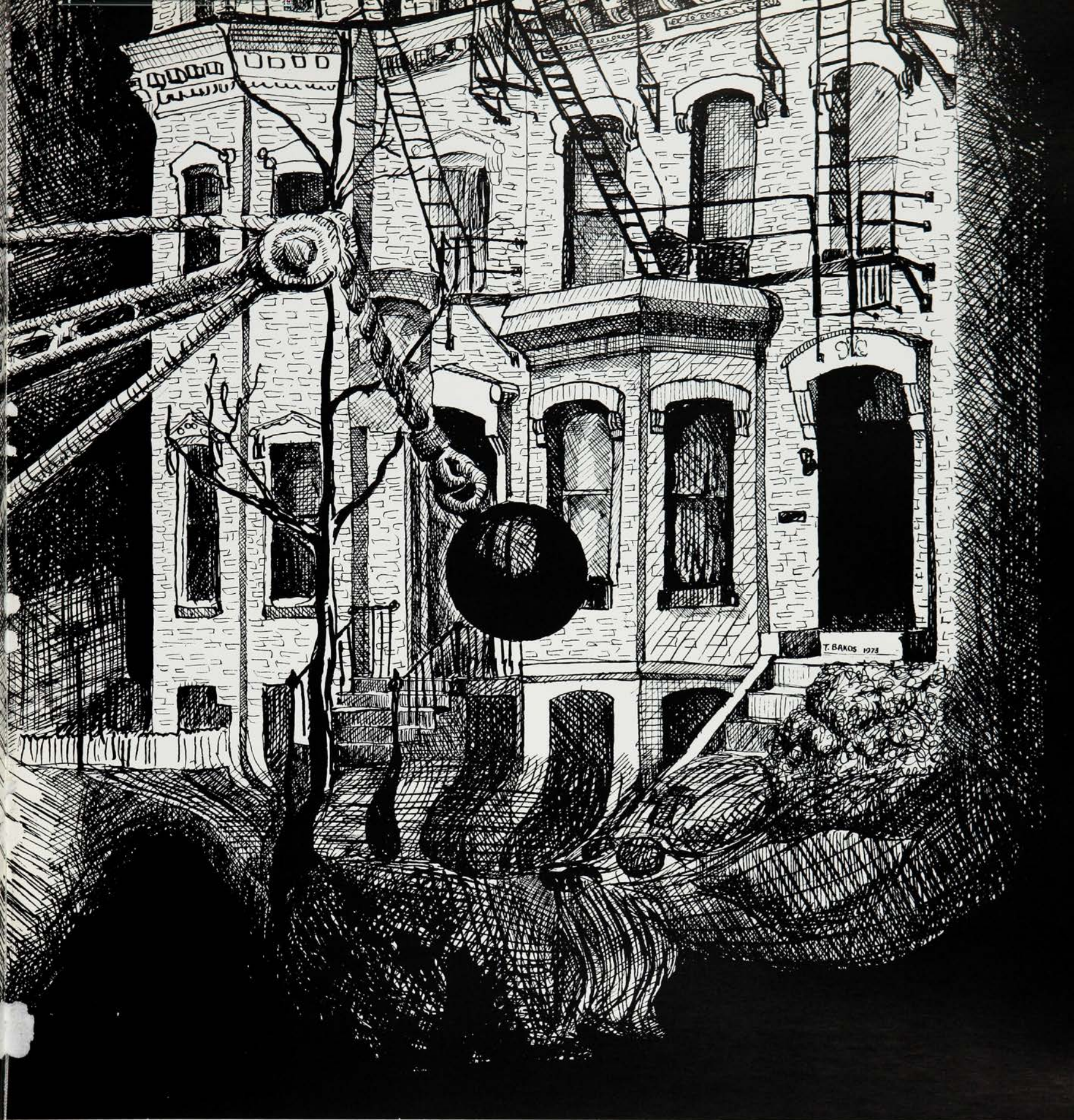






# Changing Faces









Sommer



Hyams

Tabor





Hyams

by Brad Manson

On the seventh floor of Rice Hall, Vice President and Treasurer Charles E. Diehl and his staff have a complete set of diagrams that answer a number of questions about GW's future. They have maps telling you what buildings are on the GW campus and where they are located; drawings telling you how much floor space is in one particular building and what that building is used for; and drawings outlining what GW will look like after its desired new buildings take shape.

Most of the drawings were made for the GW Master Plan, a multimillion dollar project that, if carried through, will result in the total alteration of the campus. It will destroy most of the townhouses and replace them with larger structures that are allegedly more functional and financially feasible. According to the Vice President and Treasurer's office, the Master Plan will also solve several problems which now face GW.

'How do we curtail rising tuition costs?' 'How can we create a campus in the middle of Washington, D.C.?' 'How do we fight the big developers when we don't even have eminent domain?' And, 'what actually are our educational development plans for the future?'

The Joseph Henry Building, a high rise office structure, was built to generate income and offset tuition expenses; the Center was built to provide students with a central building to start molding a campus, then another office building for more income was added along with a badly needed library and a multi-level parking garage. Soon a new activities building will take shape. All of these buildings are needed to solve some of the problems the University had when it conceived the Master Plan.

But then someone took a look at what GW was sacrificing to build the new structures and demanded the University step back and look at the campus it was creating. A movement that originated behind the saving of a few townhouses erupted into alternative master plans drawn up by students in the Urban and Regional Planning Department, six months of hearings on the Master Plan by a Faculty Senate subcommittee, several editorials by the Hatchet urging the University to stop and look around at what it was creating and even an unabated lambasting of the plan by the Washington Post architectural critic Wolfe von Eckhart.

The student master plan suggested the University build a campus entrance at 21st and Eye Streets and

[Continued on p. 140]





prevent a wall of office buildings from separating GW from the rest of the city. They also suggested GW close most of its on-campus streets and absolutely save most of the existing townhouses.

The Faculty Senate subcommittee studying the problem agreed with those ideas and incorporated them into their resolution. That statement passed unanimously by the Faculty Senate and Charles Diehl gave it tacit approval.

Only time will tell whether those steps toward revising the Master Plan had a lasting effect on the administration's opinion toward development. No fundamental arguments about GW's master plan or the criticisms of it were resolved by Spring 1973, basically because there wasn't any money left for construction. Hopefully the new questions that were raised will still be considered in the future.

Whether student input and community complaints changes the scope of the Master Plan or not, the real solution lies deep within the GW administration. That is, at GW there is an overt reluctance to let students have a direct role in determining policy.

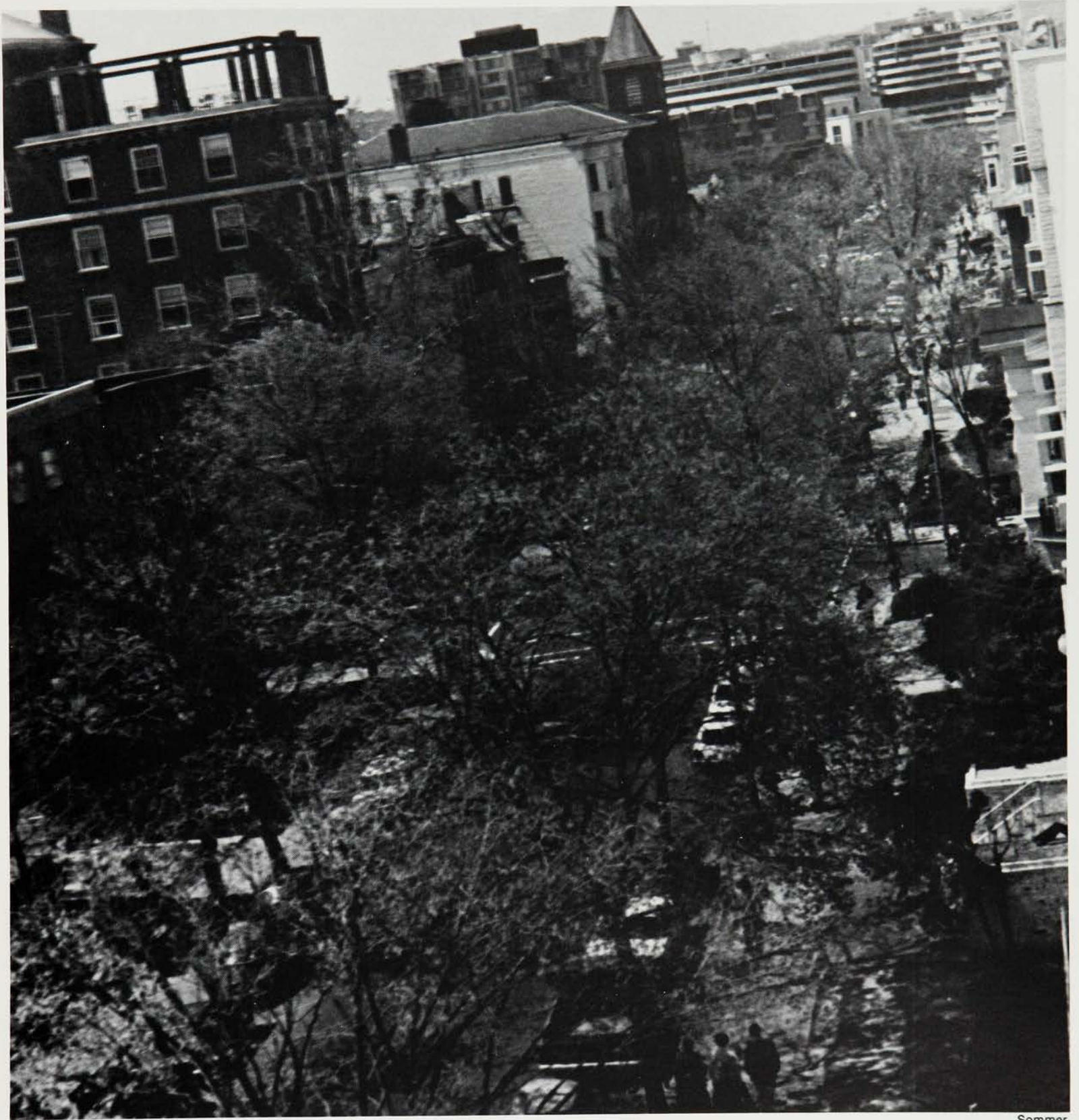
The Master Plan is important because what students are faced with as a campus on a day to day basis is important. But what the Master Plan represents is even

*[Continued on p. 142]*

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Sommer

more significant. Whether GW will continue to take the easy and expedient way out versus a possibly more creative and imaginative direction is the crux behind all of the plans and conflicts.

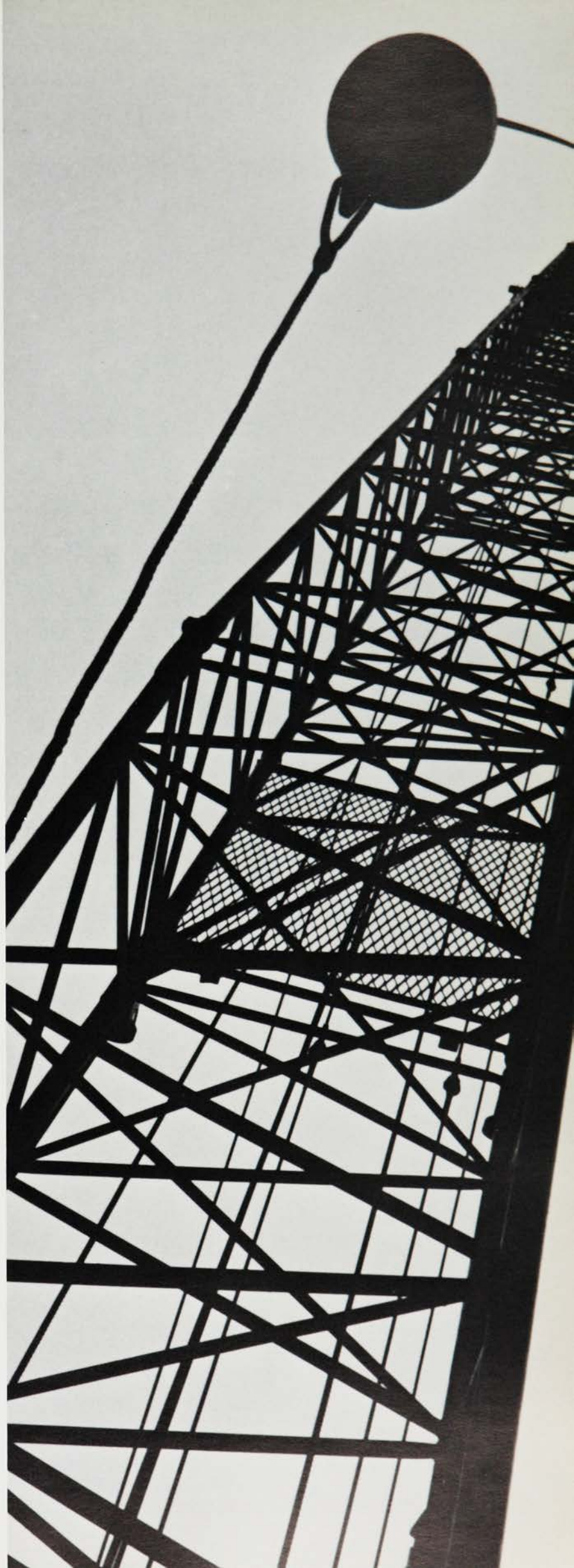
There is no reason for the GW campus to be typical. This school can, if it will, incorporate itself into the city and share the exuberance that being in a major urban center provides. Being frightened or reluctant to have students participate in the designing of their school will be reflected in how the students feel about GW after they leave. The Master Plan is faulty if its only flaw is that not one student had anything to say about whether this townhouse stayed or that one went, or that a new classroom is built before a new office building, or an apartment building, or anything else. Students will feel a lot better about the Master Plan if they are able to feel that they have as much at stake in this school as anyone. Being presented with a fait accompli will not instill that feeling.

Finally, it must be pointed out to all members of the GW community the fundamental reason this school exists is for the education we may receive while we are here. The administration should not exist to oppose the students, although at times it seems to try very hard to fill that role. Students should not give the administration the impression that they don't care enough to take an interest in things such as the Master Plan, although this is the impression they often give.

One of the best lessons of education is argumentation, compromise and reconciliation, all three of which are denied if input is never sought or opinions never given. We need to increase the flow of communication and information. The revision of the Master Plan is a good place to begin.











Tabor

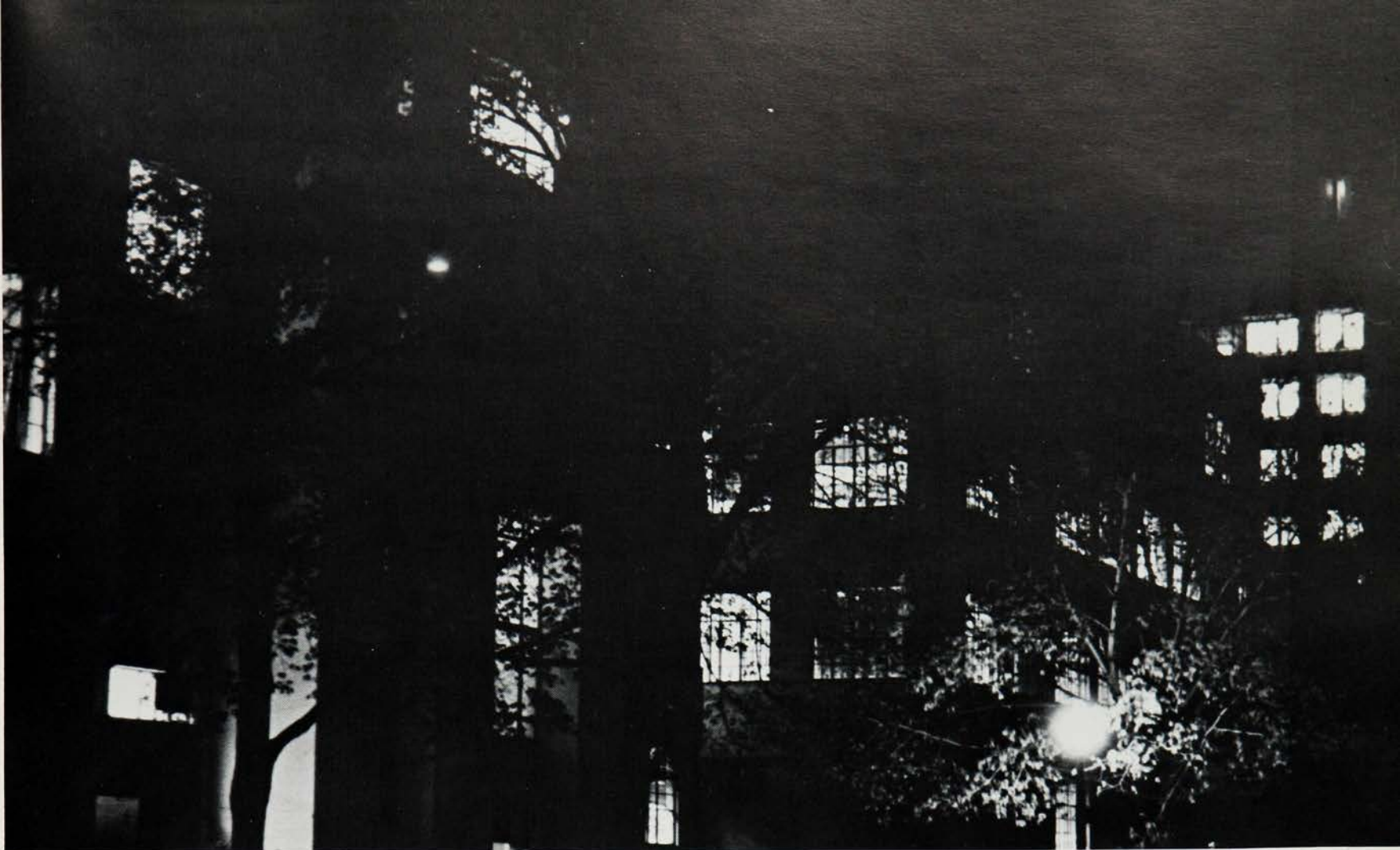


Tabor

Sommer







Sommer



Tabor





Tabor







Fischel



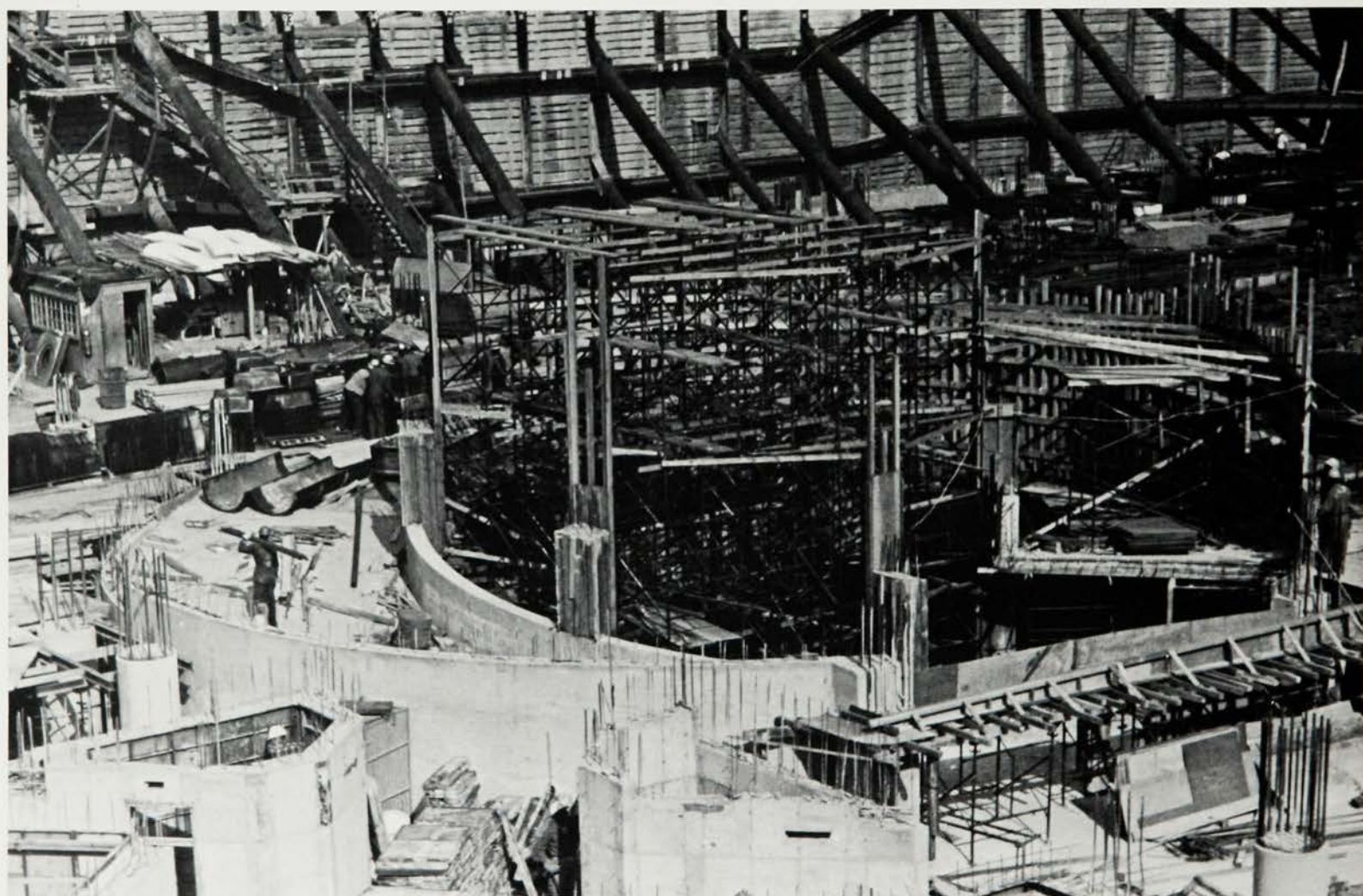




Fischel



Fischel



Sommer





Tabor

Sommer



Fischel







Sommer



Cahan

Stone







Tabor



Tabor





Tabor





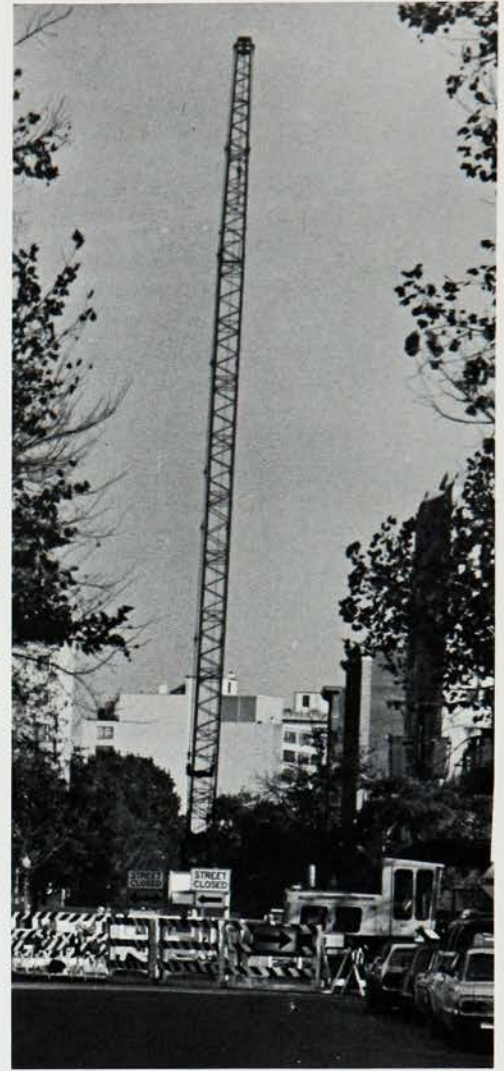
Dowd



Tabor



Tabor



Tabor



Tabor





Sommer



Sommer



Stone





Tabor

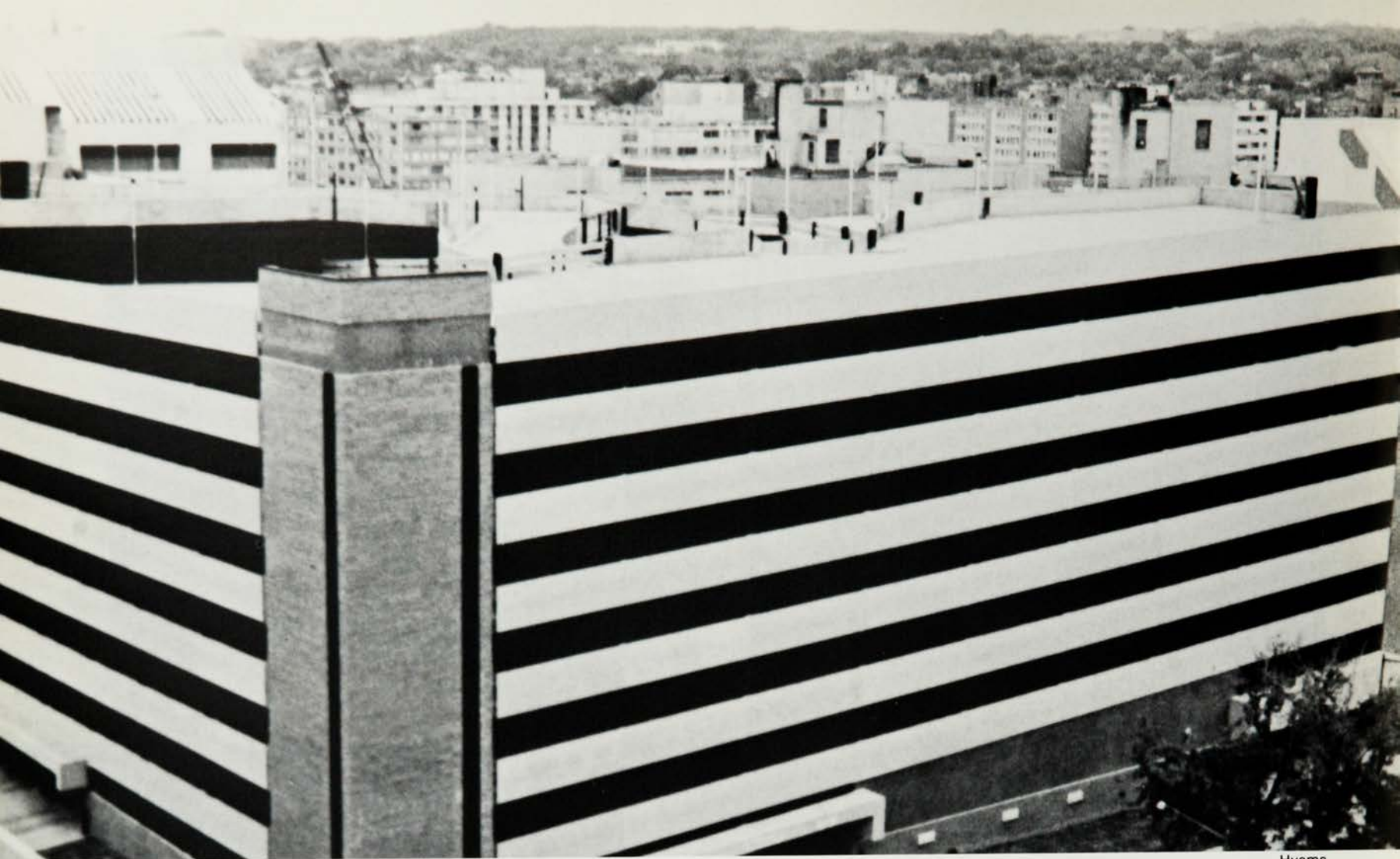


Dowd

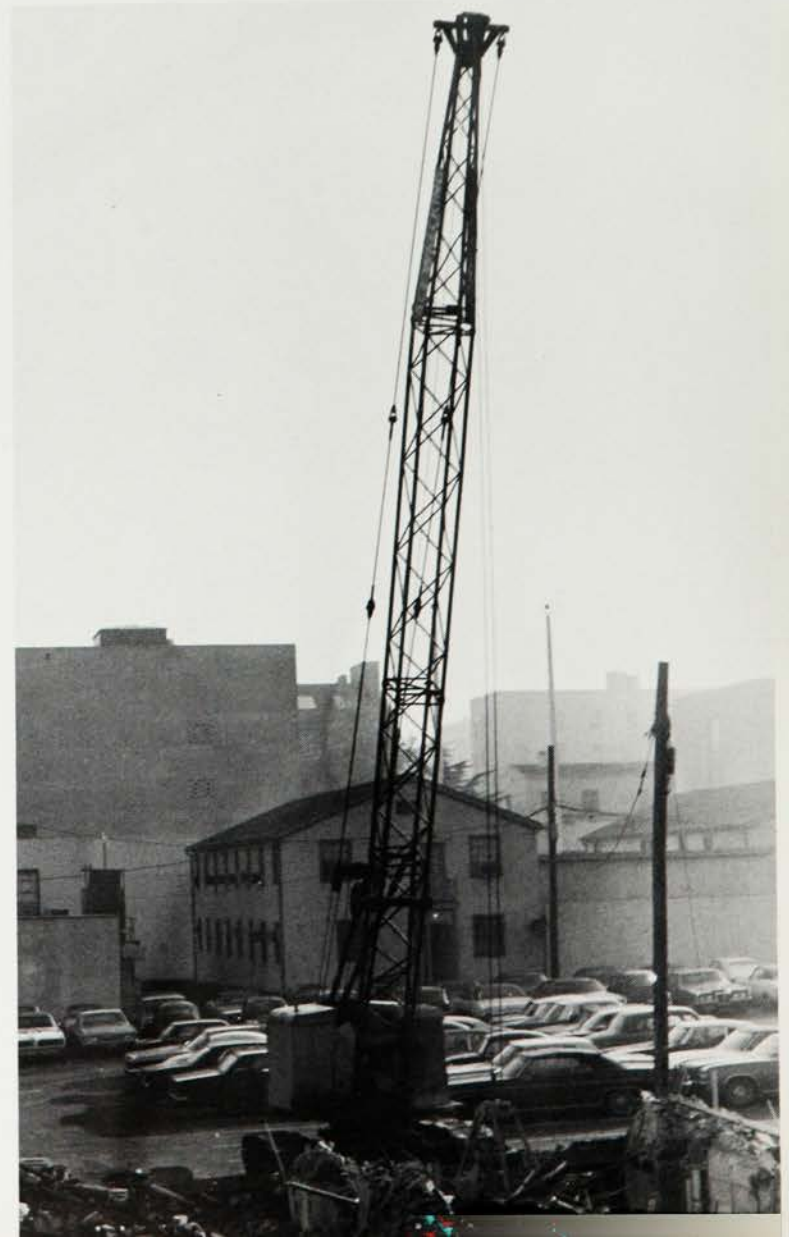
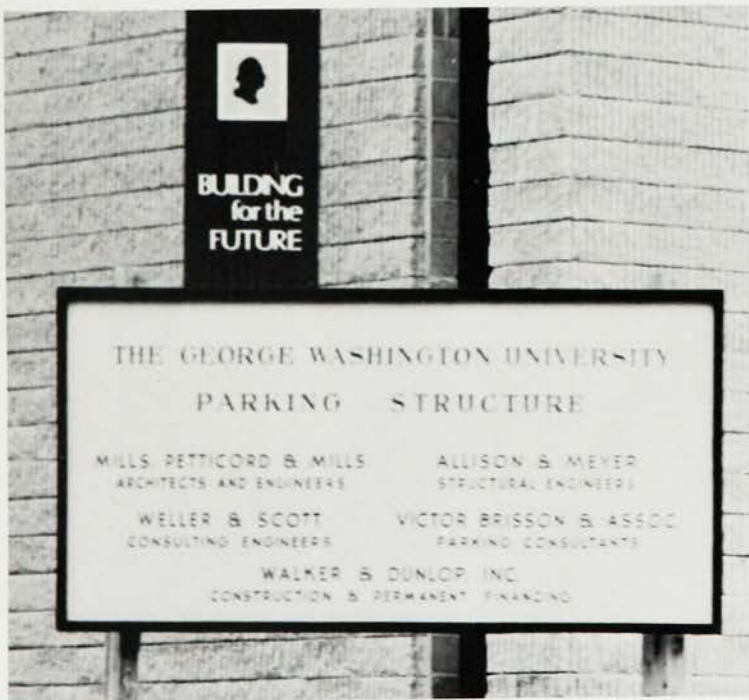
Sommer



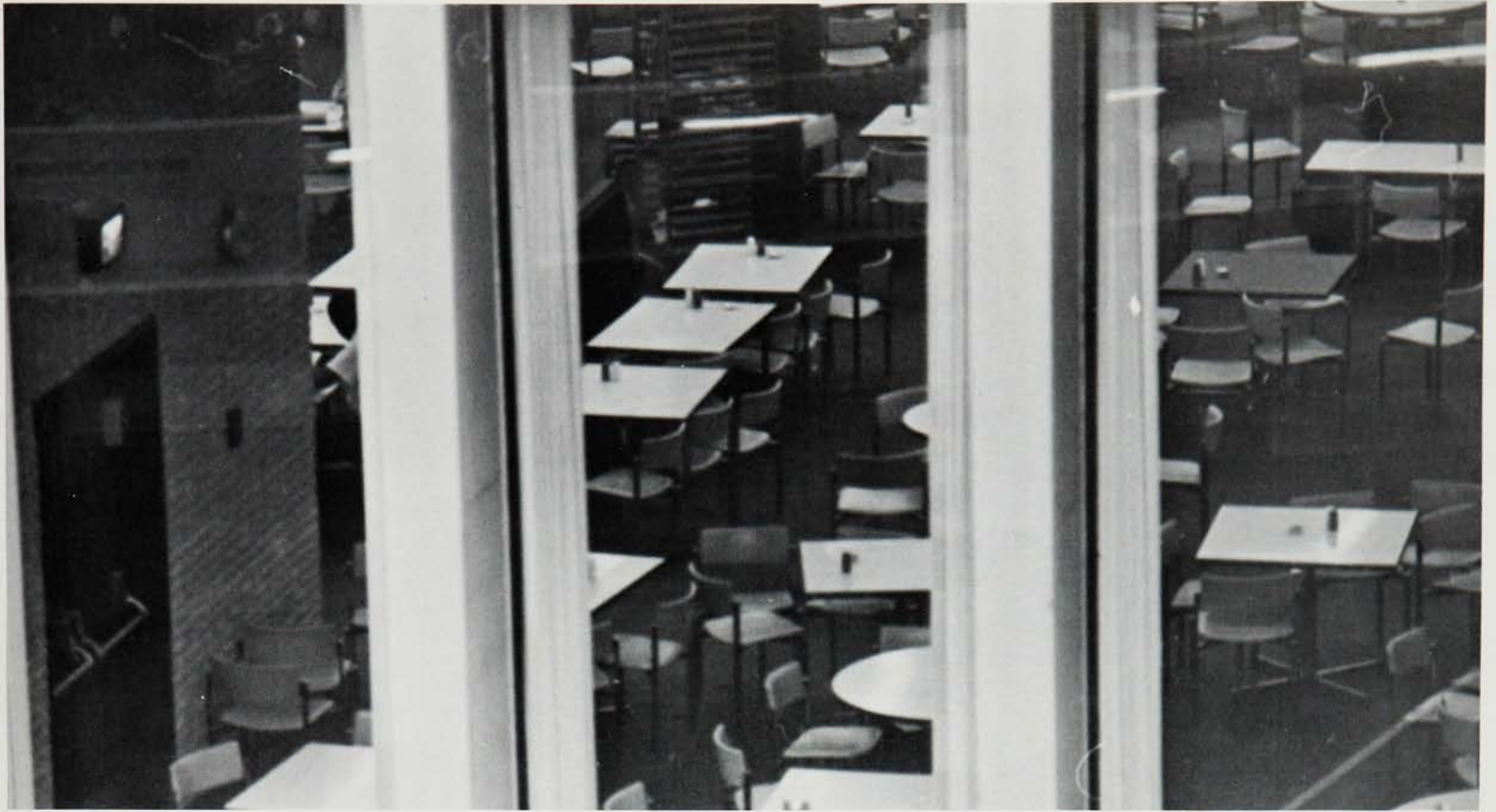




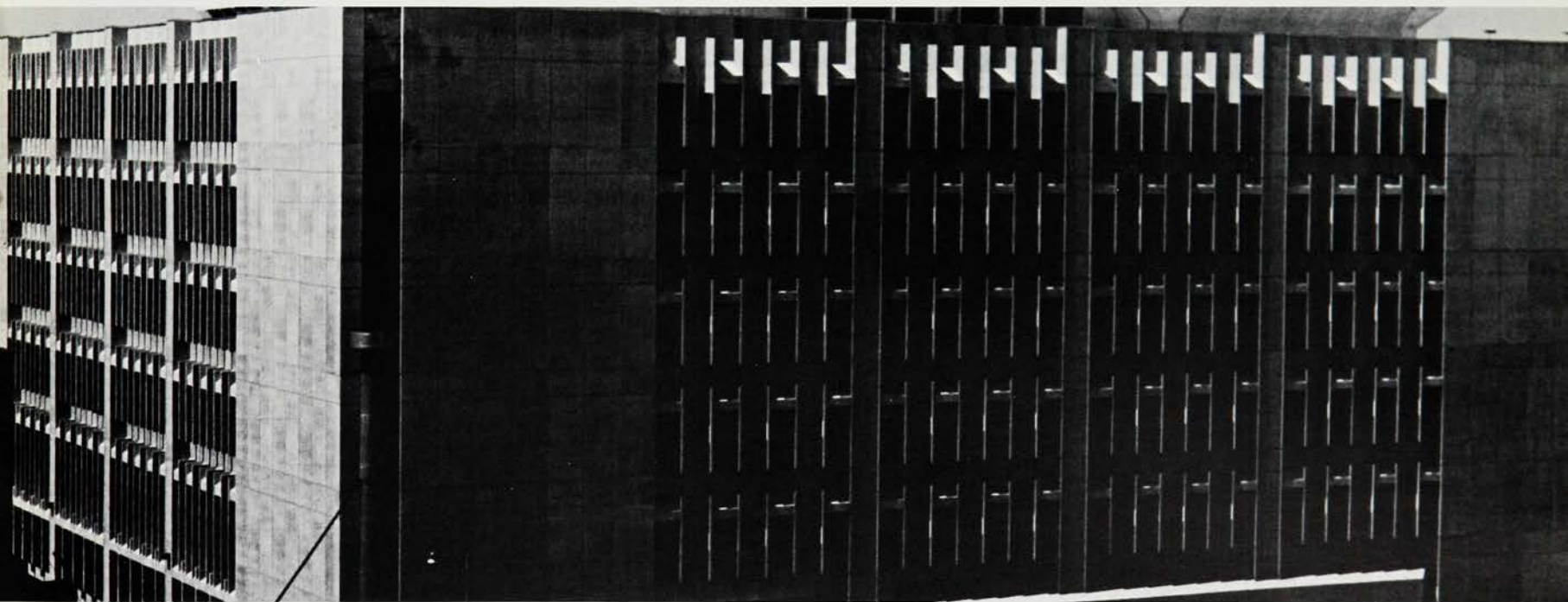
Hyams







Dowd

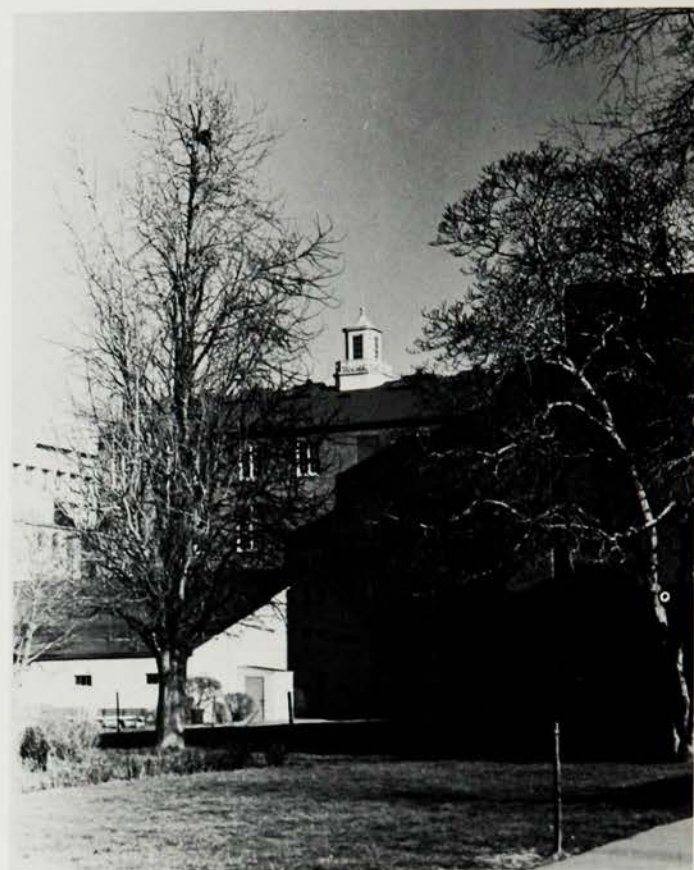


Sommer





Sommer



Tabor



Sommer



Dowd

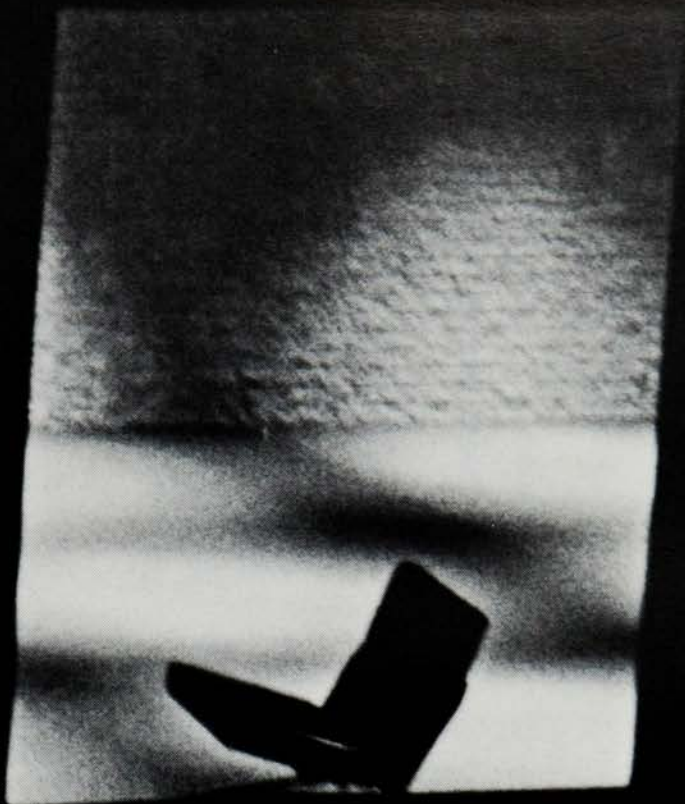
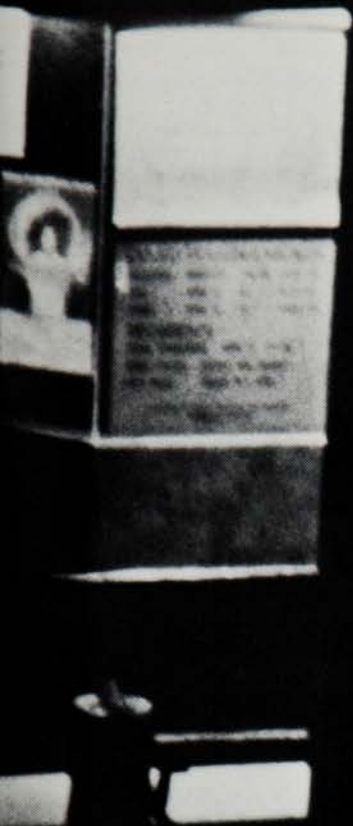












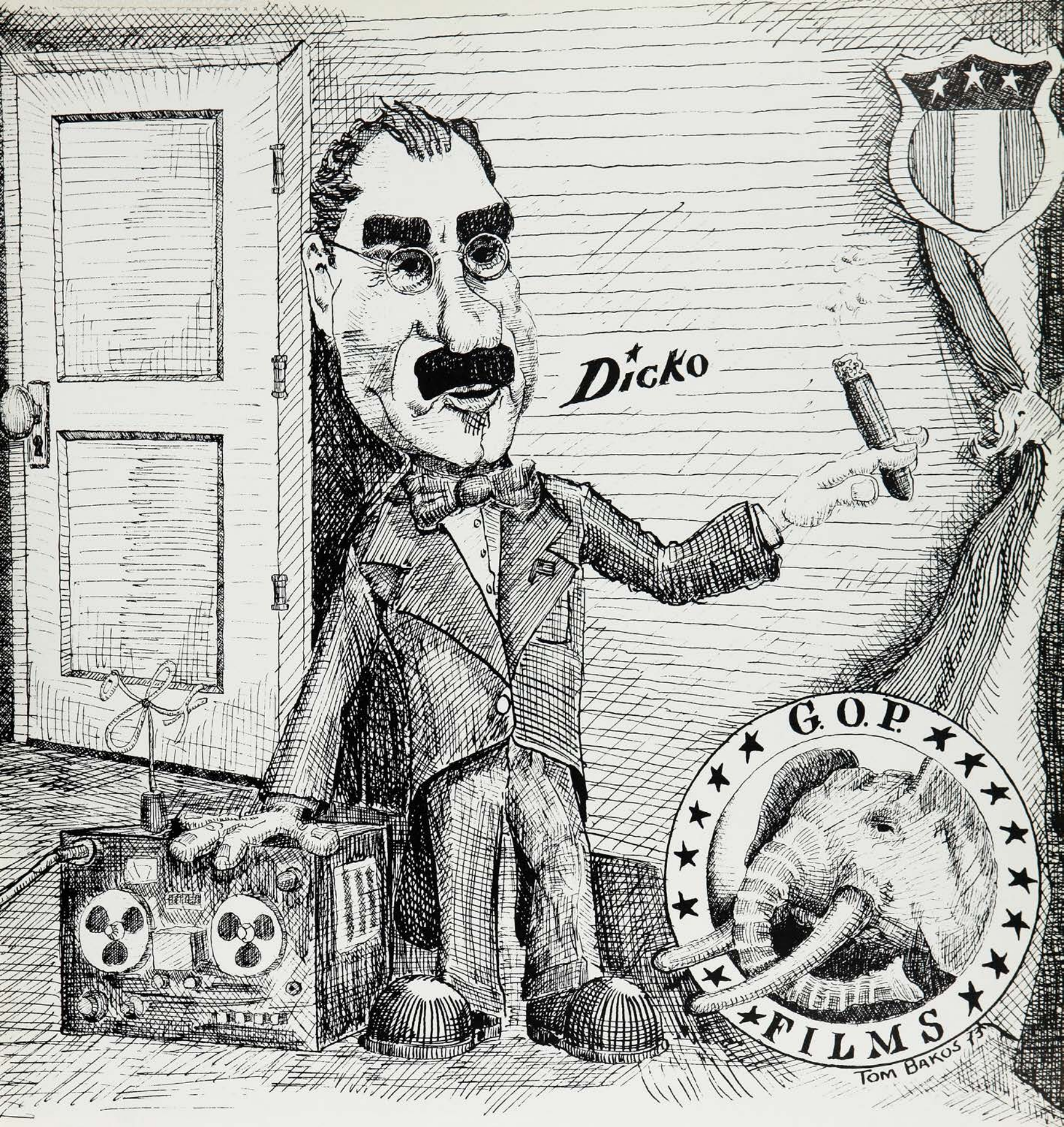


THE **NIX** BROTHERS  
IN  
WATERGATE  
SOUP

*John*

Politics









Senator Hubert H. Humphrey at taping of American Program Bureau TV series, Center Theatre, January 1972

Sommer



by Dick Polman

We were the members of a college generation that came to believe its own press clippings. The big media powers like *Life* and CBS heralded the political "youth movement" as a viable force for change before the Class of 1973 even reached GW. *Newsweek* and *Time* and the six o'clock news were proficient in detailing the antiwar campus uprisings, the protests against ROTC, and the opposition to government-sponsored research programs. Woodstock was the ideal expression of the world that was coming. We came to Washington and George Washington University believing we were the political-cultural force for good, but we leave Washington knowing that the essential truth lies elsewhere, and in fragments.

The fall of 1969 provided heady moments for many GW freshmen. Many sat on the G Street pavement outside the Selective Service Building, shouting "Peace Now" with sincere fervor, as if the releasing of the words into the October air would metaphysically alter the perceptions and sentiments of the policy makers. Lewis B. Hershey, director of the draft, was evil. Nixon was evil. Fulbright was good. Averill Harriman was good.

The demonstrations of 1969-1970 also provided important cultural bonanzas. They gave freshmen the opportunity to dissent in the streets, but they could also run back to the dorm to see the event played back on the screen with Walter Cronkite. It was not simply the act of expressing political dissent that was important; it was also the enjoyment of watching the youth movement advertised coast-to-coast.

Dissent politics was more than just airing the views. It was also the uniting factor which joined together students of differing backgrounds, and at differing levels of maturity. The clenched fist emblazoned in red, and printed on the backs of old T-shirts were not simply gestures of political defiance, but also a membership badge shared by thousands of others. To use the slang of the "revolution" (i.e. "to liberate") was really to convey social solidarity, as well as a sense of political solidarity. Dissent politics provided focus for many students, along with the sincere belief that political change was on the way. How could we lose when we were so sincere? said a Peanuts cartoon.

Looking back now, it is easy to agree with one politician's statement in 1969 that student's don't "read

[Continued on p. 166]



Senator Henry M. Jackson

Sommer





Senator Mike Gravel

Sommer

to the bottom of the issue, they just read off the top of it." The source of that charge is former Attorney General John Mitchell, but putting that fact aside, the perception is nevertheless apt. We took comfort in sloganeering, and in allowing our gut feelings — and not articulation — to be communicated. Coming from comfortable middle class families, we could afford to express our "rage" at the injustice carried out by others. But these hindsight realizations do not take away from the palpable sense of purpose that we felt.

But the war managed to continue with grinding efficiency, and no amount of semicircle pot parties, and no amount of Crosby, Stills, and Nash music would change that fact. The purity of dissent politics began to crumble when its very ineffectiveness was exposed, along with the realization by many students that, just like "real" people, student leaders manifested multiple motivations, schemes and half-truths within the youth movement. Both the means and the ends were being debated: whether the struggle went beyond the Vietnam war, or whether the struggle should be focused on the Vietnam war; whether the tactic was to act colorfully defiant, and risk alienating ordinary citizens, or whether the tactic should be to involve ordinary citizens, and run the risk of diluting such energetic anger.

Mass demonstrations focusing on the war again drew a big crowd in the spring of 1971, but students were forced to listen to oratory from opportunistic politicians like Vance Hartke of Indiana who stood on the Capitol steps and shouted to the 300,000, "Out Now!" sounding not quite convincing. And the tactic of confrontation was scarcely more effective few weeks later, when MayDay saw the blocking of traffic, and the technique of ending the war by prying open the hoods of commuters' automobiles.

Campus dissent politics was frustrated by knowing the nature of the evil, but being powerless to fight it. Evil holds a very unique position in American society today. Who is to blame? Who takes the responsibility? The fact is that America's brand of evil is the scientist who comes home from the office, mentions to his wife that the new deadly nerve gas is coming along just fine, and then asks who smashed the fender on the car. Evil is hidden behind the word-obsfucation of government, hidden behind the replacable human cogs in the bureaucratic machine, hidden somewhere in the conflict between morals and profits. Evil is an elusive enemy shifting its

*[Continued on p. 169]*





Senator George S. McGovern and FCC Commissioner Nicholas Johnson

Sommer



House Minority Leader Gerald Ford

Tabor



Dr. Benjamin Spock

Stone





Senator Charles Percy

Sommer



Former Senator Eugene J. McCarthy

Sommer

Sommer

Senator George S. McGovern



Sommer

Senator Hubert H. Humphrey







Georgia State Legislator Julian Bond

Stone



Stone

shadows, and campus dissent politics could not pin it down and stop it.

The political apathy which has spread over the GW campus in the past two years can be attributed not simply to the lack of hoped-for results, but also to the irritating realization that students' awareness of injustice has not abated. We are no better than the Dayton housewife who has watched Vietnam explode on her Motorola portable for seven long years. Full awareness, but relative powerlessness. We are bombarded by books, magazines, TV, and newspapers all communicating crisis after crisis. We have been taught by our erstwhile liberal arts instructors that rational inquiry is a gift of the intellectual, that the ability to analyze is a prize worth cherishing. Yet we feel powerless to change what we "rationally" perceived as needing change.

Thus, the "quieting" of the campus scene, which *Time* Magazine, in its typical lack of intelligence, advertised last year, does not spring from contentment, or from fulfillment. In the political context, it springs from bland, confused resignation.

The resignation led many students to look back toward traditional avenues of political change. Sen. Birch Bayh drew a big crowd here, but the typical sentiment later was that he was "just another politician." Gary Hart pulled in a huge gathering, but was unimpressive in trying to persuade why George McGovern would win big in 1972. A McGovern teach-in held the month before the election played to a half-empty Ballroom, with the biggest response going to a visiting Cellar Door comedian who cracked a sufficient quota of Nixon jokes.

In the spring of 1972, many students tried lobbying Capitol Hill in the wake of the Administration's bombing of Indochina, and heard an organizer declare "We are the people, and the people are the law in this country!" But students did not confront senators or representatives; instead, they parried with legislative aides who treated them not as the vanguard of truth, but as another interest group ranking somewhere lower in importance and power than the local dairy association from back home.

Today, the remnants of the GW antiwar thrust occupy The People's Union, which, along with other political groups on campus, also stresses the importance of reform on the community level. The Public Interest Research Group, and Women's Crisis Center also operate on such a concept.

But the dissent politics of GW was not totally an exercise in futility, because it served an important socializing-cultural function. The agony lay, however, in realizing the inherent limitations of the movement, in attempting to believe that what we were doing was unique in history. And now that our concerns stem not from trying to change the world with an afternoon of rhetoric, but in trying to find a place for ourselves *within* the world, perhaps the answer is to try to know ourselves better as individuals. Perhaps it is time to reject the labels and categorizations of others who have helped make us the most studied and judged young generation in American history. Our supposed monolithic power was a myth, and from that myth, each in our particular way, we must fashion our own tomorrow.





Representative Robert Drinian

Hyams



Senator Birch Bayh

Sommer



Representative Shirley Chisholm

Cahan

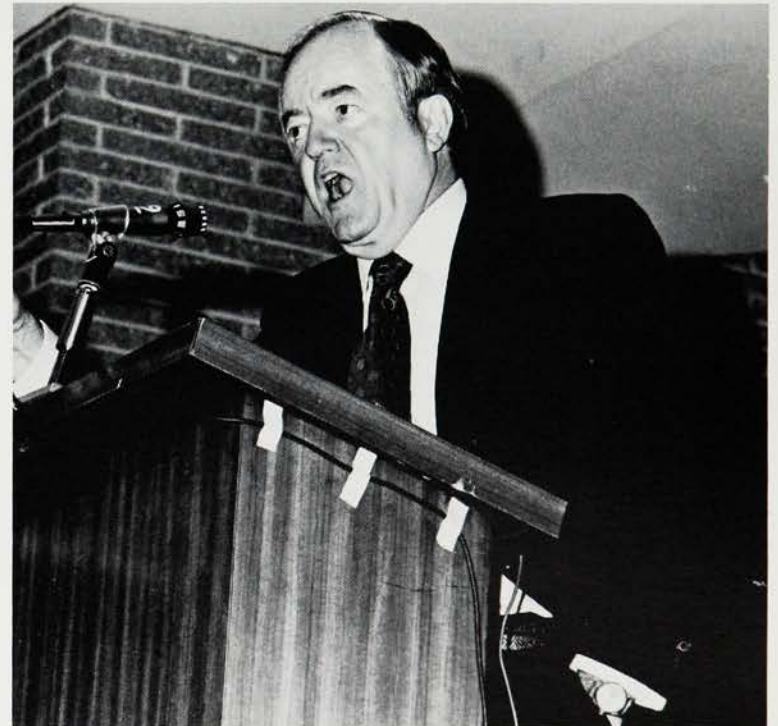
Anti-war activist David Harris

Stone





Cahan



Cahan





Senator Birch Bayh

Sommer



Senator John V. Tunney

Sommer

Sommer



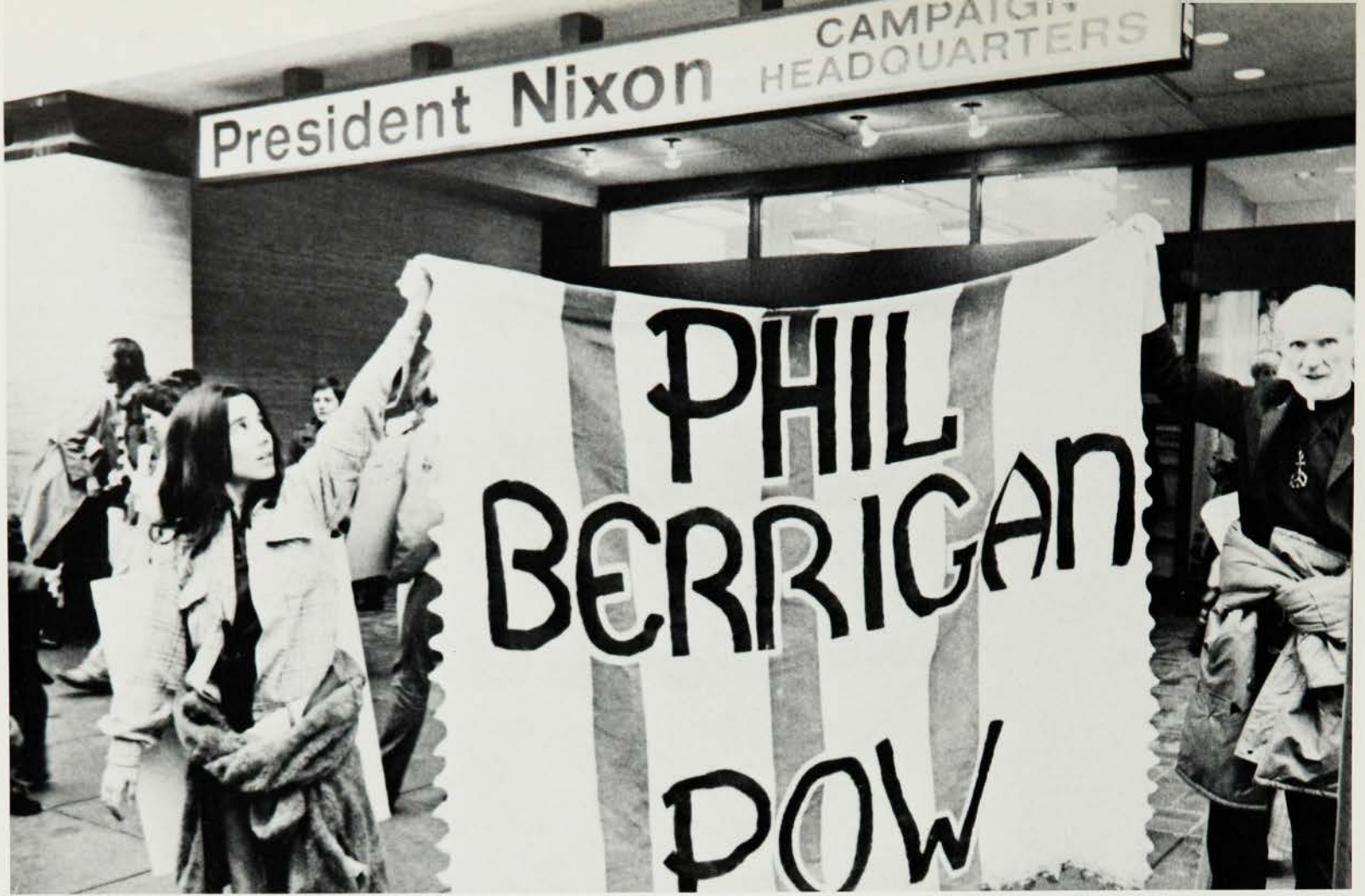
**“Those who have had  
a chance for four years  
and could not produce peace  
should not be given  
another chance.”**

Richard M. Nixon, October 9, 1968



American Federation of State,  
County and Municipal Employees  
**AFL-CIO**  
1155 15th Street, N.W.  
Washington, D.C. 20005



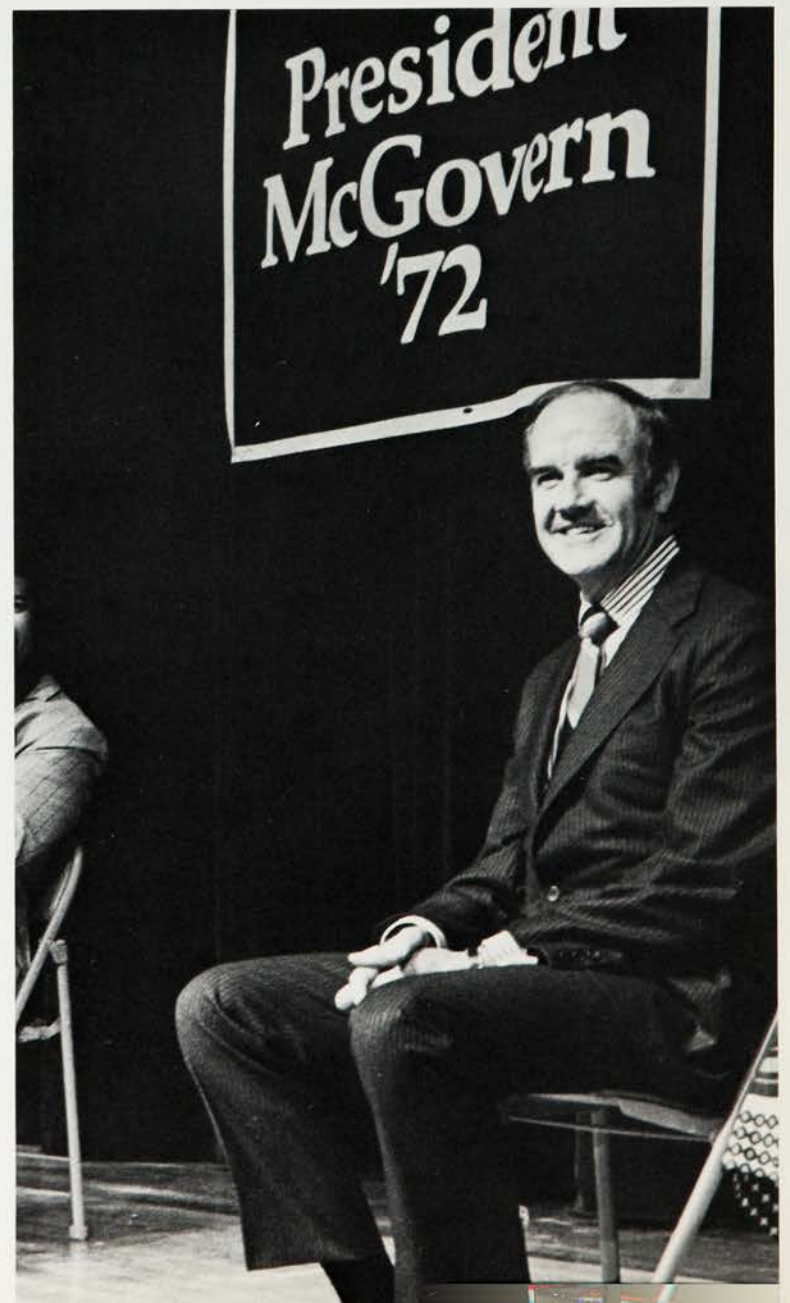


Hyams



Hodes

McGovern Campaign Manager Gary Hart



Cahan









Taping of "The Advocates," Center Theatre, October 1972

Sommer



McGovern Campaign Chairman Lawrence F. O'Brien questioned by attorney Alan Dershowitz

Sommer





Author Kevin Phillips

Sommer



Senator Adlai E. Stevenson III

Sommer

Sommer







Senator Robert Dole

Sommer

Sommer





9:30 AM H&8 St. NE Wash, DC Jan 20

# You Don't Have To Be Vietnamese



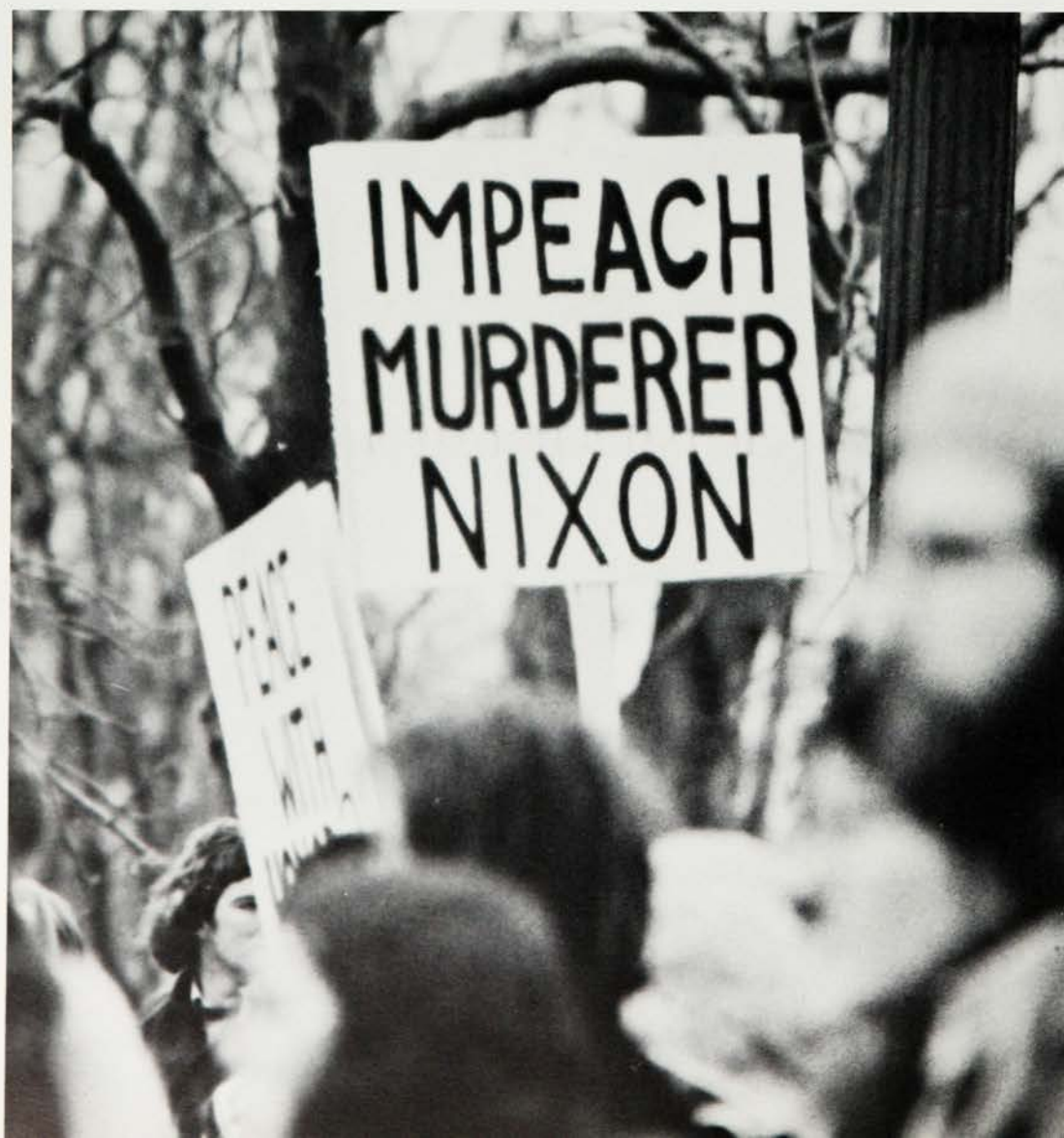
## To Smell A Rat. Come Crown King Dick!

**YOUTH INTERNATIONAL PARTY**



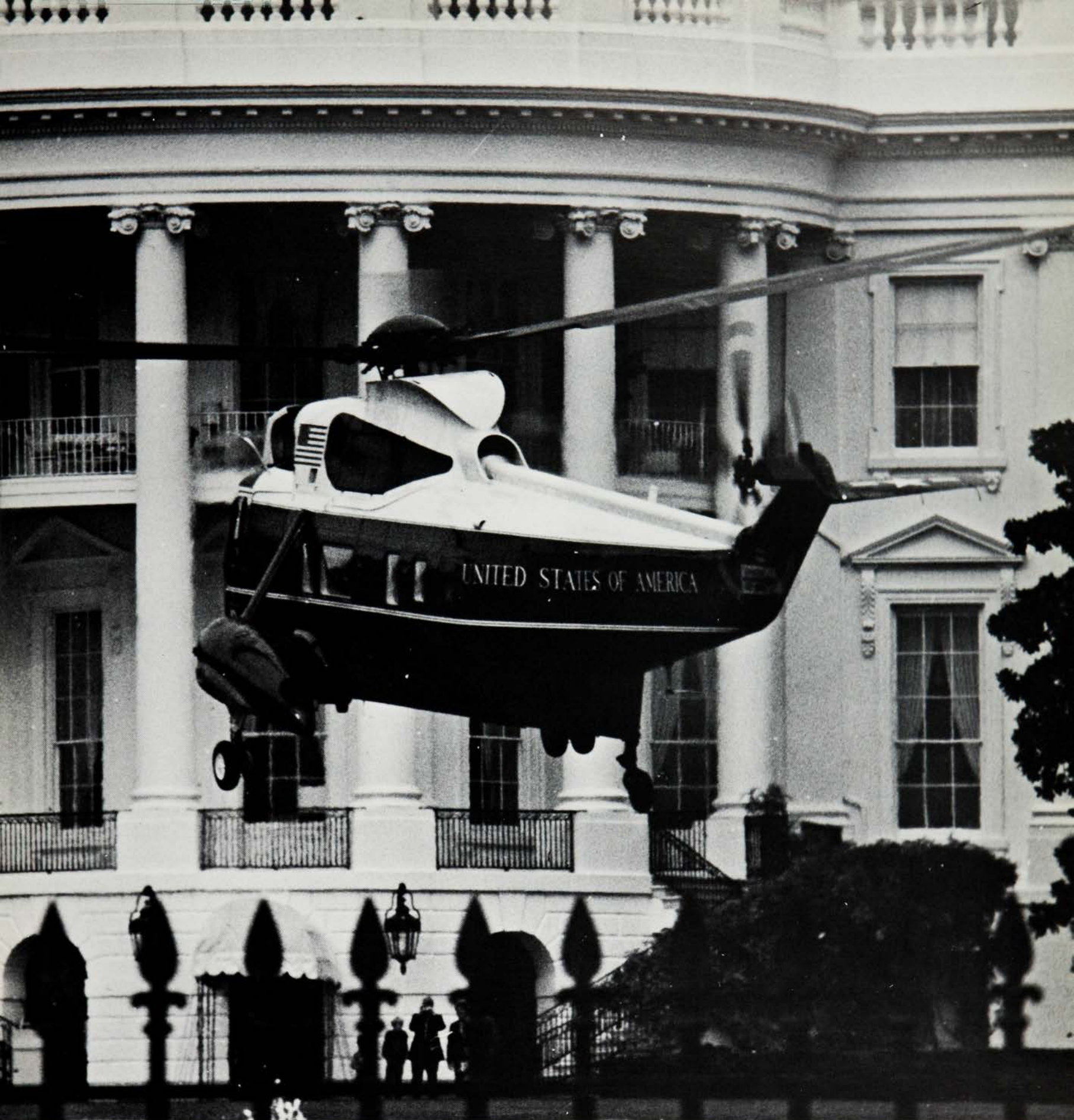


Cahan



Hyams





Tabor





Inauguration Day, January 20, 1973

Ickow

Hyams







Hyams

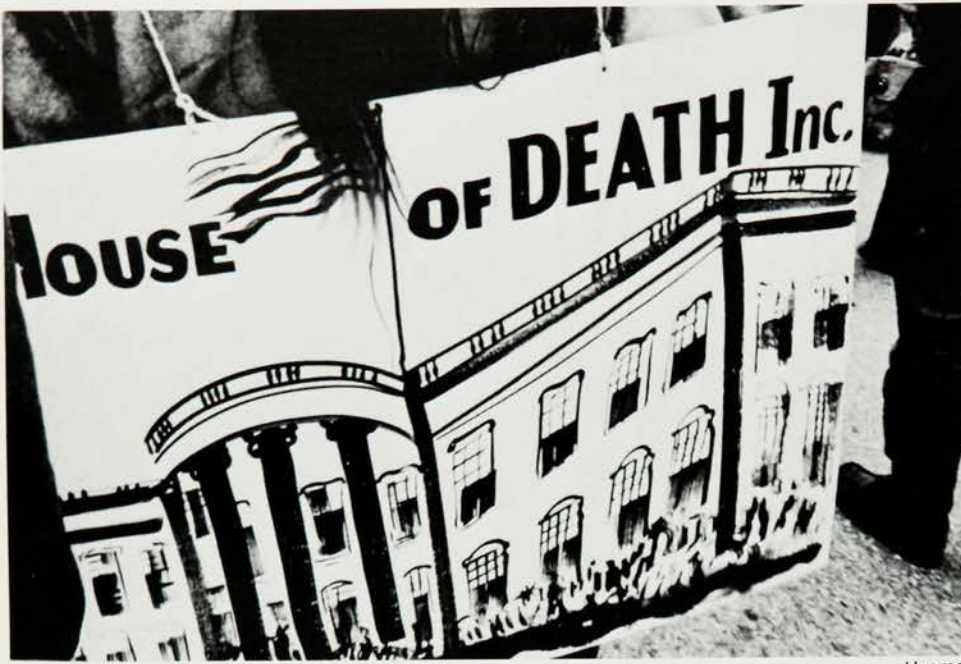


Hyams



Ickow





Hyams



Ickow

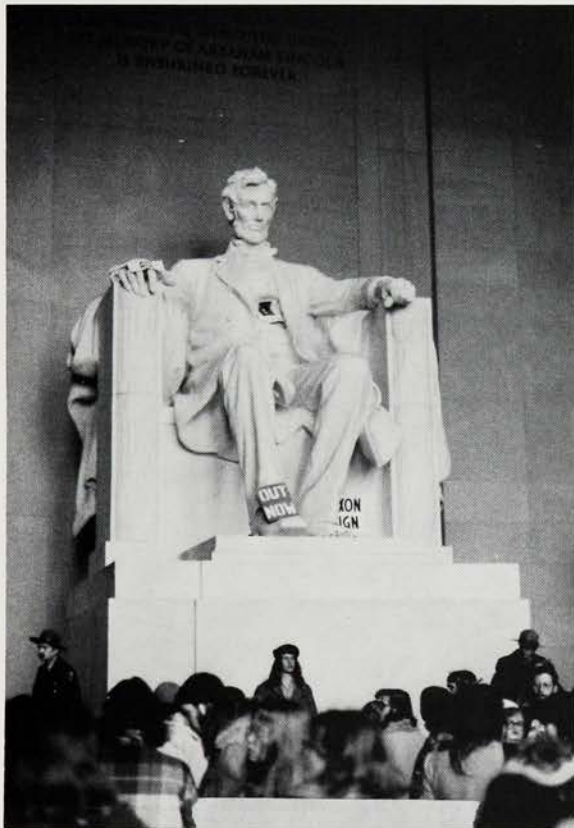
Stone







Hyams



Sommer



Ickow





Funeral Procession of President Lyndon B. Johnson, January 24, 1973

Tabor



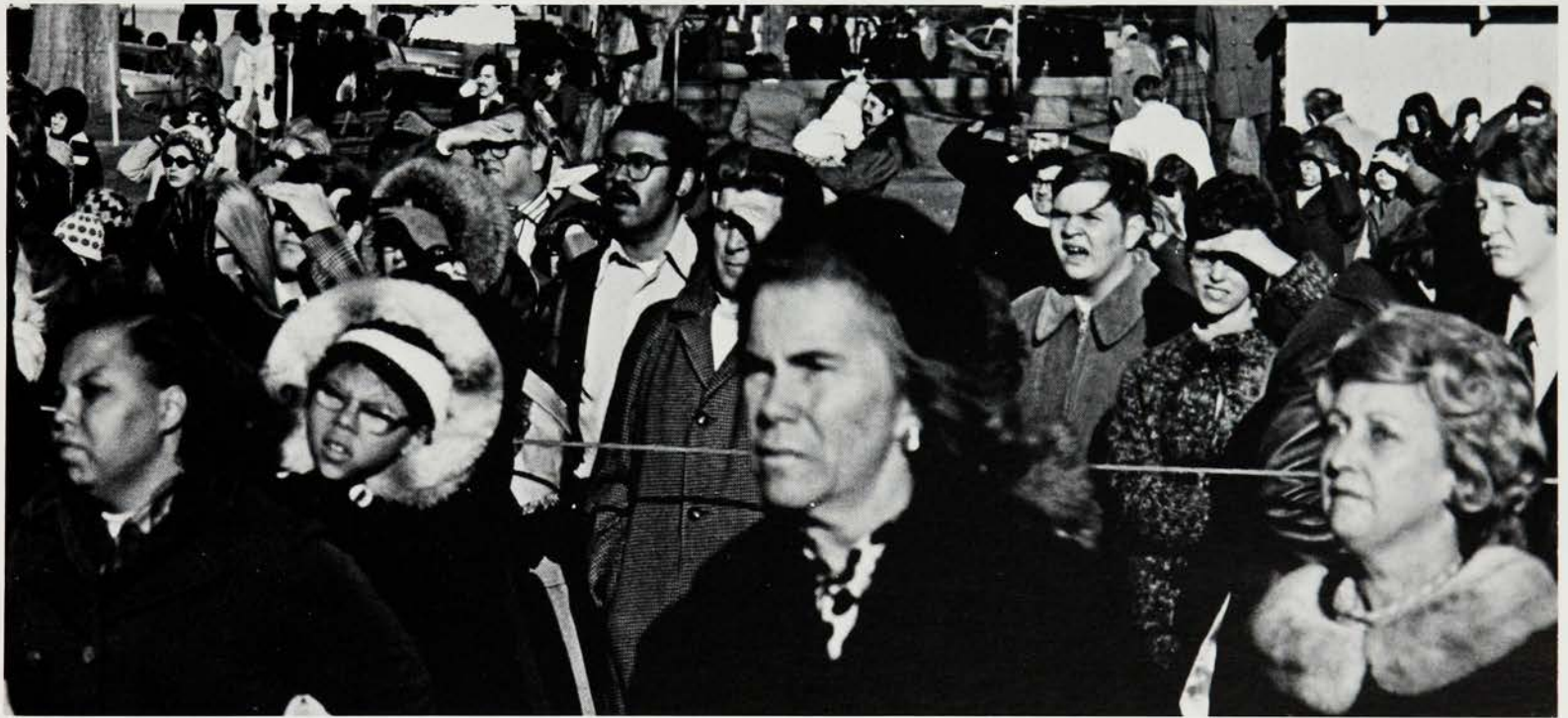
Tabor

Tabor





Cahan



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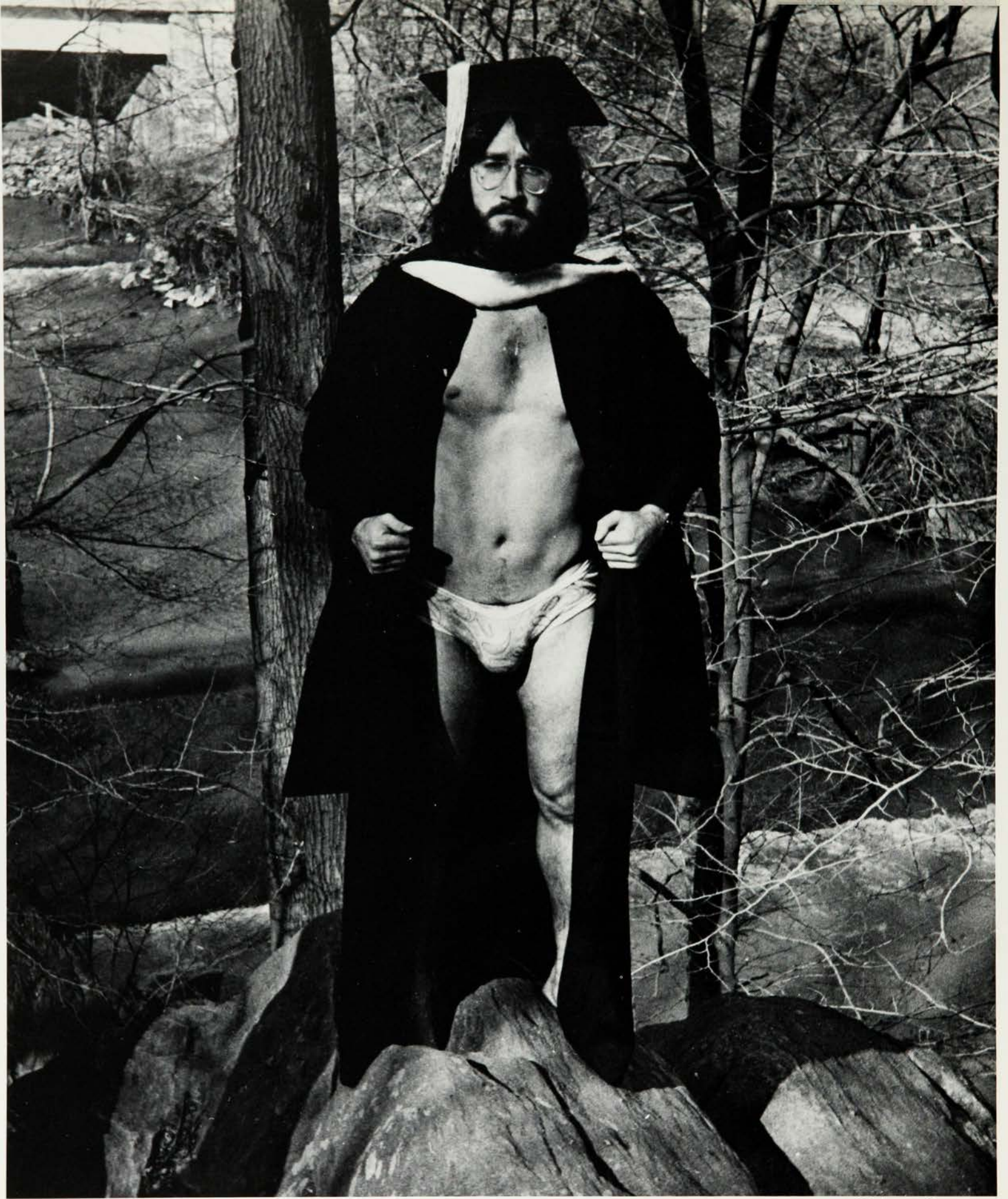


Tabor

Cahan







Robert Dorman

# Seniors



by Ken Sommer

During the past four years, GW has been a superb vantage point for observing, as well as participating in, many of the events we have seen evolve from what was thought to be an awakening of American youth in the late 1960s. Surely, the opportunities those of us have had here in D.C. since 1969 to involve ourselves in the movement we thought would shape the future of our country, will be indelibly cast in our memories, eventually (if not already) to be nostalgically referred to as "the good old days."

Four years is a long time, and most of the days have slipped away as one great blur. There are, however, certain days and events which have become as much a part of GW as Thurston Hall or Marvin Green paint, and they stand out distinctly.

The Moratoriums of October and November 1969, when hundreds of thousands of American youths descended upon Washington and specifically GW because of its strategic location (just four blocks from the White House!); TDA, the day after the Chicago Seven verdicts in February 1970, when our campus became a refuge for demonstrators fleeing hundreds of Civil Disturbance Unit police, who rode their cycles on sidewalks, gassed the dorms, and beat our students and faculty; Cambodia and its aftermath, Kent State, providing an impetus for thousands of GW students to protest and force GW to close down; the April 1971 massing of a half million to again protest Nixon's insane prolonging of the tragedy of Vietnam; MayDay 1971, when the most extreme of the dissenters sought to "Shut Down" the federal government; and, most recently, the Inauguration Day protest against four more years of insensitivity to the dire needs of our nation.

And there have been some valuable relationships for most of us with fellow students, with some of the fine faculty members, and with the few sensitive, concerned administrators at GW. Certainly the memories of the rare classes when you didn't look at your watch once, the occasional good or great entertainment we've enjoyed here, and the seemingly endless dope smoking will have a warm place in many of our minds and hearts and throats.

Unfortunately, the deepest impression made upon any students by this University is one which is likely to overshadow the many good things we've experienced, and *that* is the GW administration. The administration of this University tops all others when it comes to red



Michael Drezin

tape, bureaucratic fuck-ups, and selfish, unresponsive administrators who take students' money while telling them to shut up and get educated. This memory, I am afraid, will characterize my future feelings about my dear old alma mater.

Within weeks, if not days, after commencement, graduates can expect the deluge of requests from the Alumni and Development Offices to begin, asking for more MONEY. Regardless of what these offices say about their non-financial reasons for keeping in touch with alumni, money *is* the main objective. The letters will be subtle and tactful at first, but those who are unable to remove their names from the mailing list are likely to be badgered for dough the rest of their lives.

[Continued on p. 192]





Karen Ens

And for what? Ideally, to pay back to the University some of what it has been good enough to share with us. Practically, to pay the handsome salaries of administrators and bureaucrats who, while we lived and worked in this community, continually told us we were only transients, and to take our ideas, our hopes, and our visions and shove them.

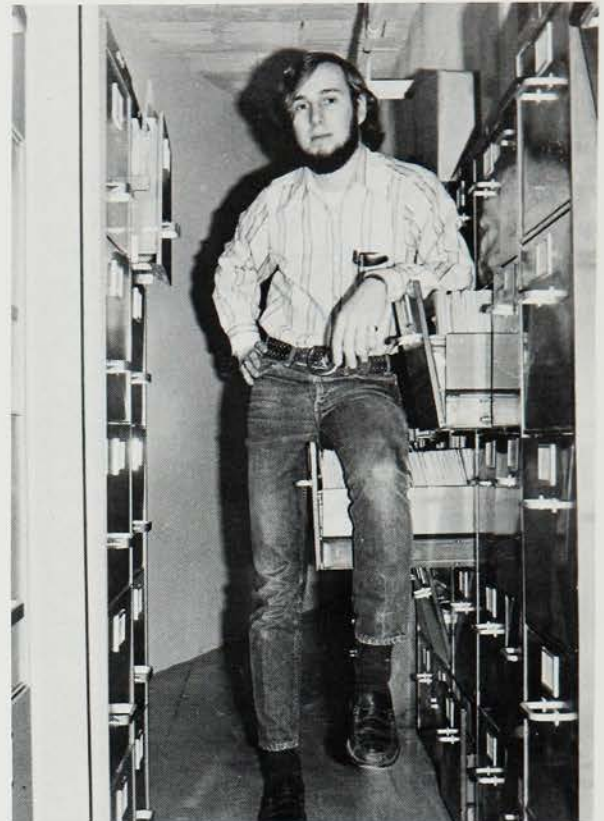
I will remember an administration which "knew it all" when it came to planning the future of the campus and told those with constructive alternatives to get lost; I will remember an administration which initially refused to allow the taping of major political figures in the Center Theatre because it violated "building use policies" but finally bowed to considerable faculty and student pressure; I will remember an administration which acknowledged its responsibility for the safety and well being of its members but whitewashed any serious investigation into campus security; I will remember an administration which refused to solicit alternative architectural plans for campus buildings (just who in Rice Hall has a relative at Mills, Petticord and Mills?); I will remember an administration which said dorm residents weren't entitled to clean restrooms when they complained about filthy bathrooms in Mitchell Hall; I will remember an administration which refused to listen when outraged students and faculty protested the dedication of the University Center to the memory of a former GW President, a man purportedly a racist and anti-semitic; I will remember an administration which raised tuition for four years while cutting back on *all* facets of student services; I will remember an administration which built parking garages and office buildings for private businesses while archaic, rat-infested dormitories continued to deteriorate and off campus housing increased in scarcity; I will remember an administration which tolerated a \$150,000 bookstore deficit and a floundering exclusive, non-student University Club which failed to pay its rent to the Center for months at a time, while student publications came under intense pressure and threats of disassociation with the University if they did not break even; I will remember an administration which selectively failed to observe important religious holidays and suggested absent students "bring notes from their rabbis"; I will remember an administration which housed freshmen men in the YMCA while vacant rooms existed in Thurston Hall; I will remember an administration which

*[Continued on p. 194]*

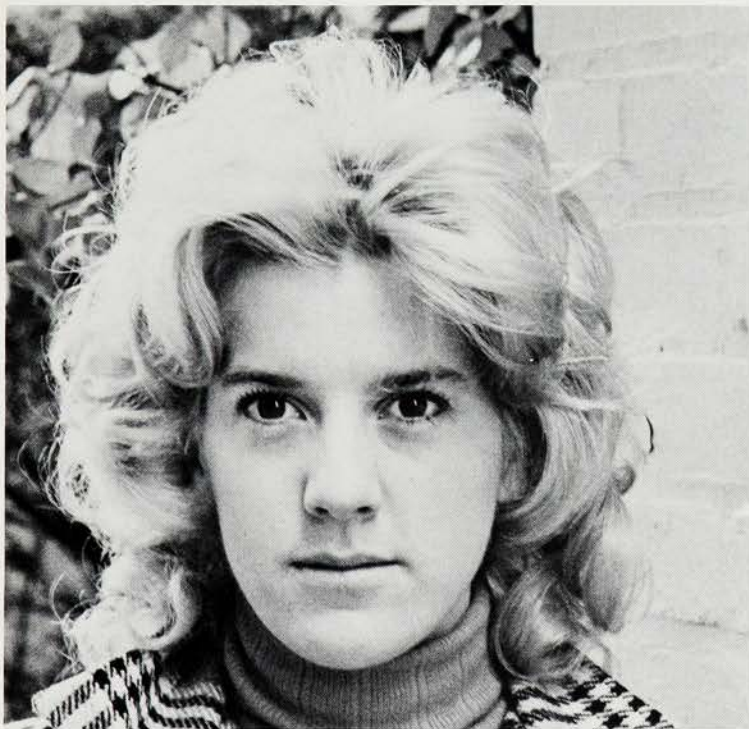




Delnora Dobbins



Scott Swirling



Stephanie Julian



Laurie B. Joseph



proposed an exclusive, non-student health club be included in the new activities building, despite the utter failure of the University Club which had proven that a private, restricted club cannot make it on campus; I will remember an administration which allotted an entire floor of the new library building to Sy Alpert, the man who was "offended" by students and faculty protesting at the Von Braun speech, instead of making the space available for students to study and work; I will remember an administration which failed to consult with students before inviting Richard Nixon's Secretary of Defense to address the 1973 Columbian College commencement.

The list continues — outrage after outrage. The administration of this University has clearly demonstrated, for all to see and hear, that it does not wish to be bothered by what the people paying tuition here think.

I will remember an administration which has always put itself first and the students last.

I will remember an administration which occasionally asked for student opinion, but ignored it when it was contrary to the already made up minds in Rice Hall.

I will remember an administration which claimed it was in touch with students, while the only *touch* it had was on students' wallets.

I will remember an administration which gave lip service to student interest, when the only *interest* it knew about was the kind it got with our money at the Riggs Bank.

The George Washington University, because of its independent status, its geographic location, its large diverse student body, and its talented teaching staff, possesses the opportunity to be a genuine influence in directing the course of higher education, university development, and student life in this country. Narrow-mindedness, obstinacy, and insensitivity on the part of the administration have severely limited any positive impact by this University. The Business First—Education and Student Life Last attitude of the University can only result in a further deterioration of the value of attending GW, and an ever decreasing enrollment of freshmen bears this out.

Ironically, I will remember my college experience as four very good years. GW and Washington have offered enough for many of us to feel we have not wasted four years of our lives, despite the constant effort of the GW administration to make life difficult. Without the stimulation and excitement of protest and social consciousness of the past four years, however, the future of student life at GW is dim.

Larry Dworkin







Inga Laren



David Hyams



Roger Goldblatt



Marcia Kaffee

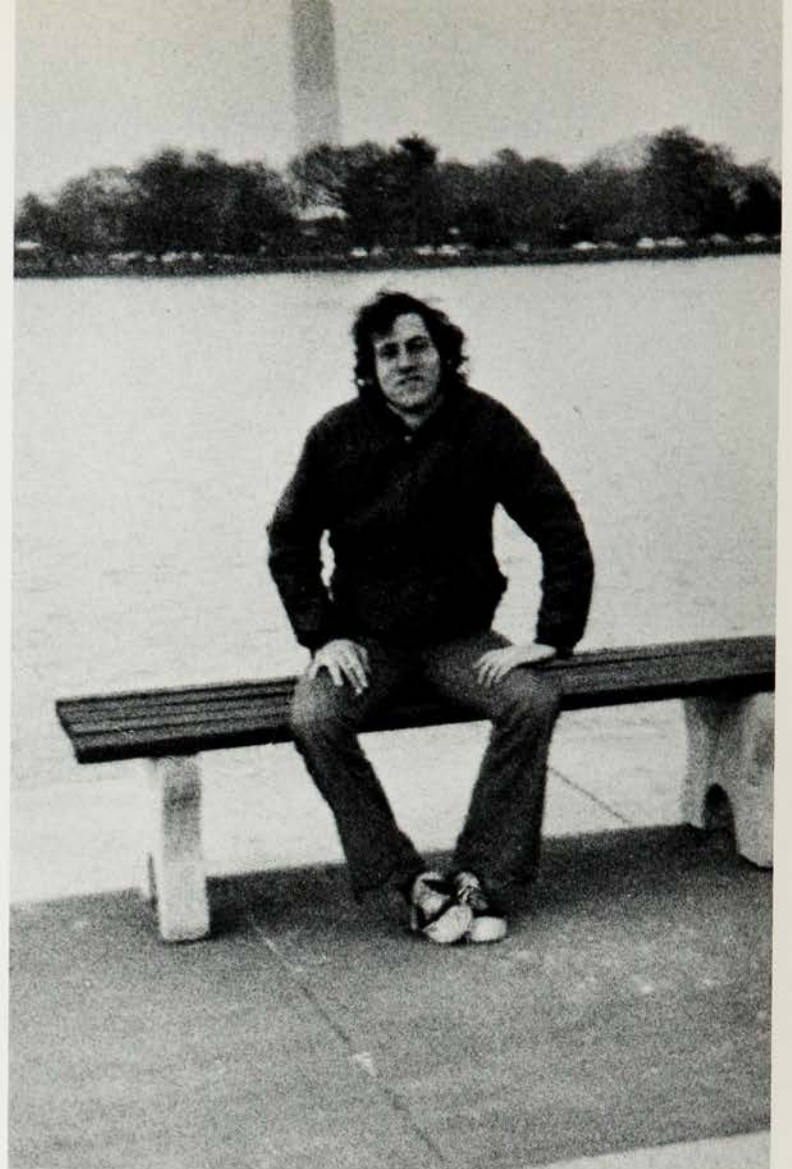


Colin B. Dawson





Joanne Harriett Kramer



Mark Delman



Bruce Blumberg

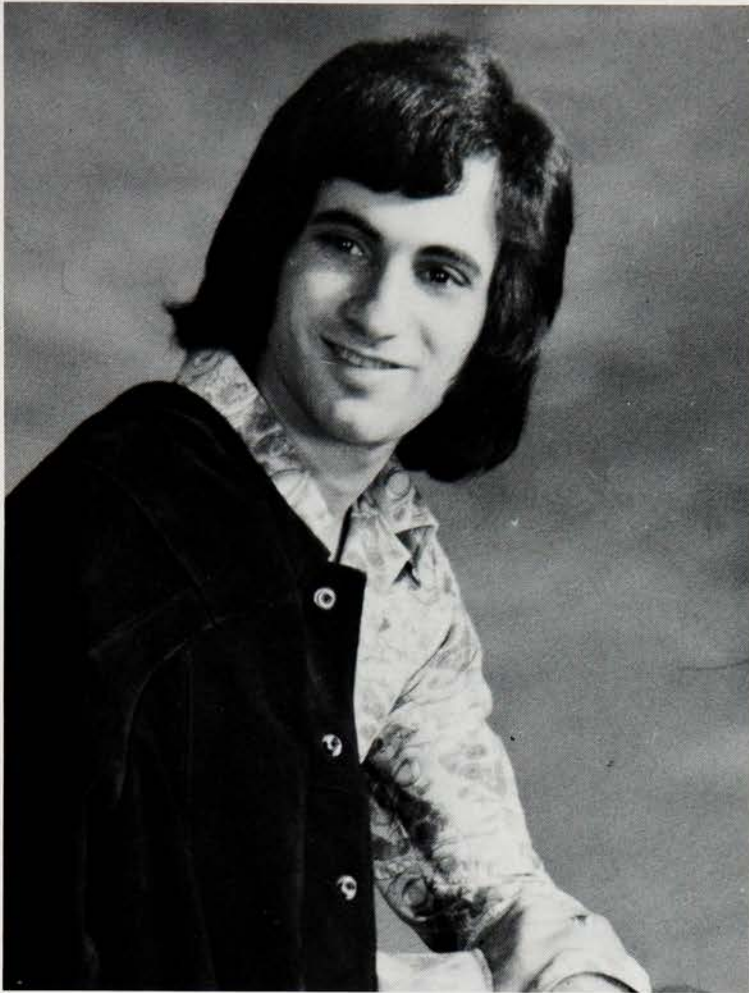


Barbara Schubert



Andrea Silver

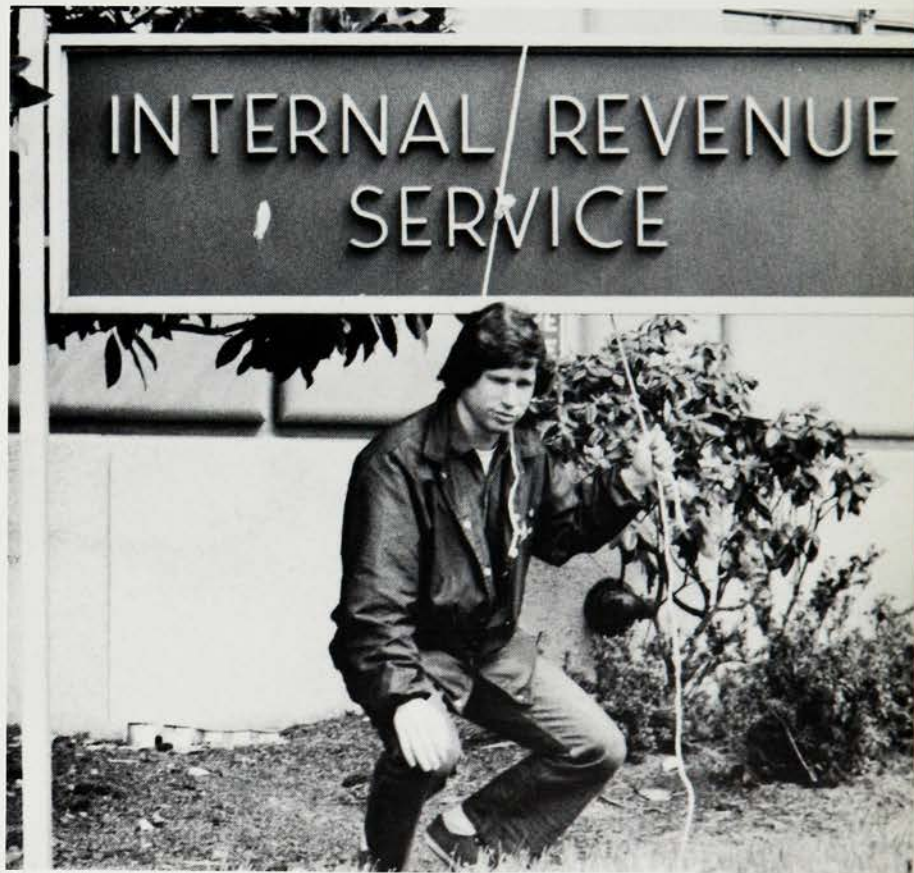




Steve Levine



Sandy Ascarelli



Craig Zuckerman



Marilyn Sando





Kent P. Ashworth



Prudence Schlesinger



Diana Oresky

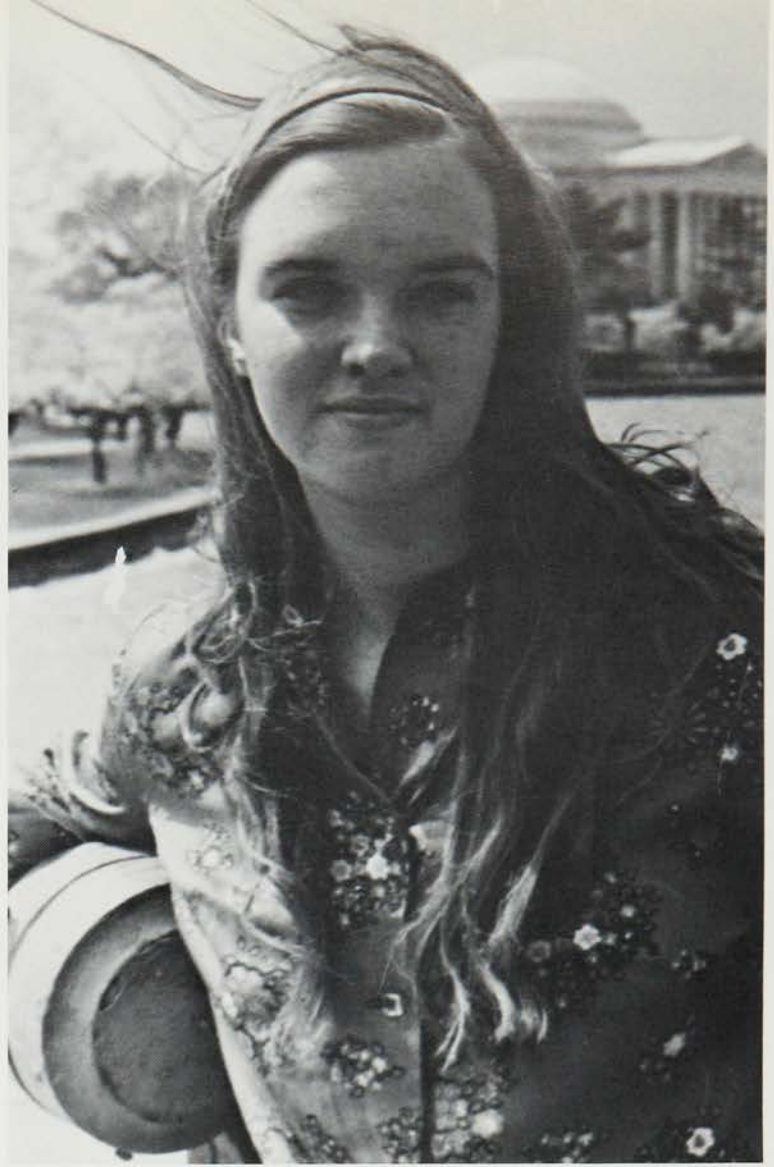


Sidney Gitler

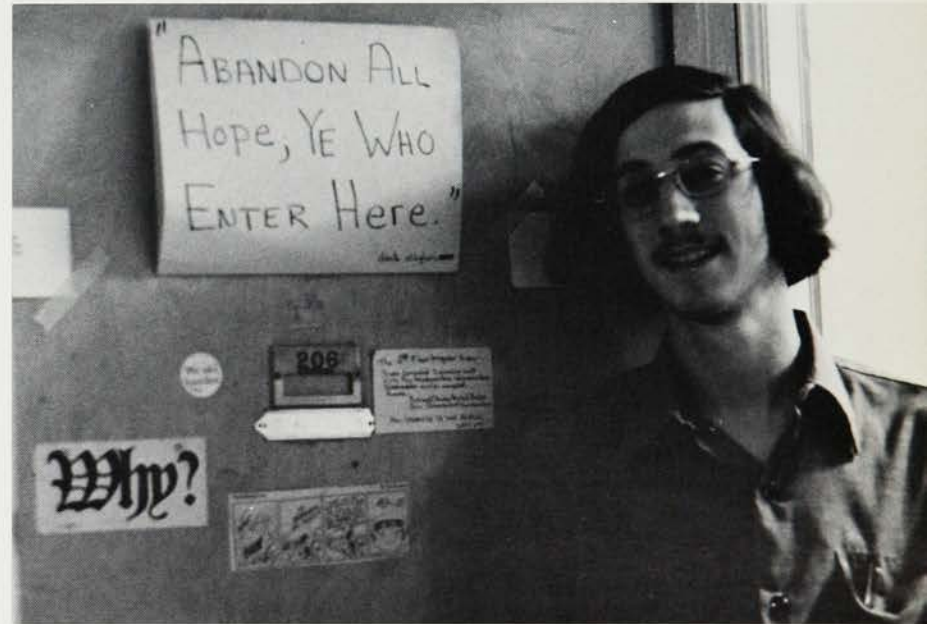




Tom Bninski



Judy Lohaus



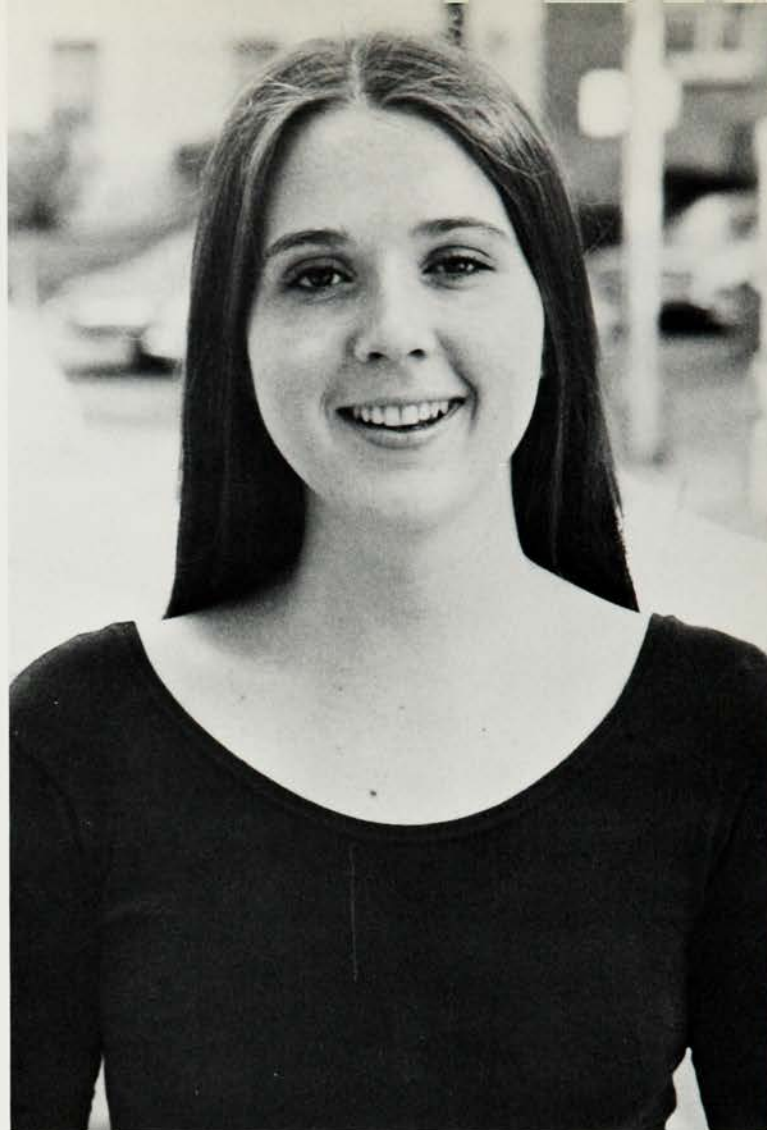
Eric Rosenkranz

Cindy Balkin

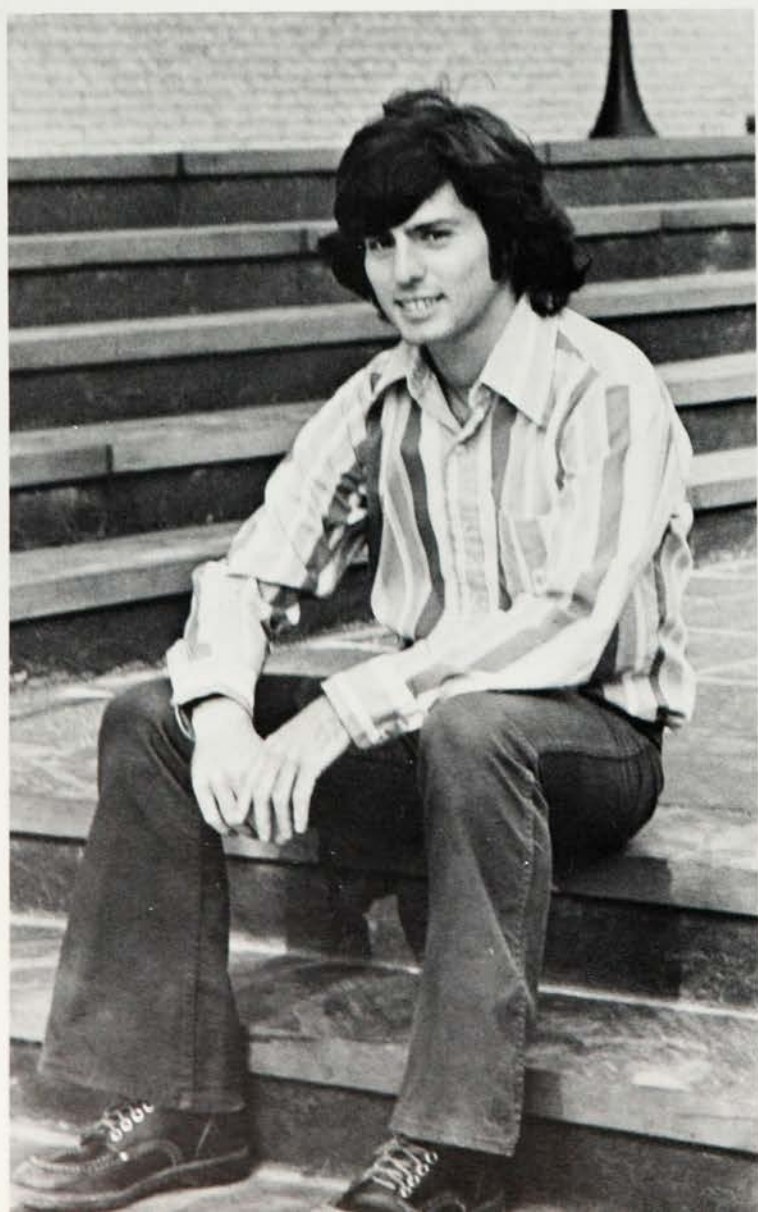




Sara Hansard



Carol Weiler



William C. Hollingsworth

Donald Kaplan

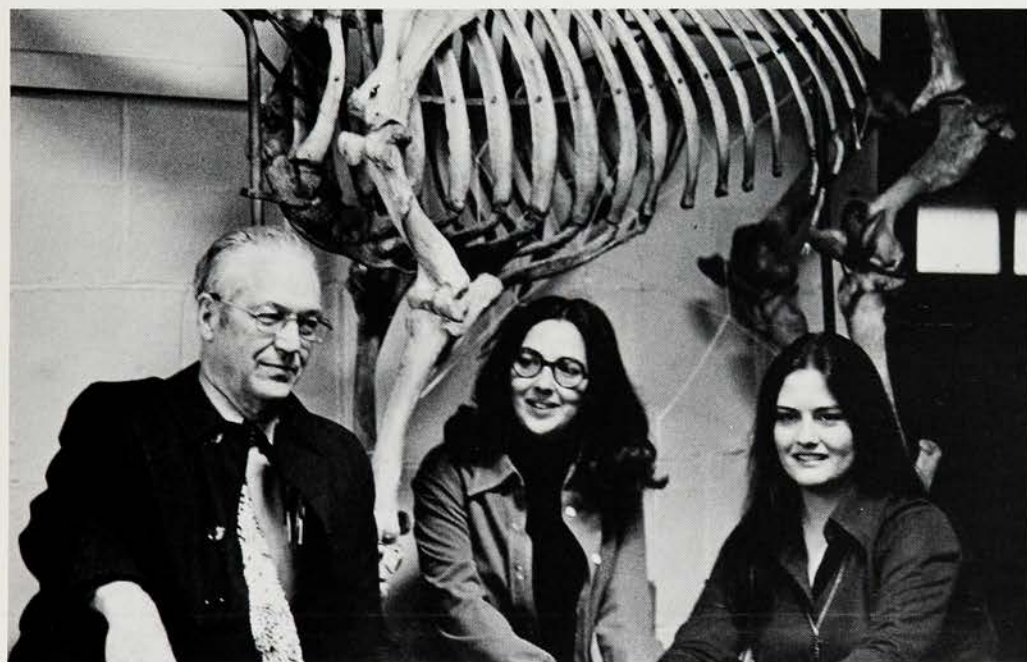




Ester T. Lavares



Bruce "Hud" Ezrine



Dr. Sam Munson

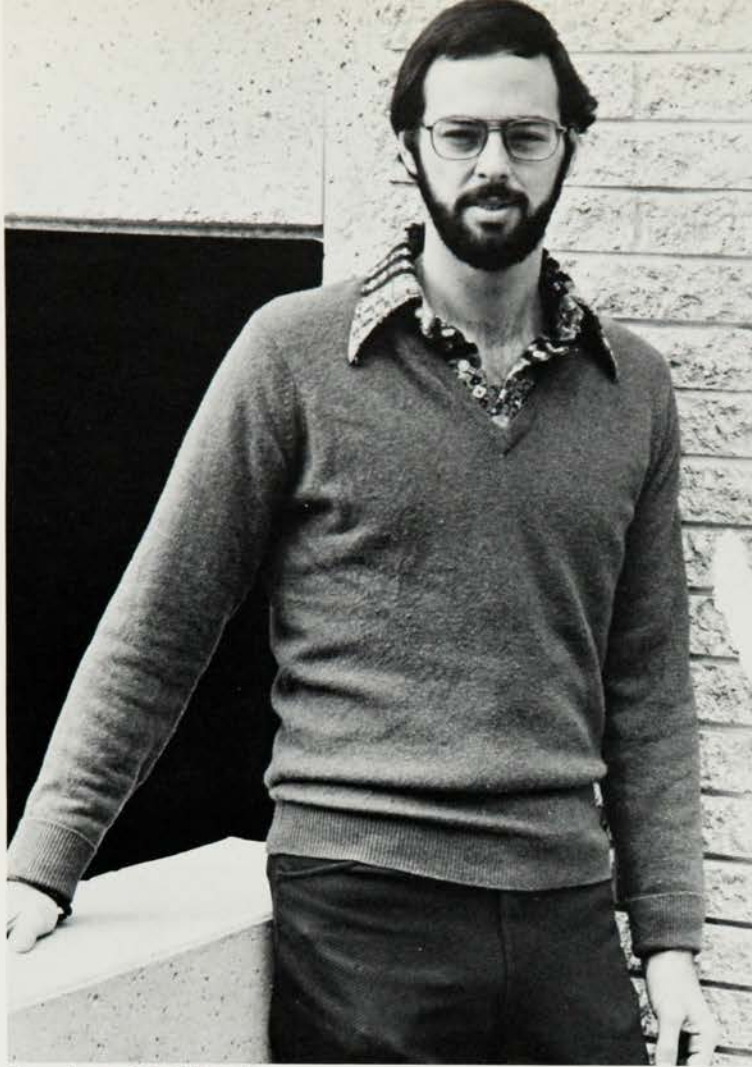
Stephanie Oken

Johnny Ruth Harrison



Cathy Shecter





Stephen F. Moch



Merrill Mayper



Jim Strange





Kenneth Human



Claire Frank



Dennis Slochower

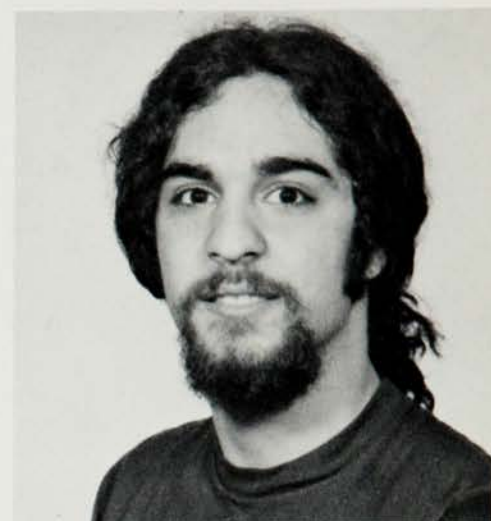


Sheri Jane Lagin

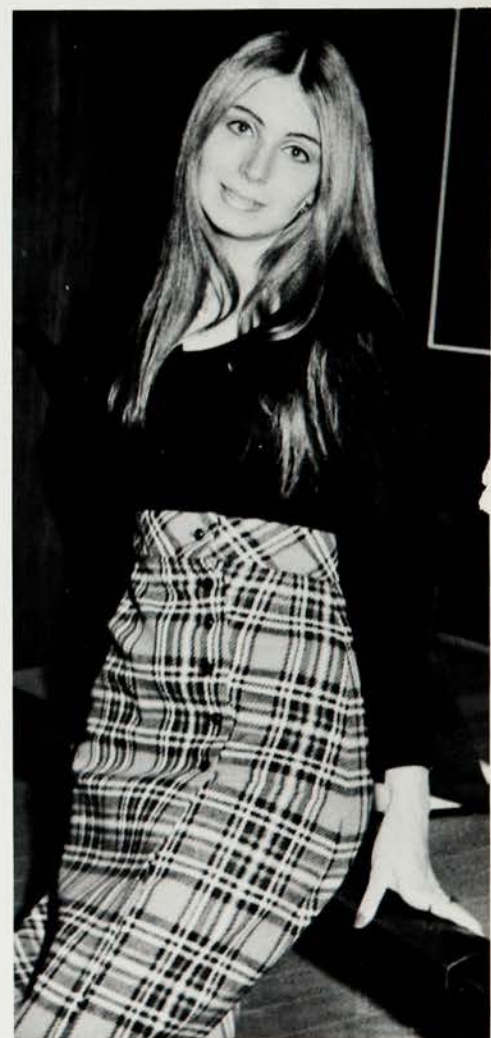




Colleen Worthington Donahue



Anthony J. DiGiovanni



Susan E. Raber

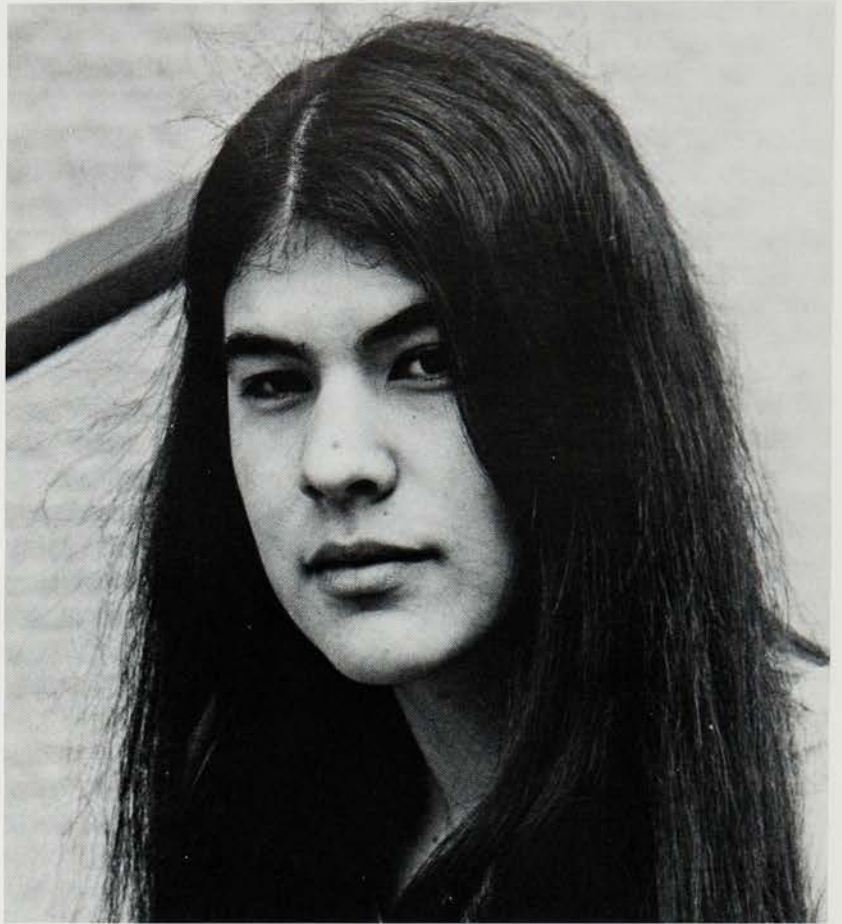


Daniel C. Wolff





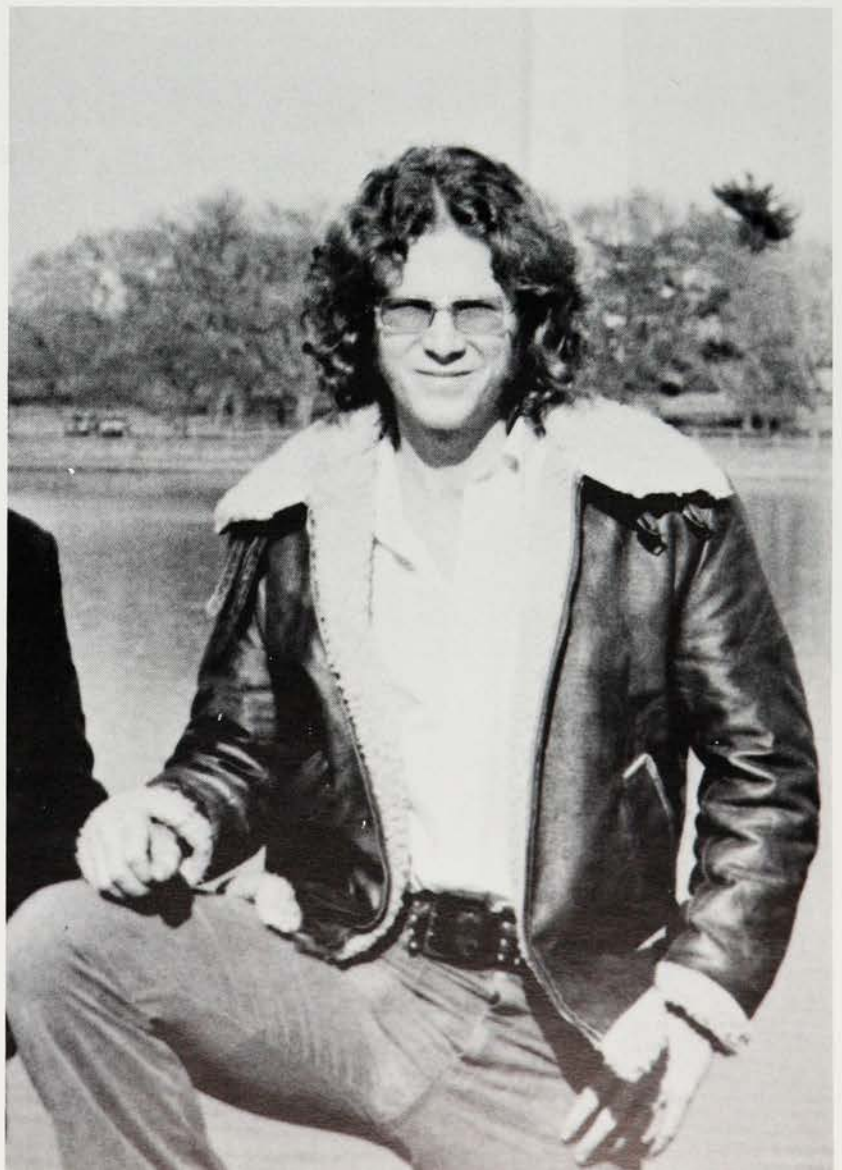
Judy Weisfeld



Nancy Friedman



Paul Shapiro



Glenn Reynolds





Robert A. Martin



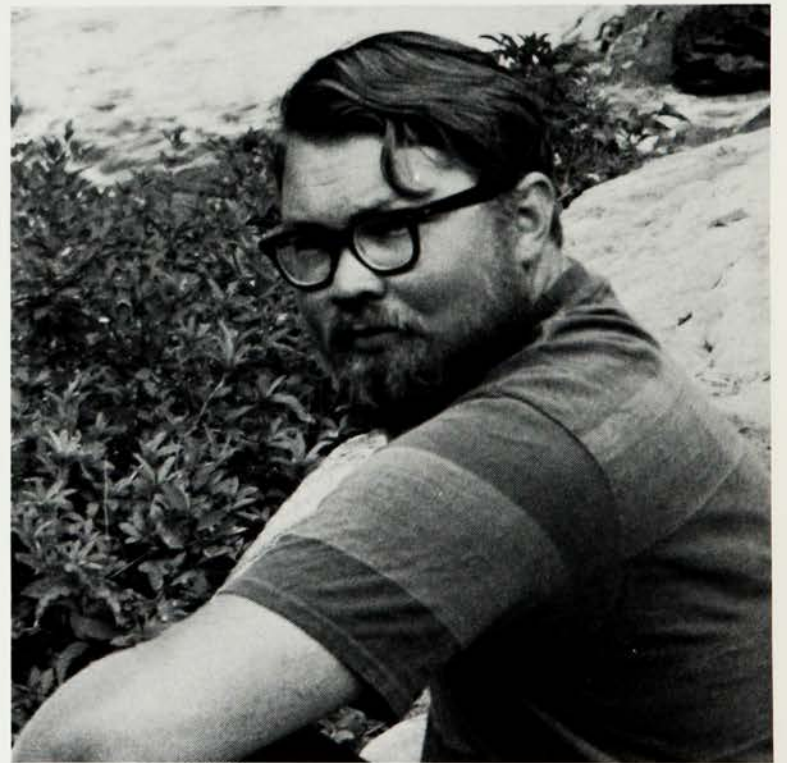
Lynda Blackmon



Eva Krusten



Ross Schoenburg Delston

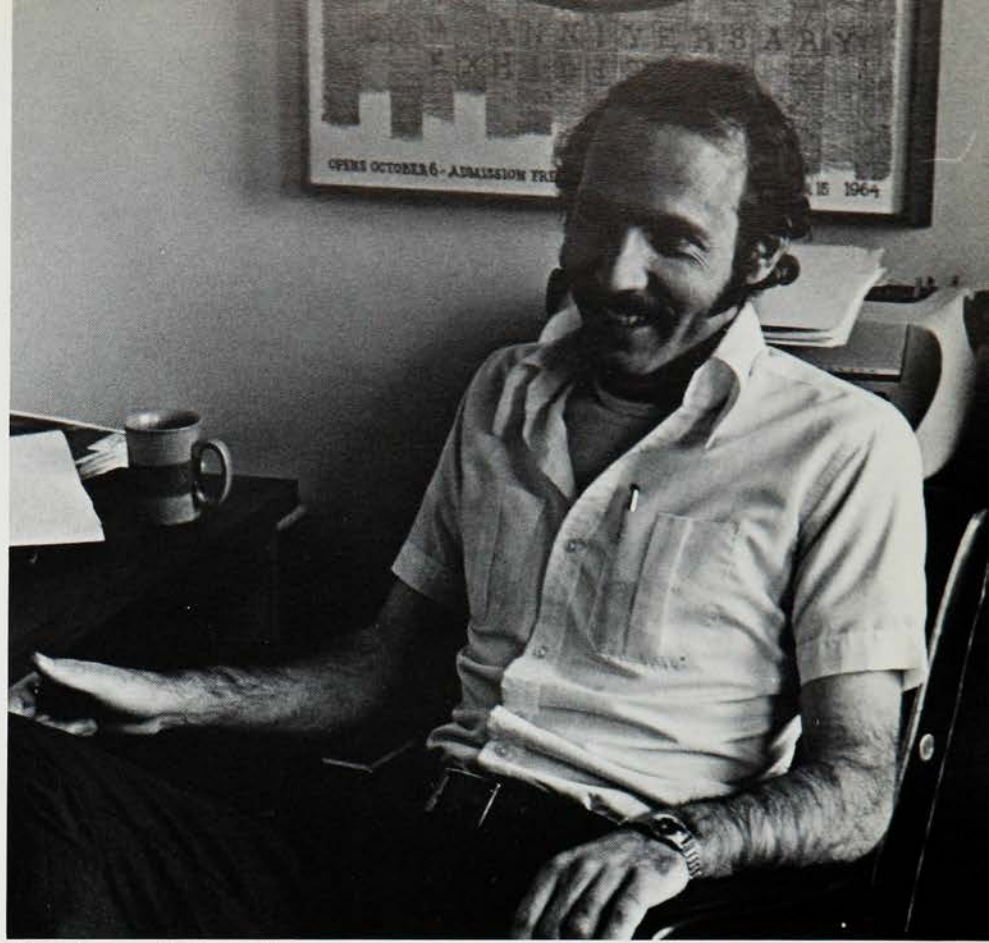


Andrew R. Williams

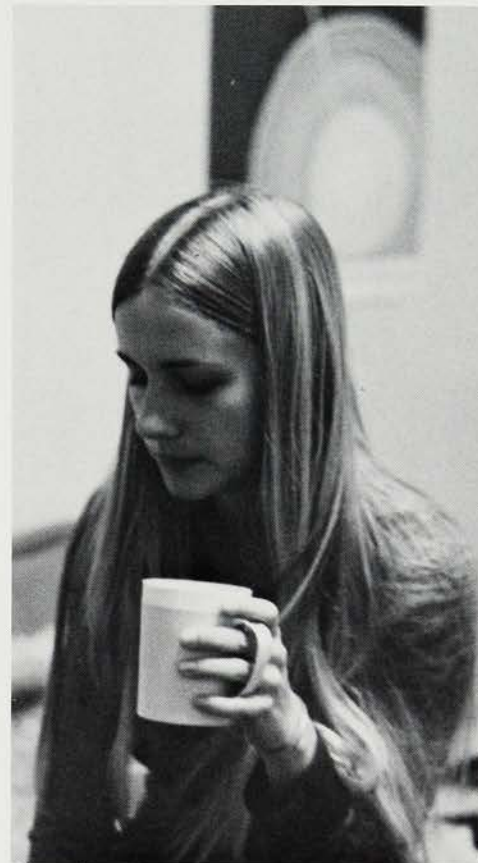
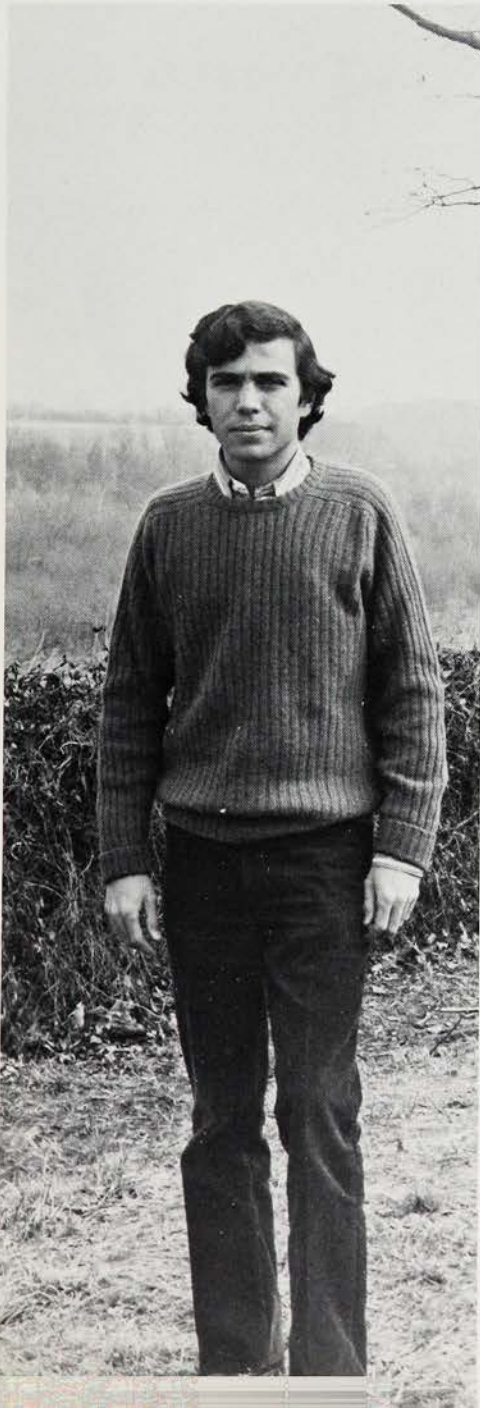




Marjorie Ellen Kossoy



Hooshang Cohanof



Carolyn L. Thompson



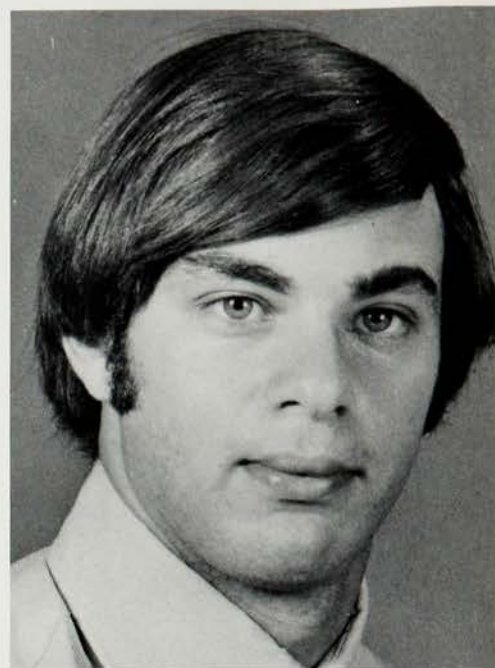
Cynthia Drucker

Stuart Marsh

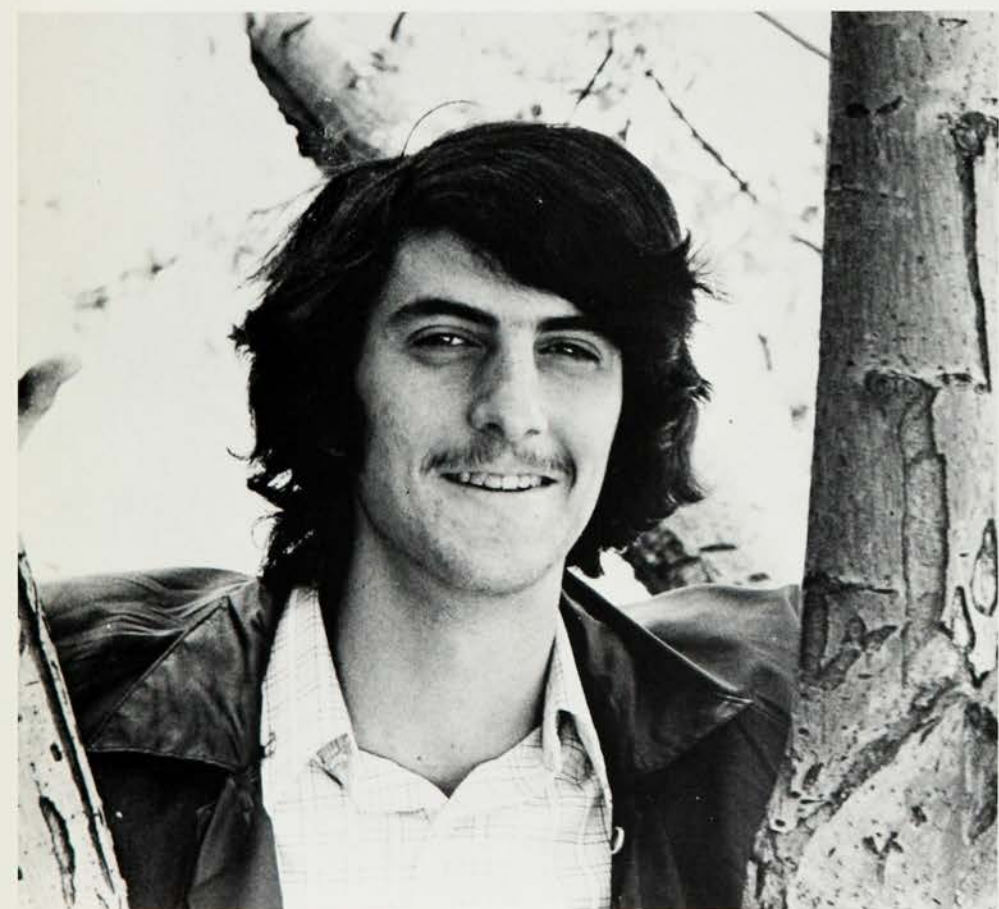




Linda Hill



Robert Jay Gaines



Stuart Oelbaum



Rita Abraham





Nick Danger

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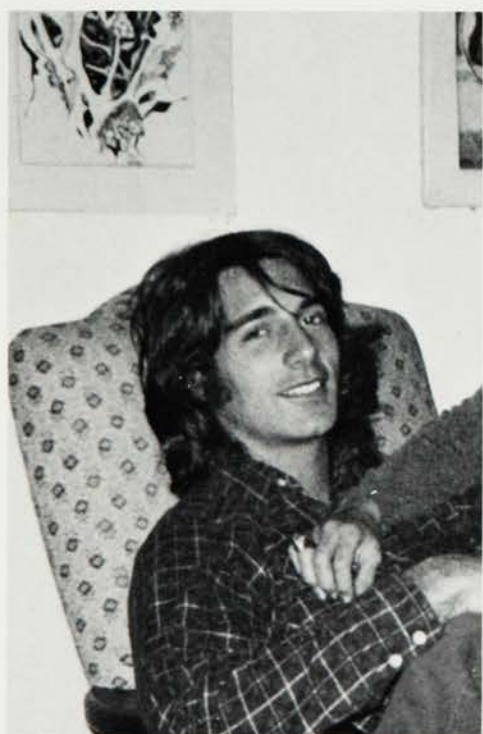




Helen O'Hara White



Mary Ruth Connolly



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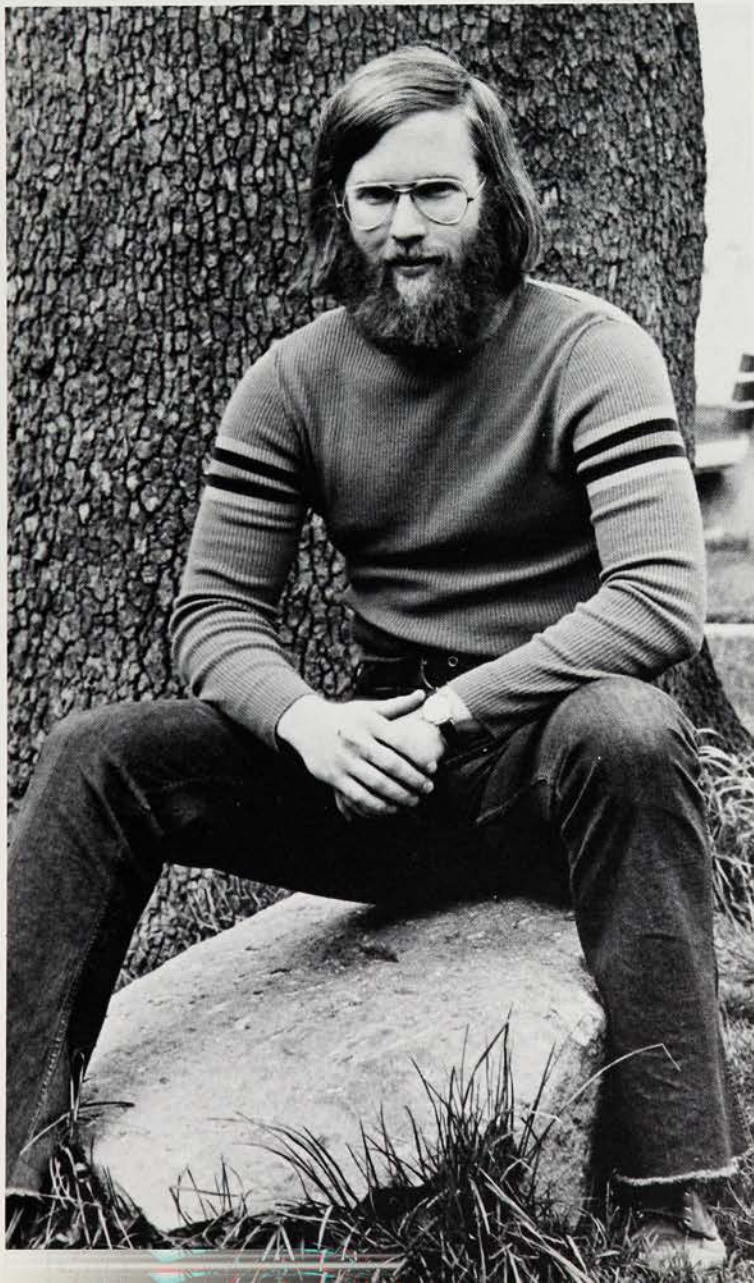


Mark Gelfand





Philip Warren Scott



Patty Bilus

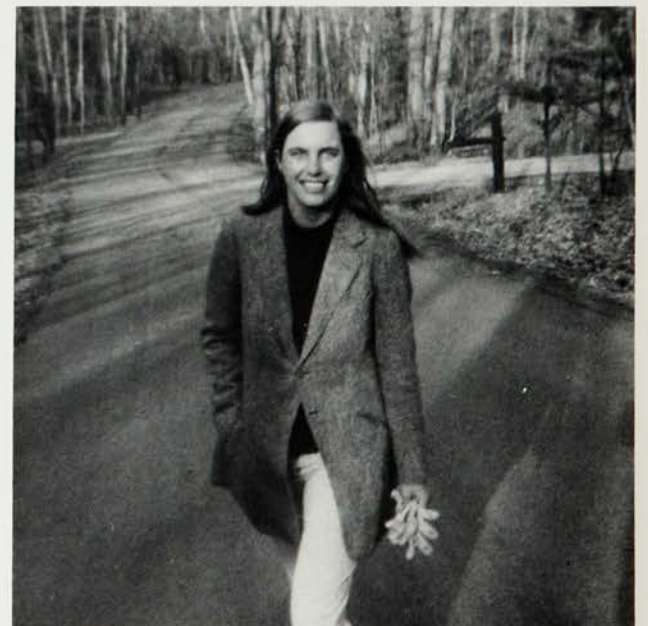




Rich Hart, Pauline DiNizo, Jeff Kassower, Margie Sullivan, Pam Stewart, Steve Horwitz



Watit Tamavimok

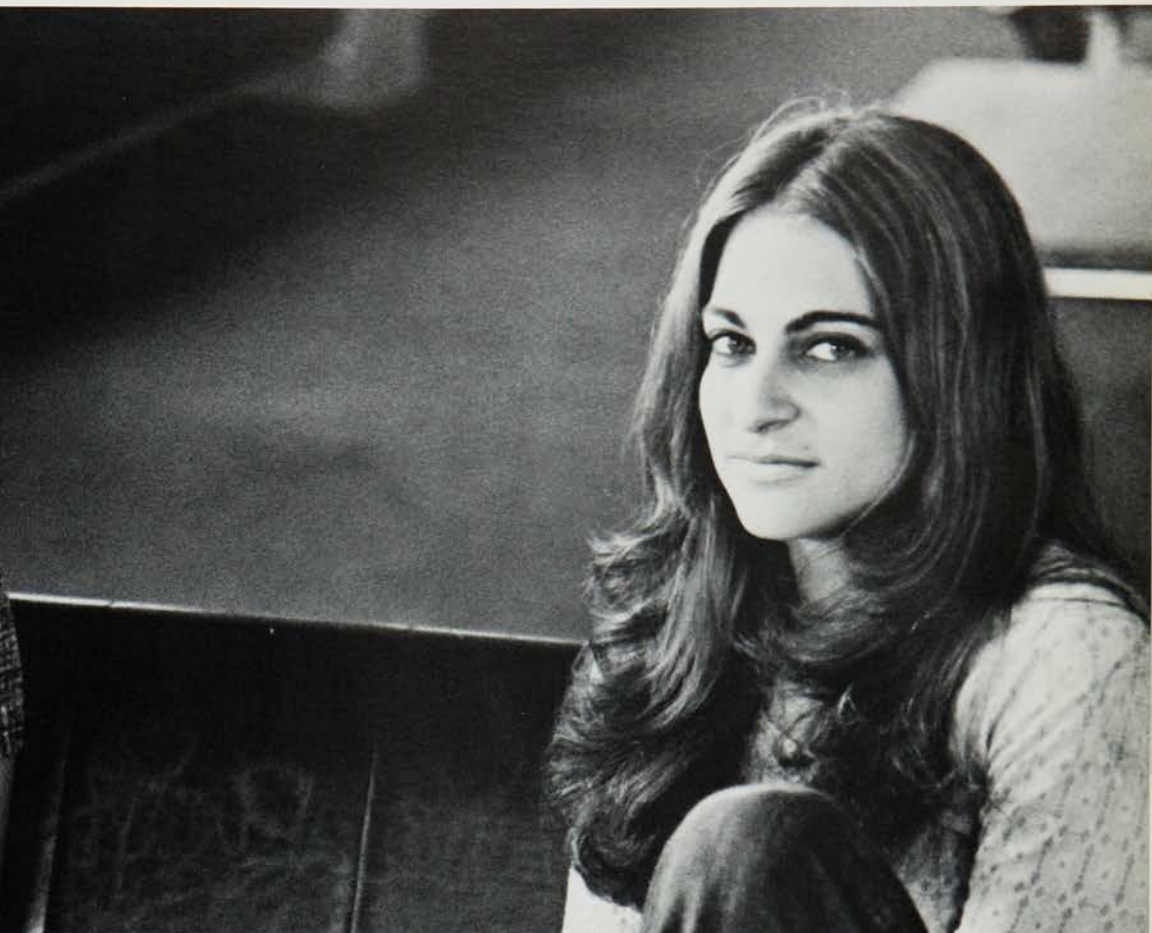


Sarah Thorndike





Randi Rosenblum



Barbara Trow

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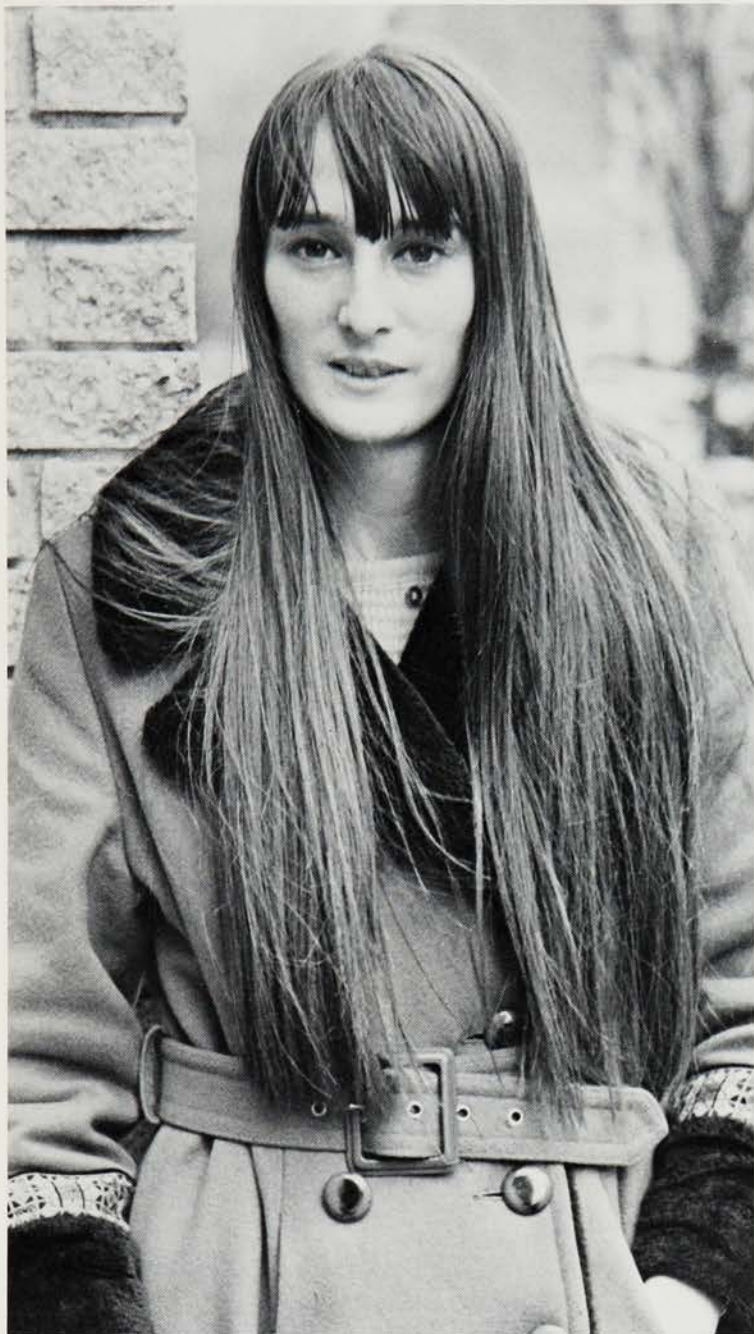
Steven Feld



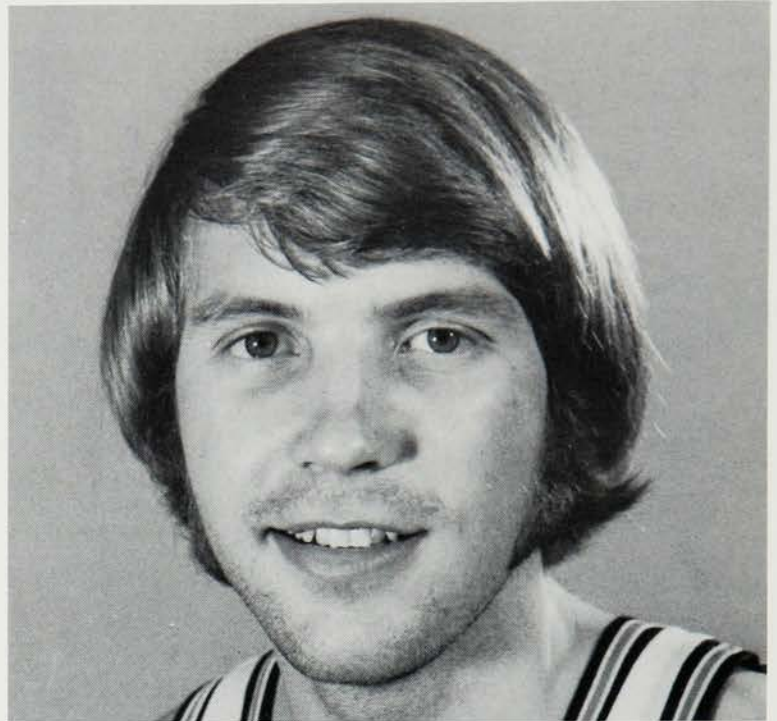
Steve Silverman







Sherah Brown



Randy Click



Michael Goergen

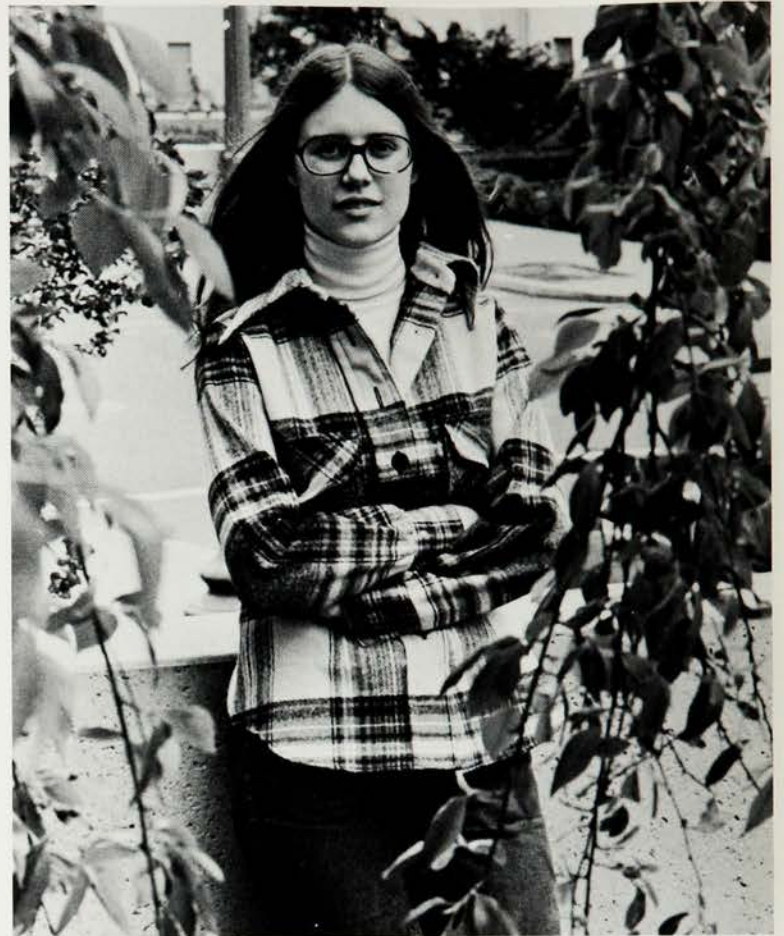
Jackie Dowd







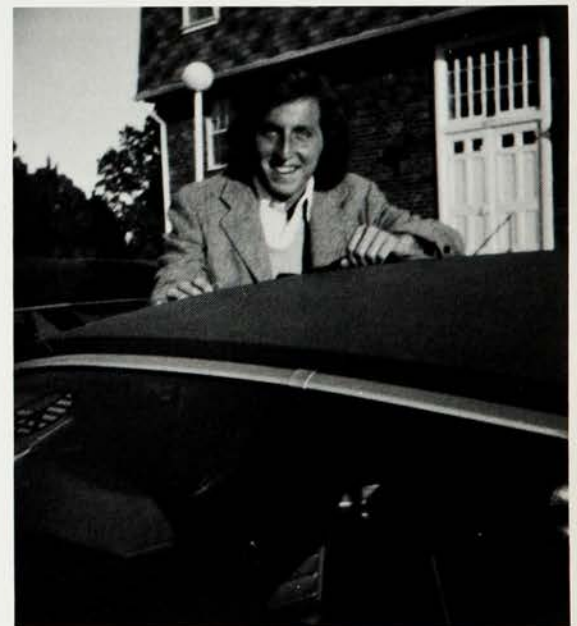
Thomas L. Blair



Cinda L. Weber



Lois Dublin



Bruce Merwin

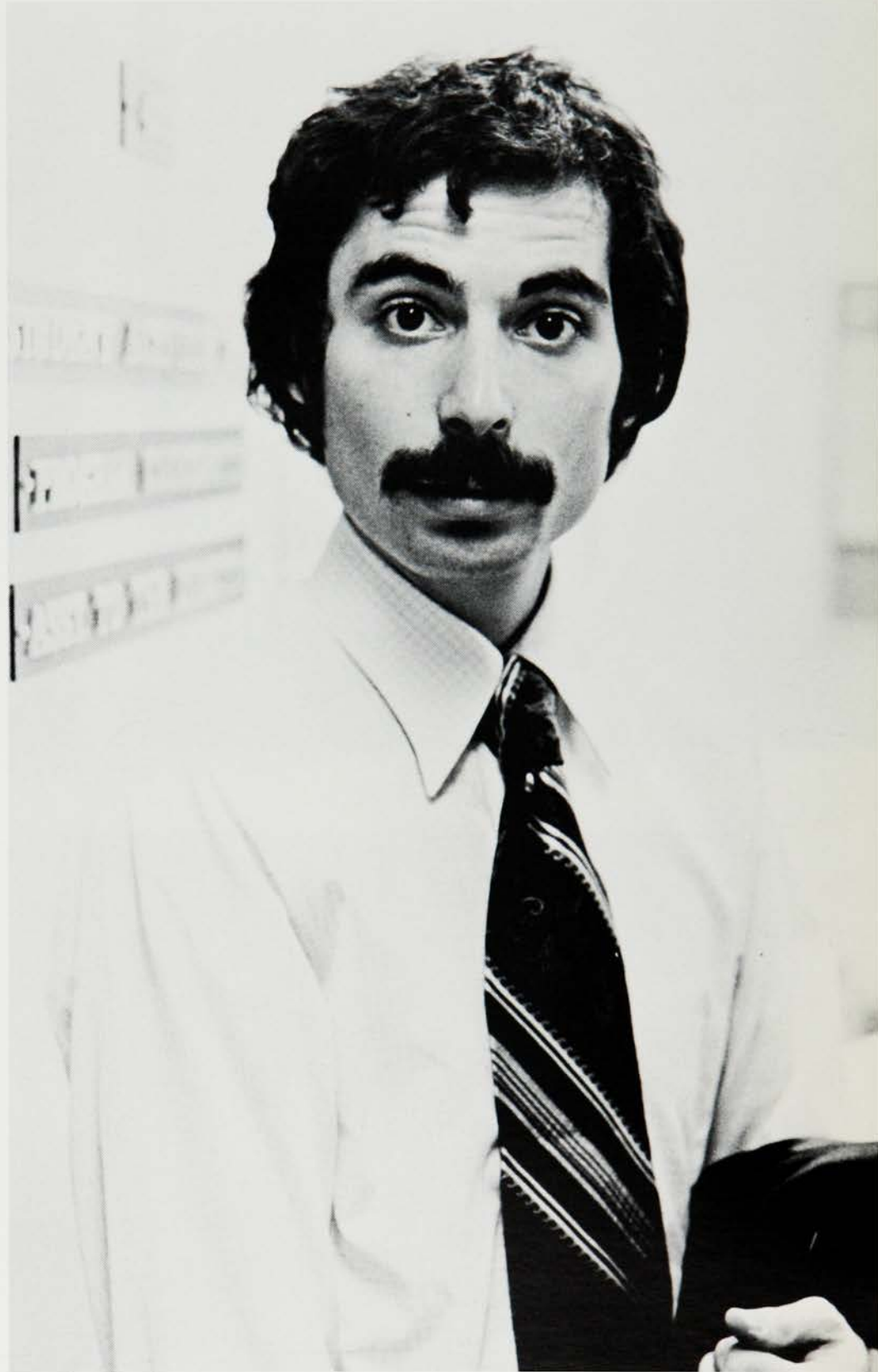




Paula M. Kaplan



Roger E. Schechter

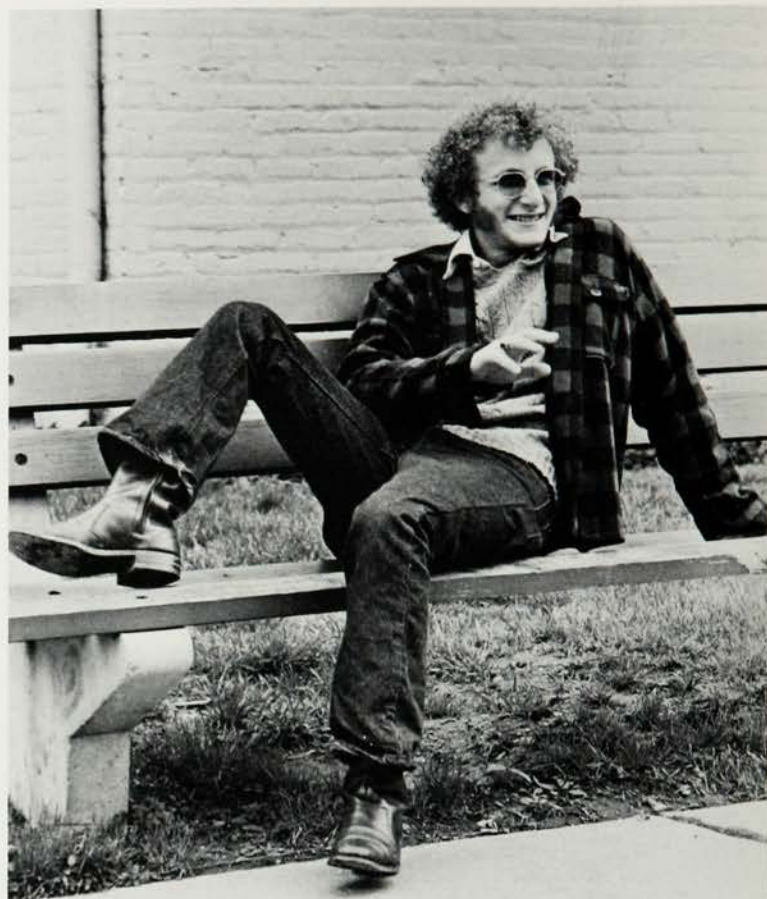


Charles Venin





K. Alyce Newberg



John Michael Tomsy



Mark Schwartz

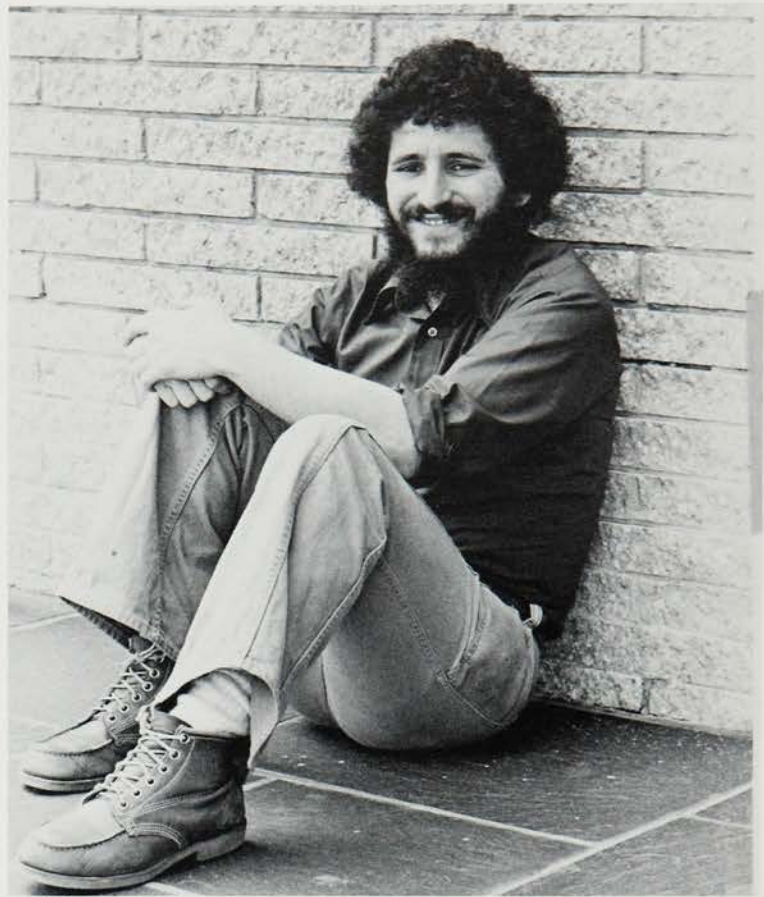


Robert Jay Nissenbaum





Geri Bronfin

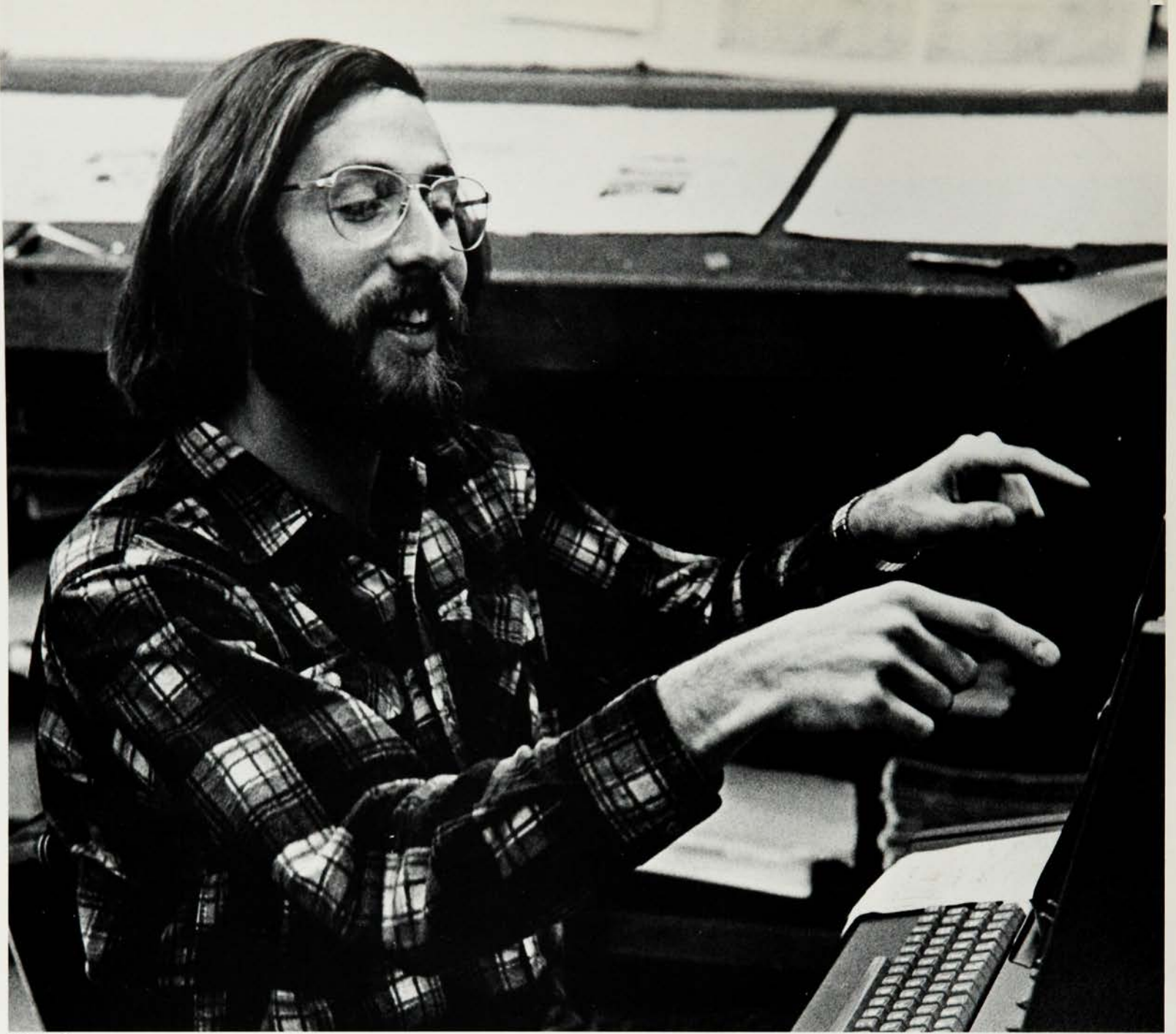


Michael Stein

Chris Hill







Ken Sommer



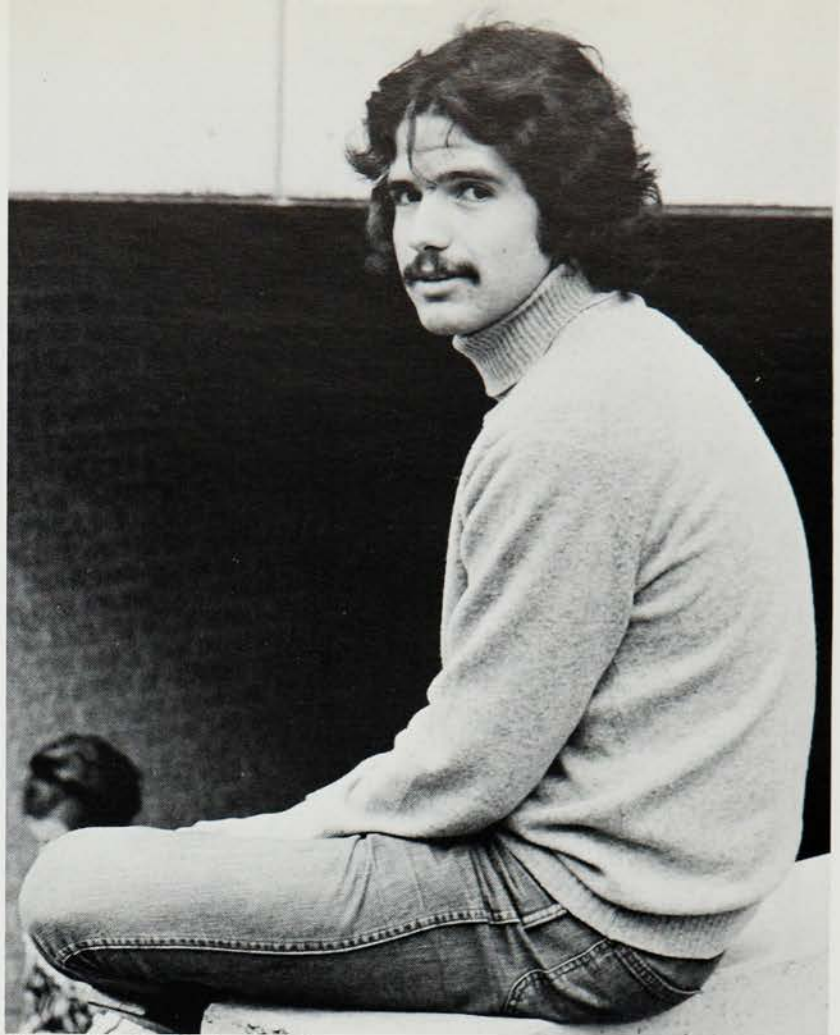
Jack Kravitz

Mark Nadler

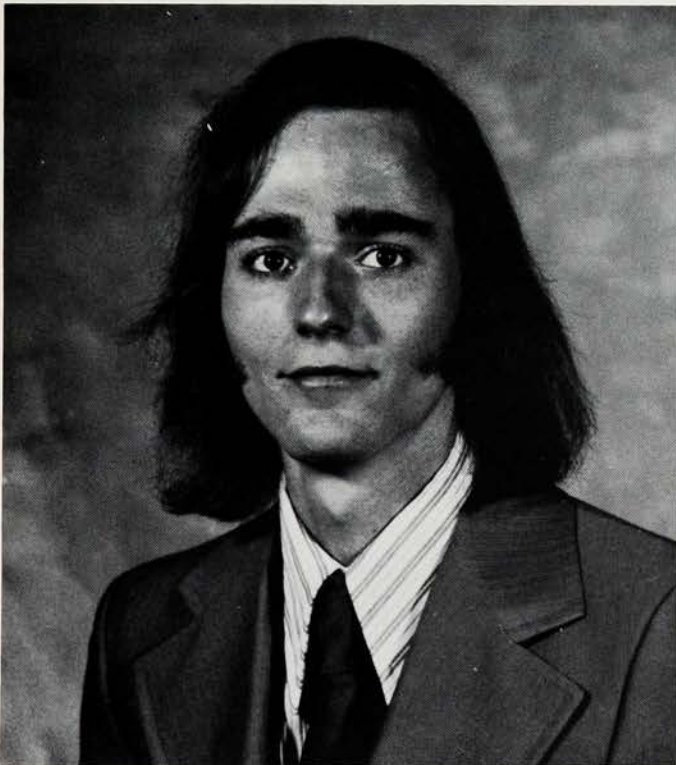




Nancy Ann Richards



Gerardo Ruiz de la Pena



Kerry Pistner



Barbara Sattler





Mary Benson

Jane Goldstein



John Day

David Bradley







Pam Stewart

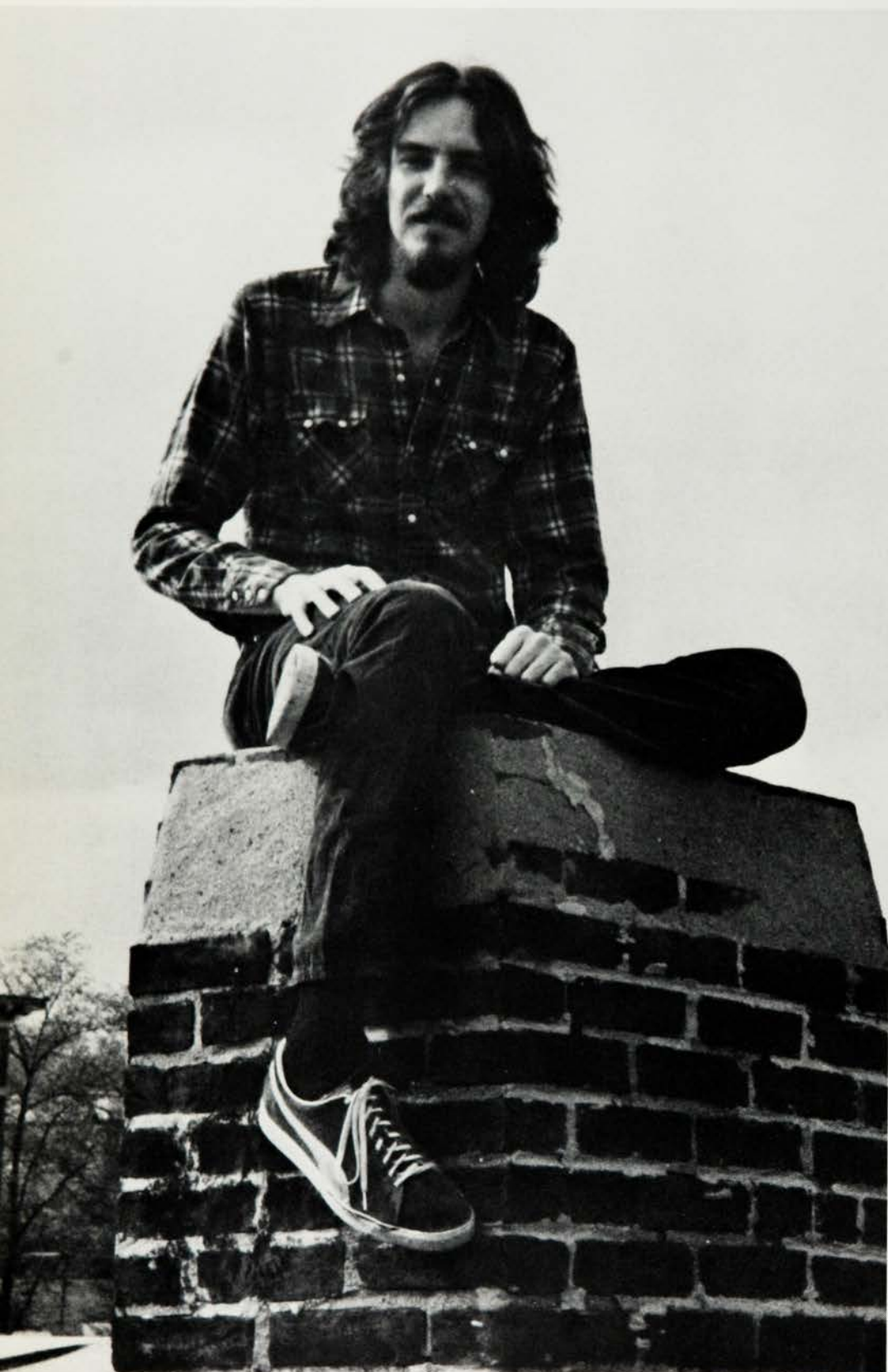


Gary I. Wigoda

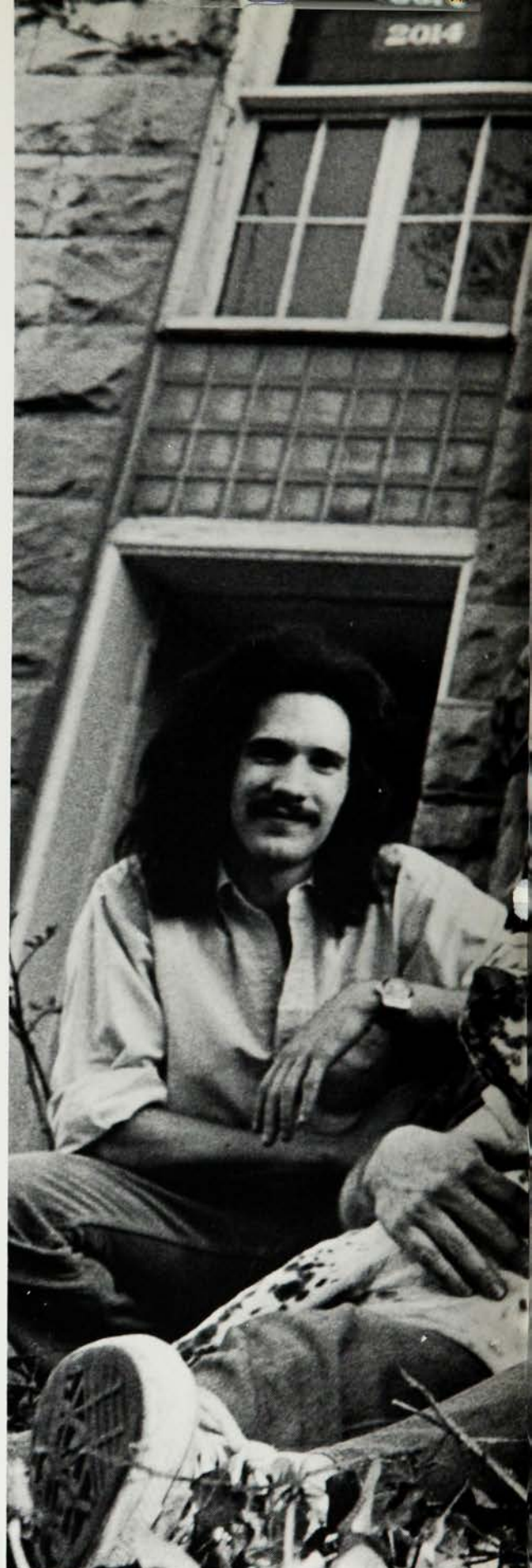


Gina Rabai





Kevin O'Reilly



Steven, Laurie, Michael, Willie, Debbie, Phyl  
Missing: Benjie, Robbie, Bobbie, Cuddles, Sp



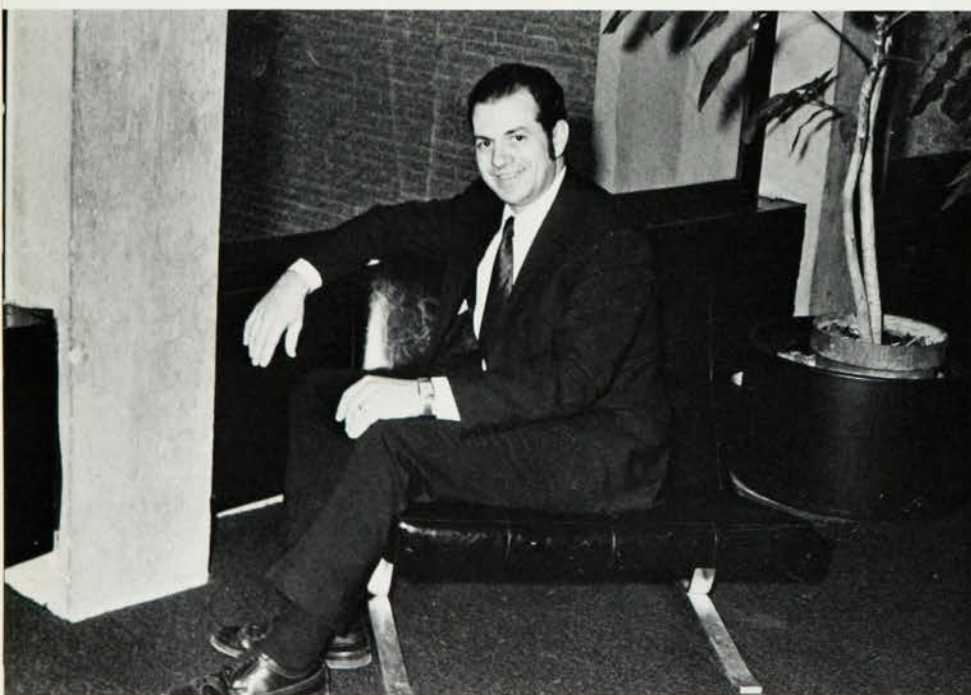


Joan, Jason, Margie, Kenny, Judi, Jimmy, Iva, Peter, Barbara, Sally, Arby Newberry  
ky, Race, Casey Jones, Patches, Jessie, Nicholas, Adam...and a cast of thousands





Donna Ireland



Michael R. Rymond, Jr.

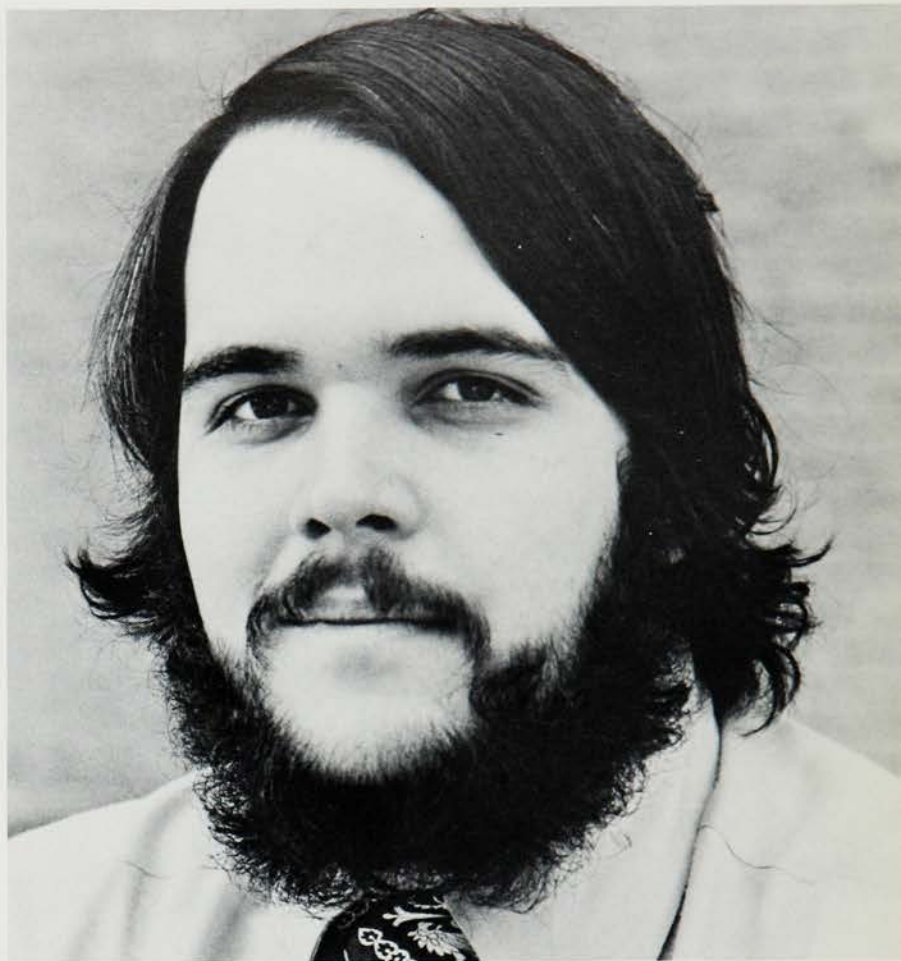


Linda Cunningham





Dale Spindell



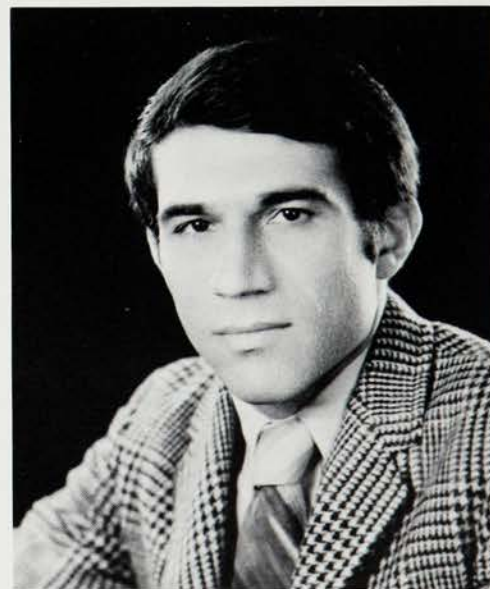
Roger Leemis



Mary Adams



Deidre Parke



Abdolreza Feilipour





Kate Lynch



David R. Shisslak



Julian Gammon III

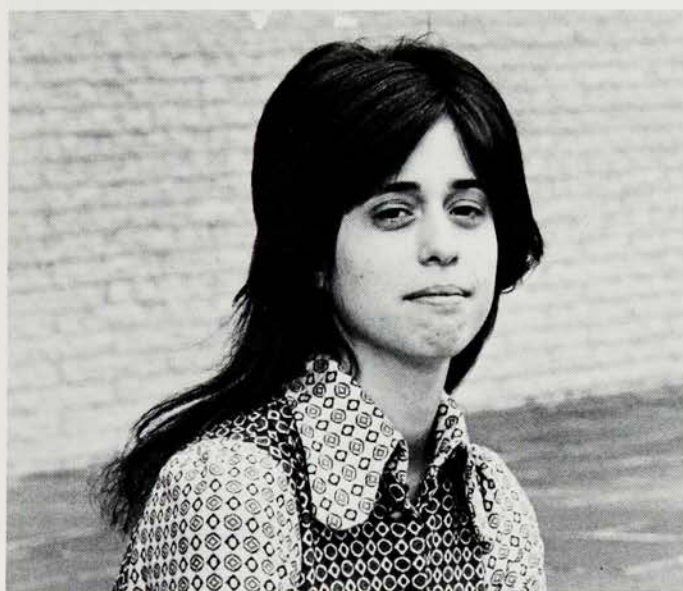




Richard N. Tannenbaum



Barbara McNulty



Arlene Stern



Jon Vernick





John Newman



Maarja Krusten



Bert Deixler



Judy G. Russell



Elaine Mahoney





Carol S. Van Etten



Michael Mansh

Paul Collins

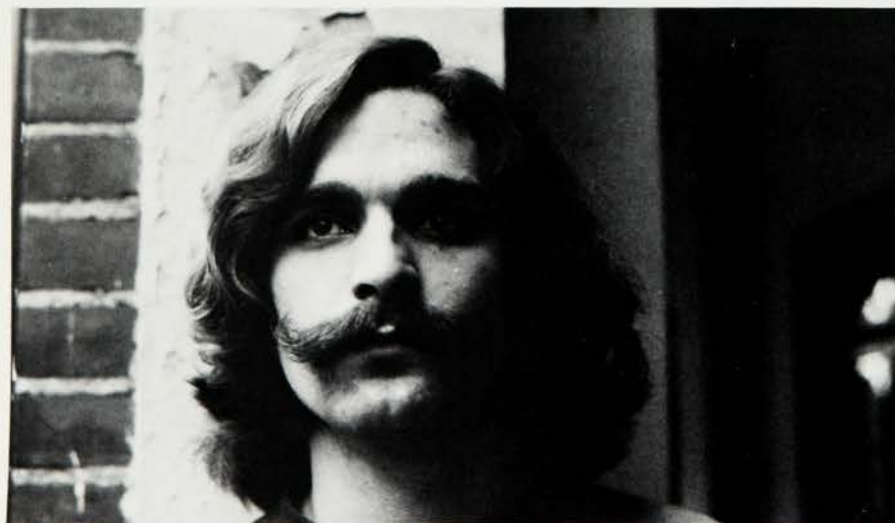




Jeff Fischer



Carole Gordon



Vic Cavallo



Gene Gail Cohen





Steven D. Gabel



Beth Markowitz



Pauline Klein





Merill Kaufman

Rich Kagan



Nancy Josephson







Debbi Wilen



Steven Stoller



Nancy Bookbinder





Thomas Sterling Colvin, Jr.



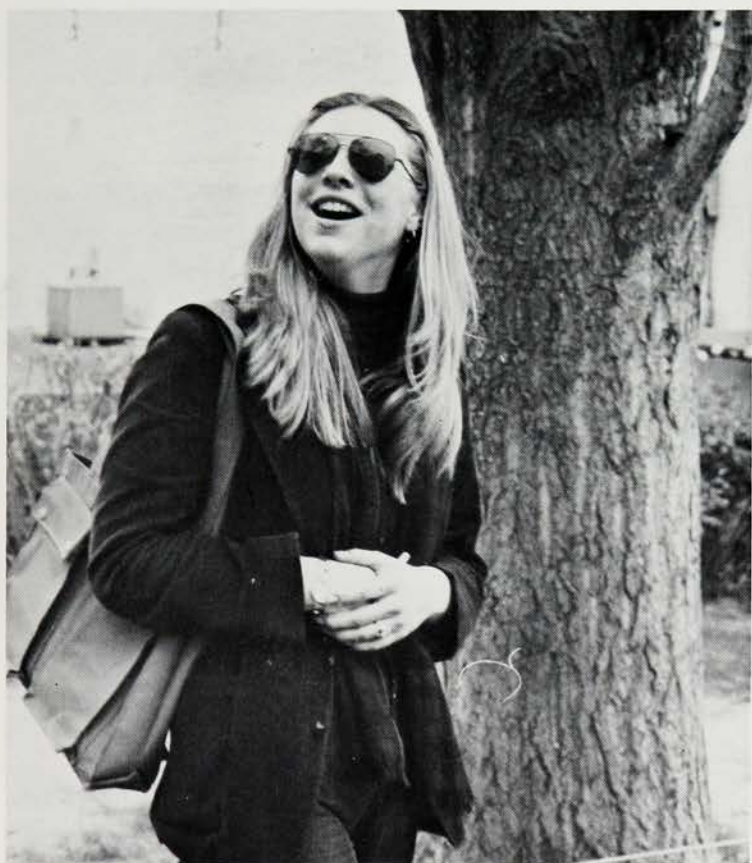




Jill E. Nemez



Robin Wiener



Lynda Youngworth



Thecla Fabian





Sal Cumella



Sweetheart of Sigma Chi



Laurie Harriton

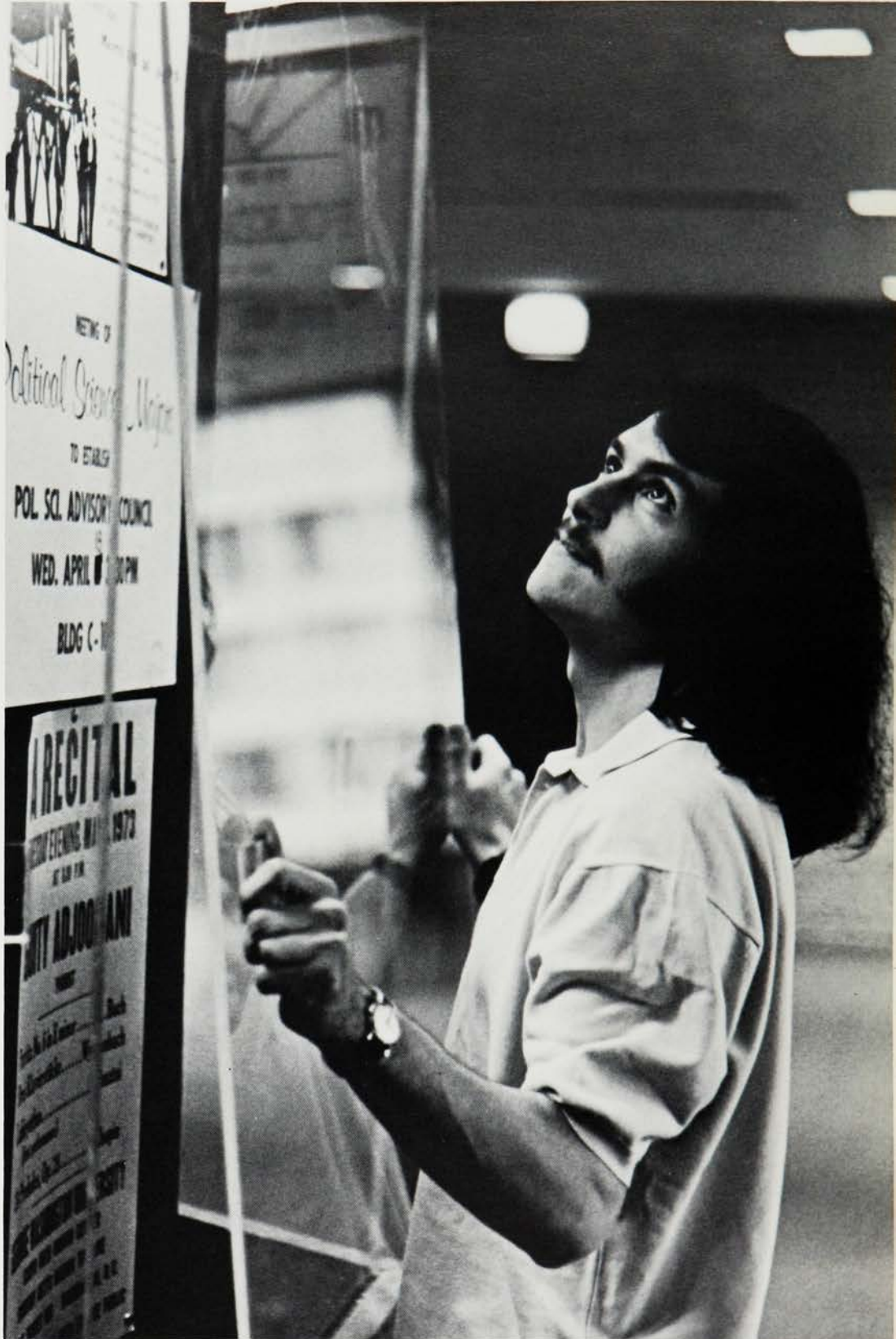




Terry Bain



Audrey Leviton

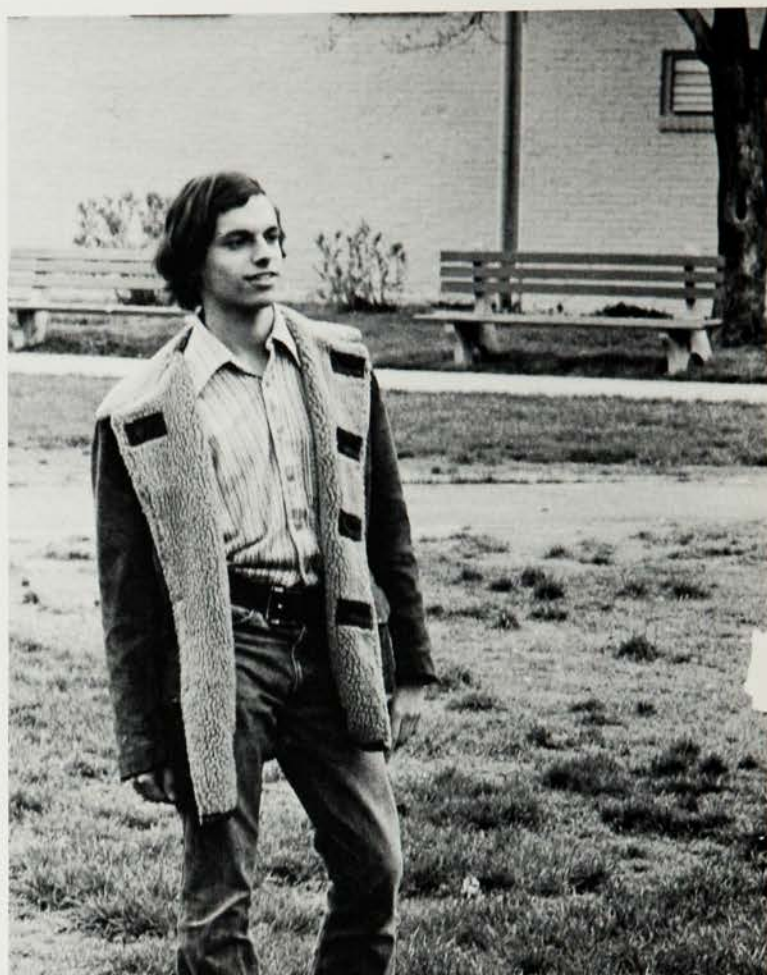


Robin Sherman





Roberta Mary Dean

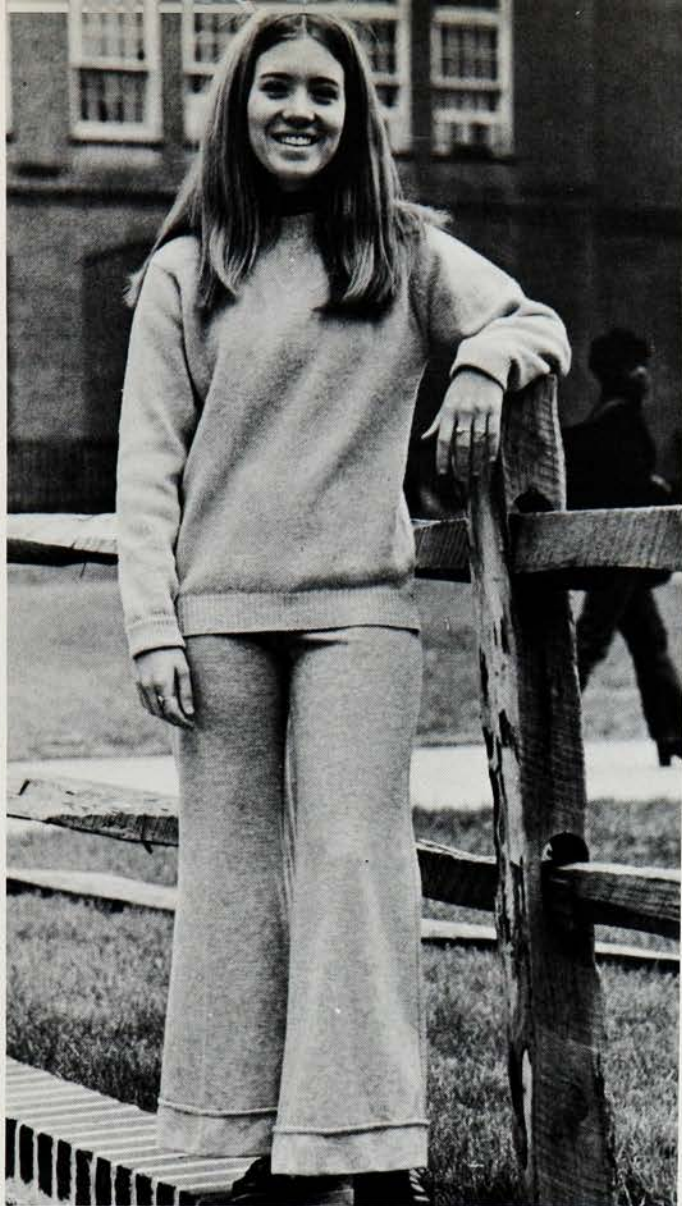


Mark Brown

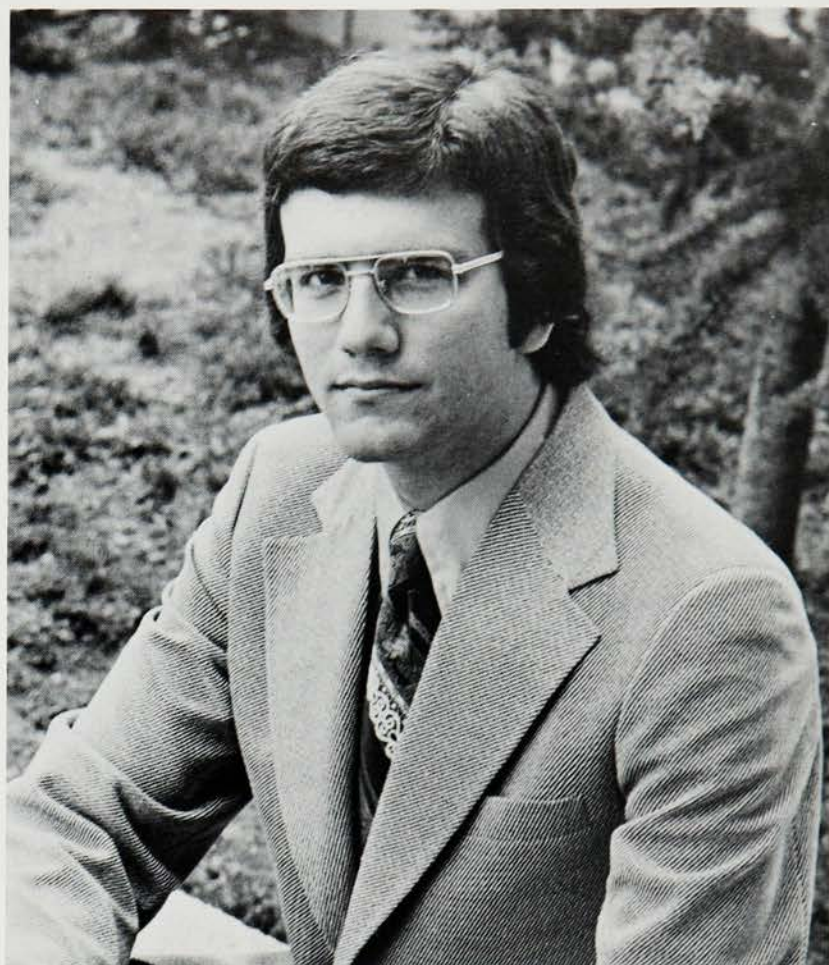
Marc J. Cordes







Kathy Ann Gross



Emile J. Brinkman



Linda Stern Berkman



Nicholas A. Balland



Louis Atkin





Dick Polman



Sherri Rose

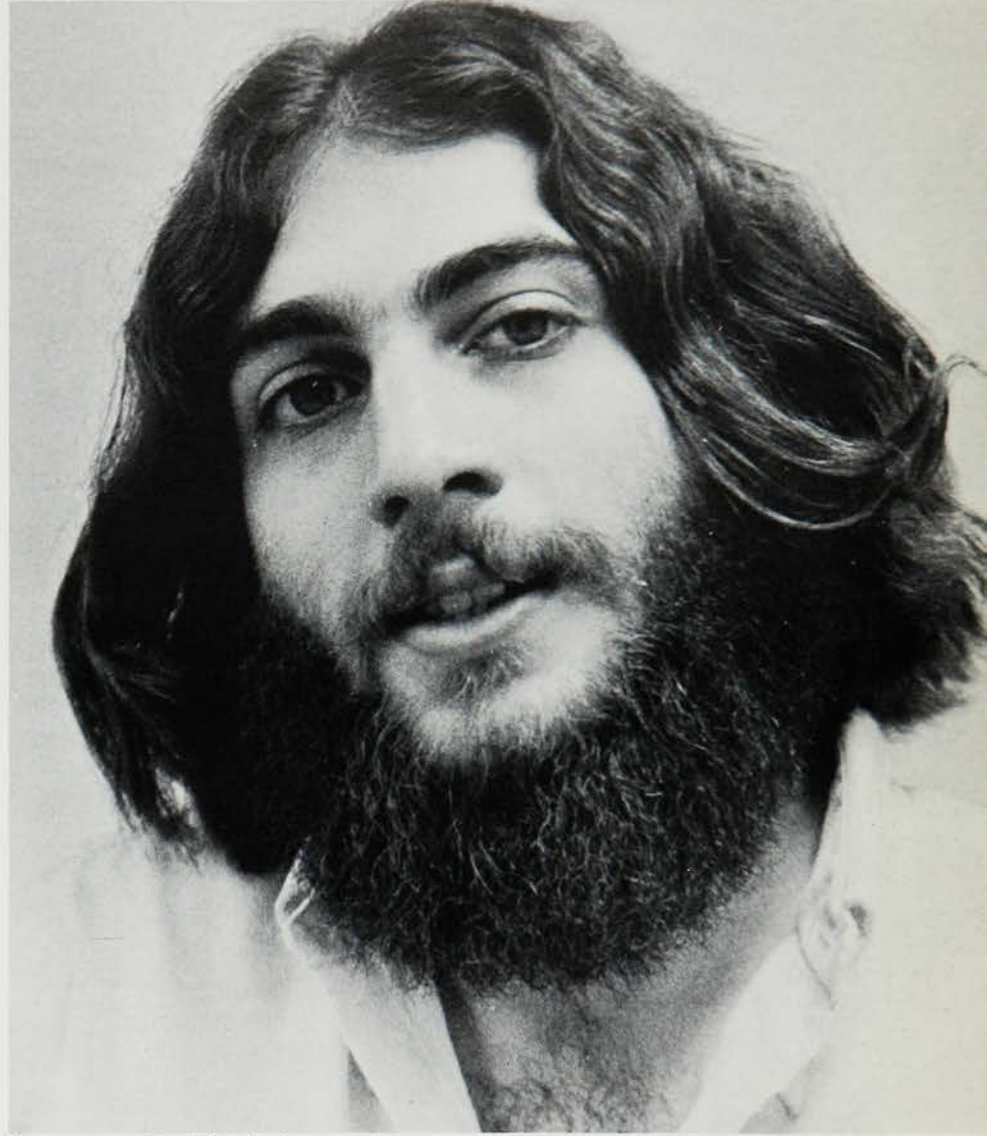
Kate Rose







Mark Crane



Laurence R. Fischel



Perri Drazin



Mark Tanker & Marcy Tanker





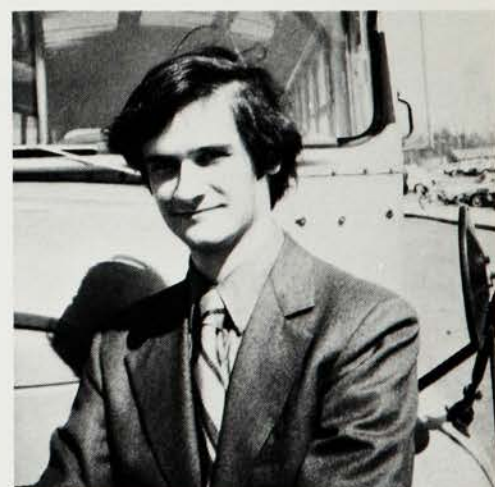
Constance Casey



Barbara Smagley

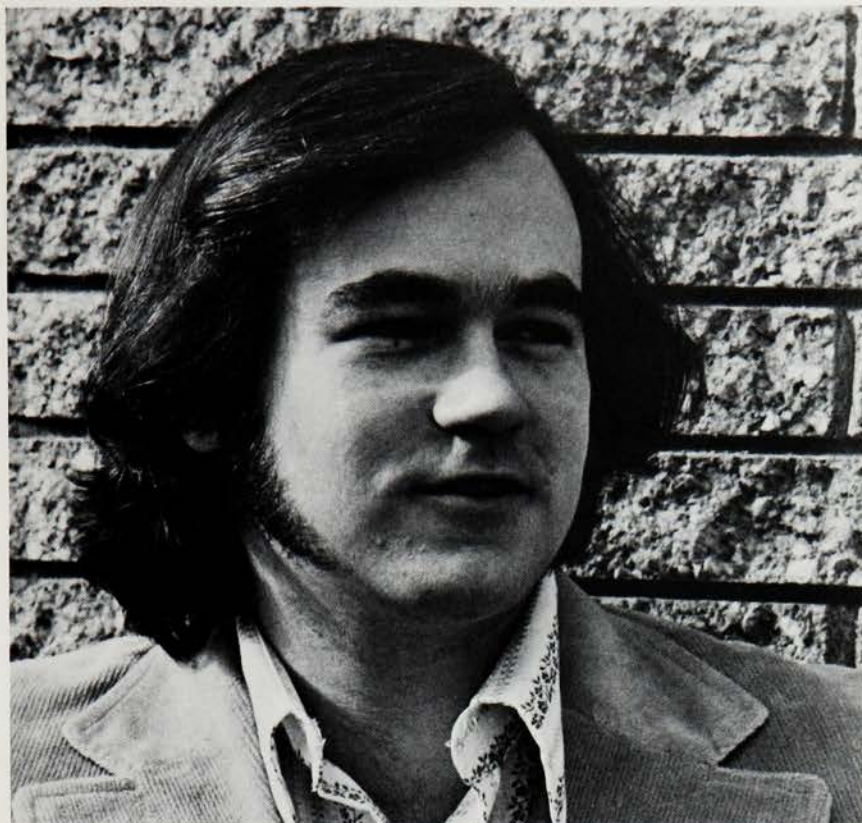


Carol Spany



Mark Bradbury Dappert





Bill Garrison



Fernne P. Jacobson

Mitch Sussman



Denise Elena Bolden



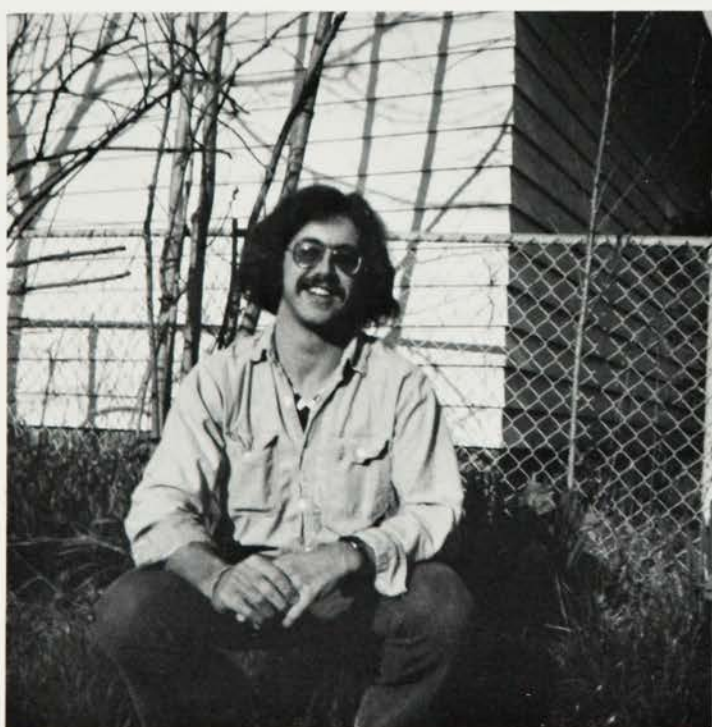




Sam Shapanka



Steven K. Yarnell

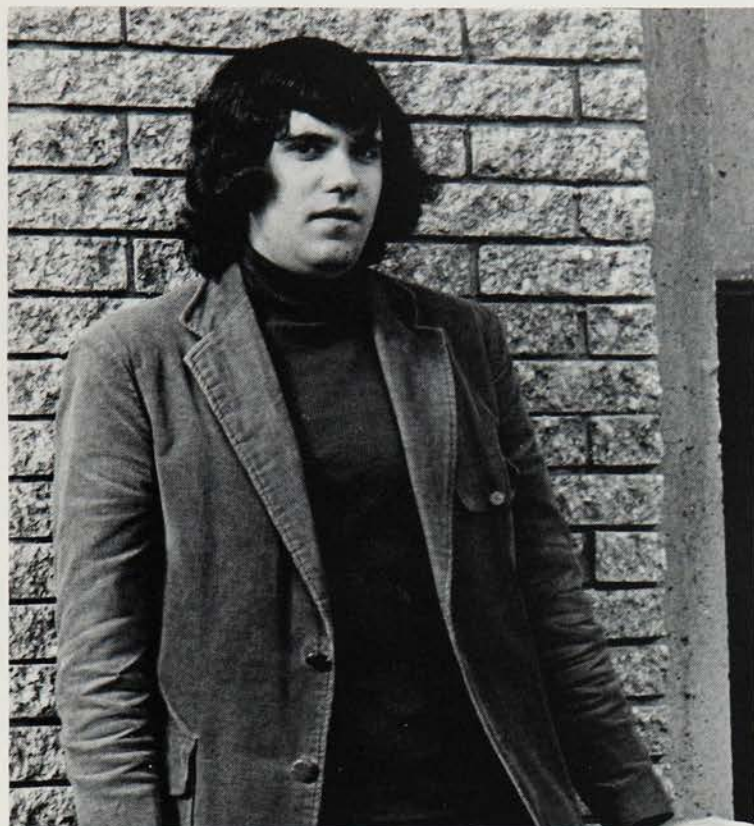


David G. Ross



Paul G. Marshall





Marc Richard Schectman

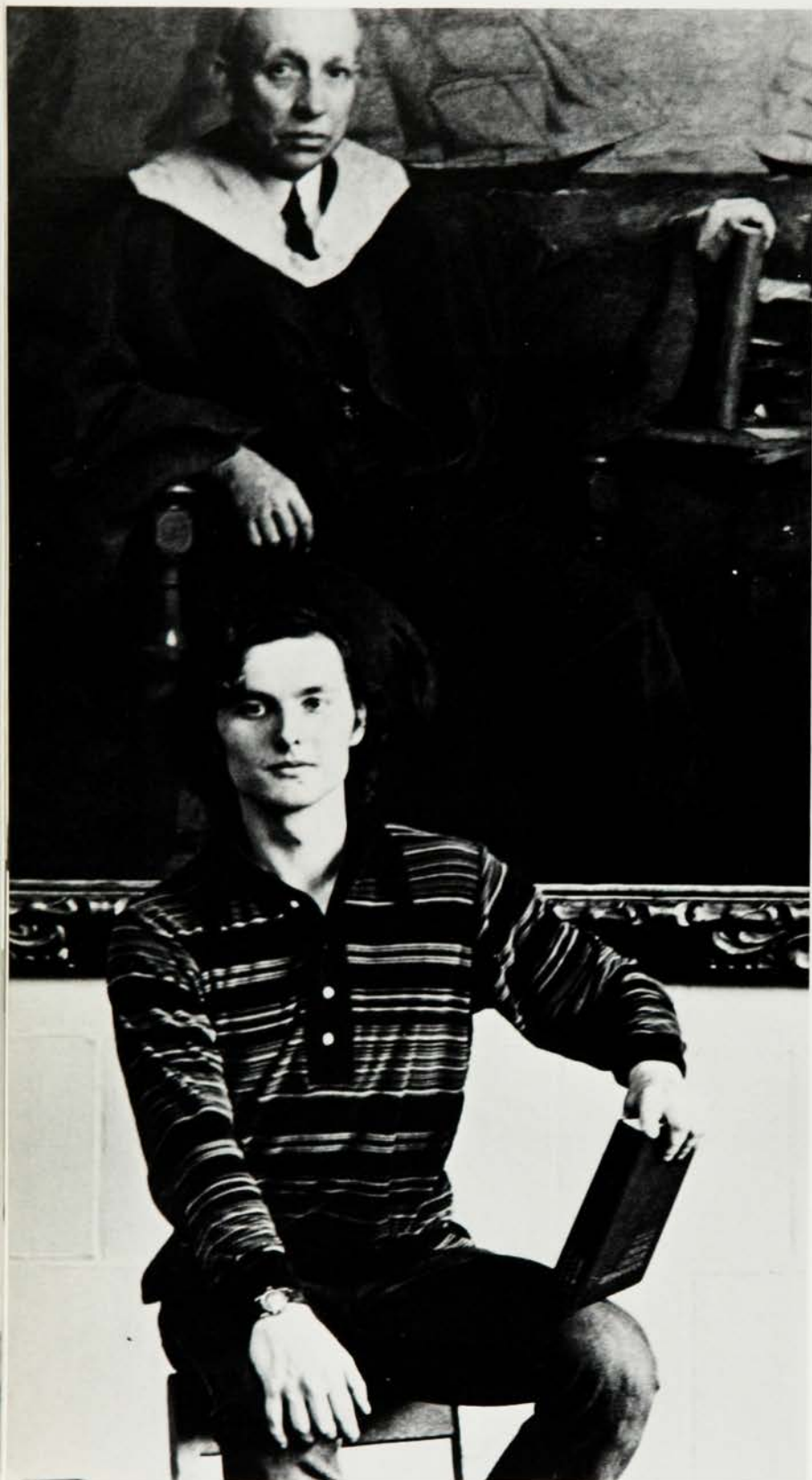


Susan Reed Dellinger



Arnaldo Castro





Charles Szlenker



Joan Bennett



Kurt George Rittenburg





Susan Grafeld



Allan Vick



Rouben Yedigarian



Robert Kahn



Stuart Ettingoff Aileen Rosenthal





Karen Bresloff



Barbara Ridgely

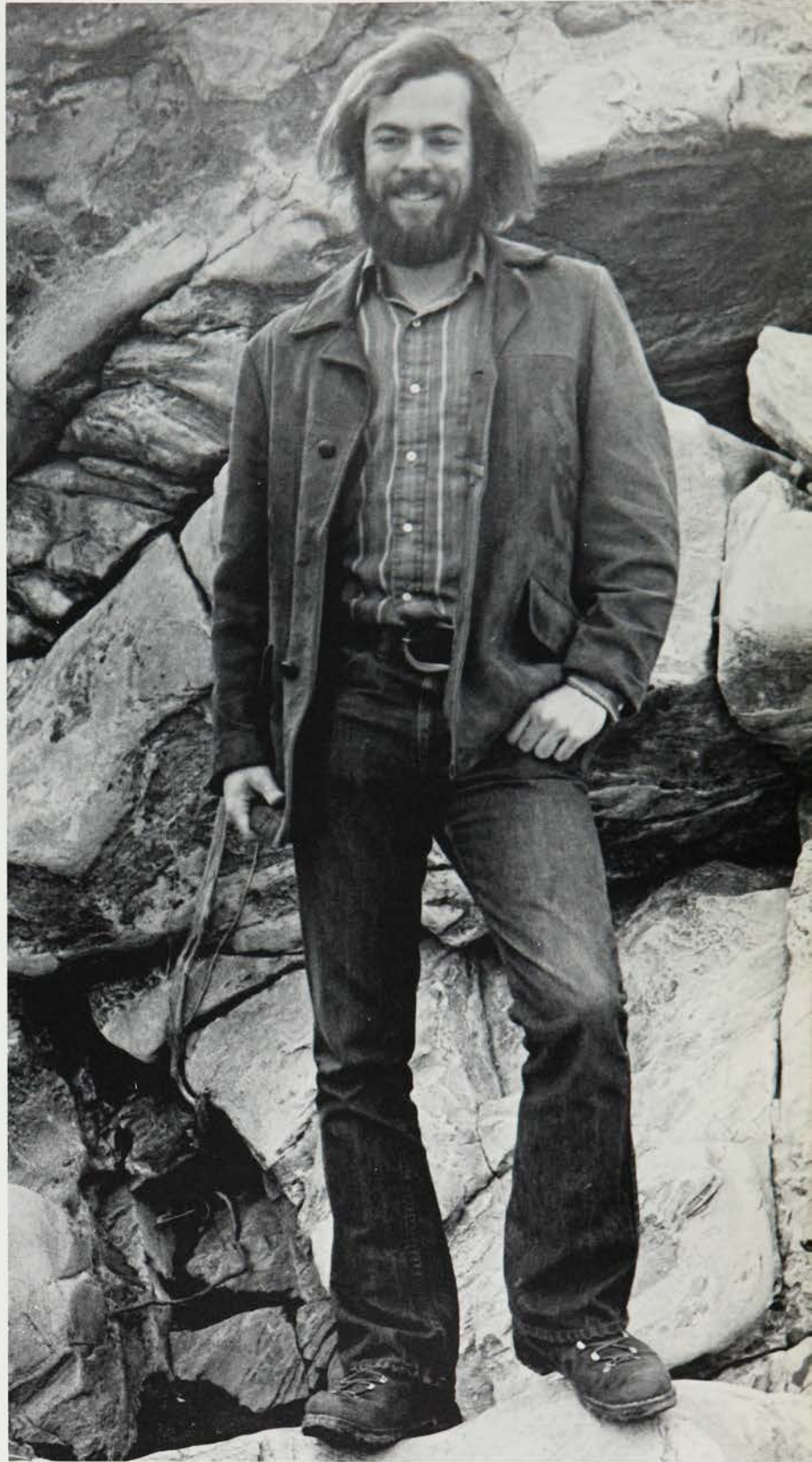


Joey Schapiro





Shelly Solomon



Lindsay McClelland



Richard Greifinger

Greenst





Mary Nash



Peter Johnson



Robin L. Dunn

Bonnie P. Bazilian





Kathy Taughinbaugh



Arthur Wulwick



Stephen Watsky



Joy Gardner





Tom Dorian

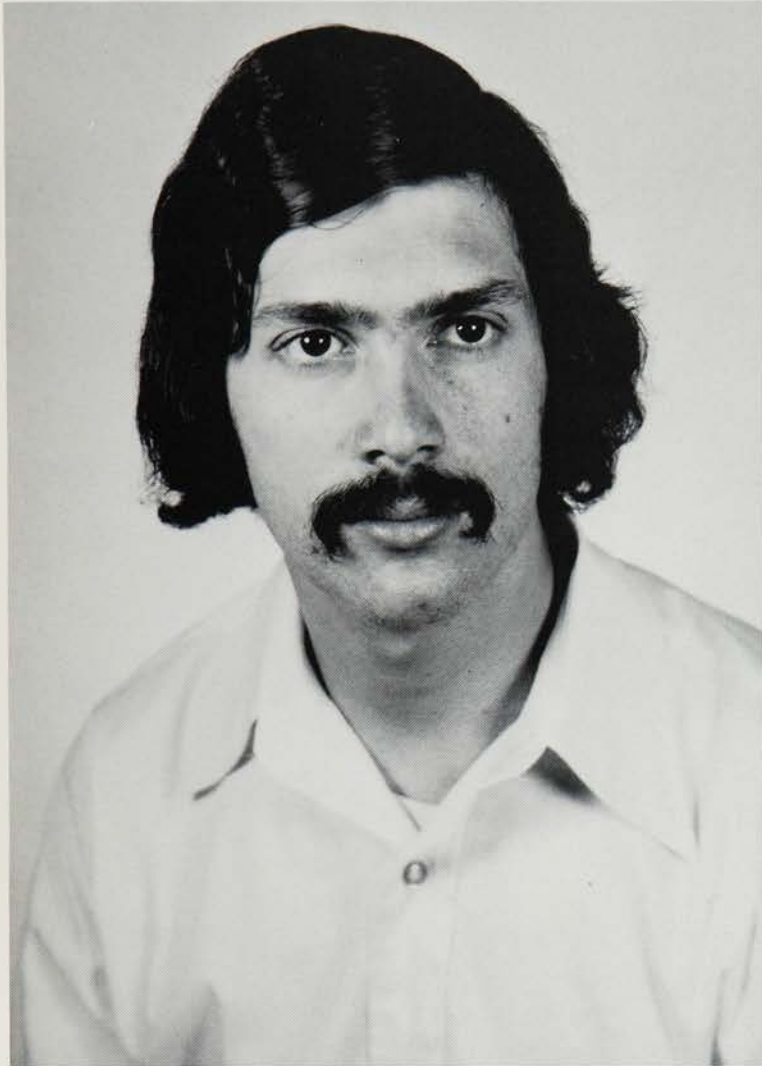


David Leaf

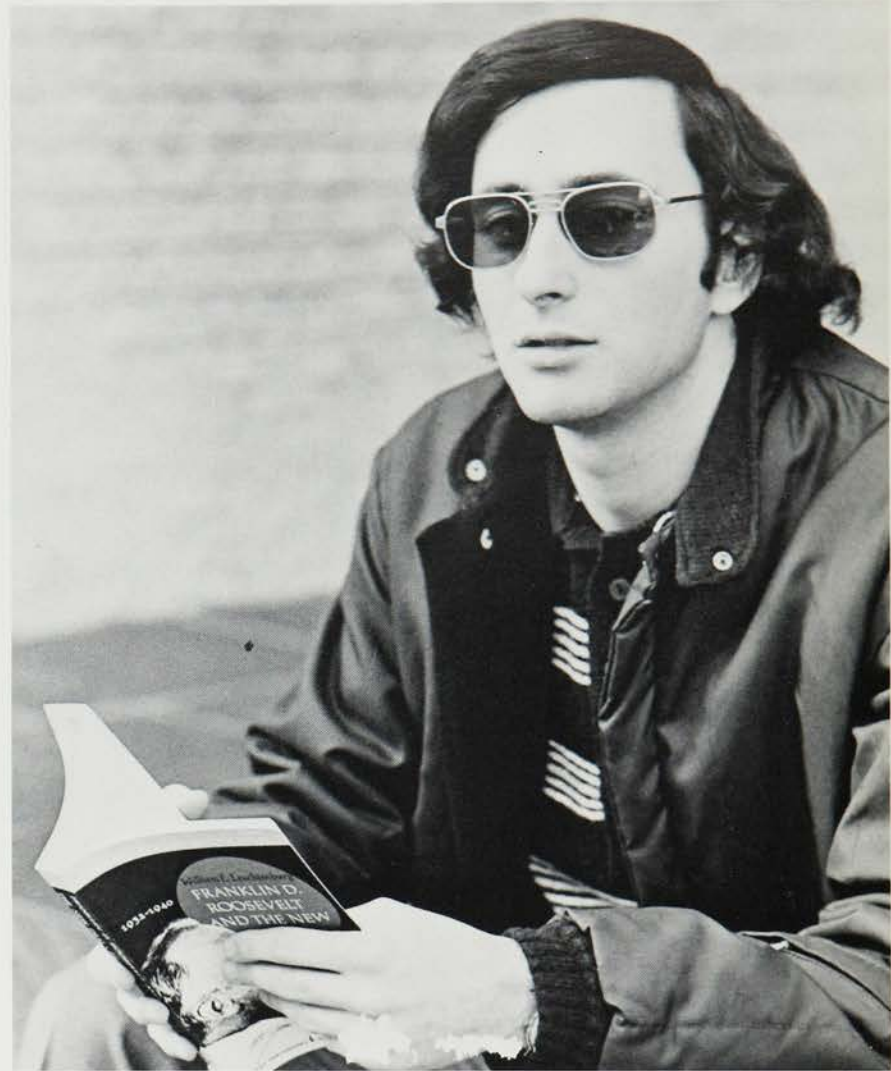


Ellen Pinnes





Jay Mitchell Levy



James B. Lampke



Neil Ruchman



Rochelle Schreiber



Nancy Plummer





Richard Burnham



Ina Schwartz

Bertha Dunlap





Guilherme Brandao

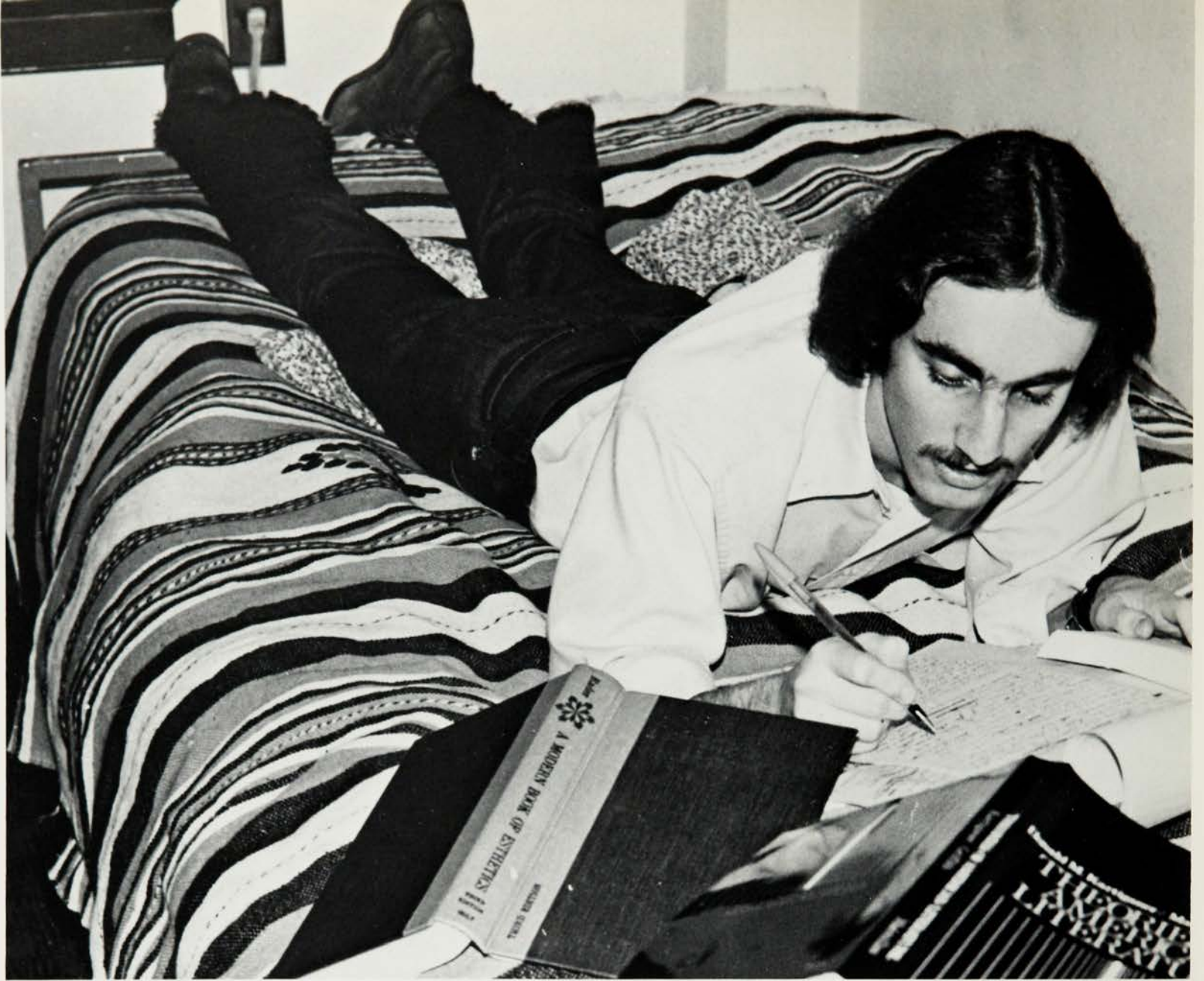


Jean Greenwood



Michael Nathan (right) and Family





Eric Feder



Pat Sherman

Elliott Lieberman





Alice L. Harris



Betsy Jenkins



Merle Lederhandler



Jim Jimmerson





Mark Hoffman



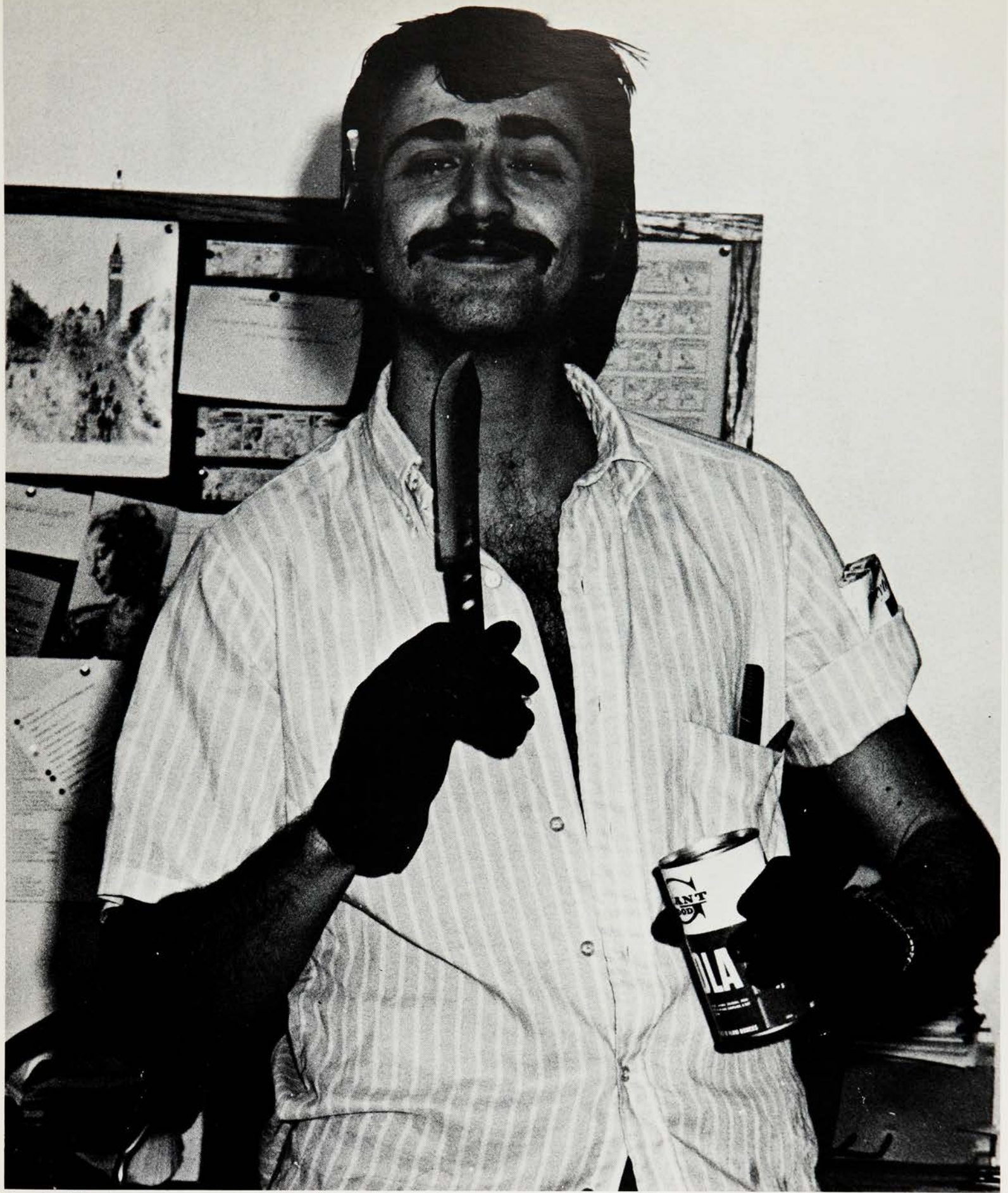
Barbara Blaustein

Carlotta Marcucci

Myra Kremenko







Joe DeRiggi



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## **Of the School of Engineering and Applied Science**

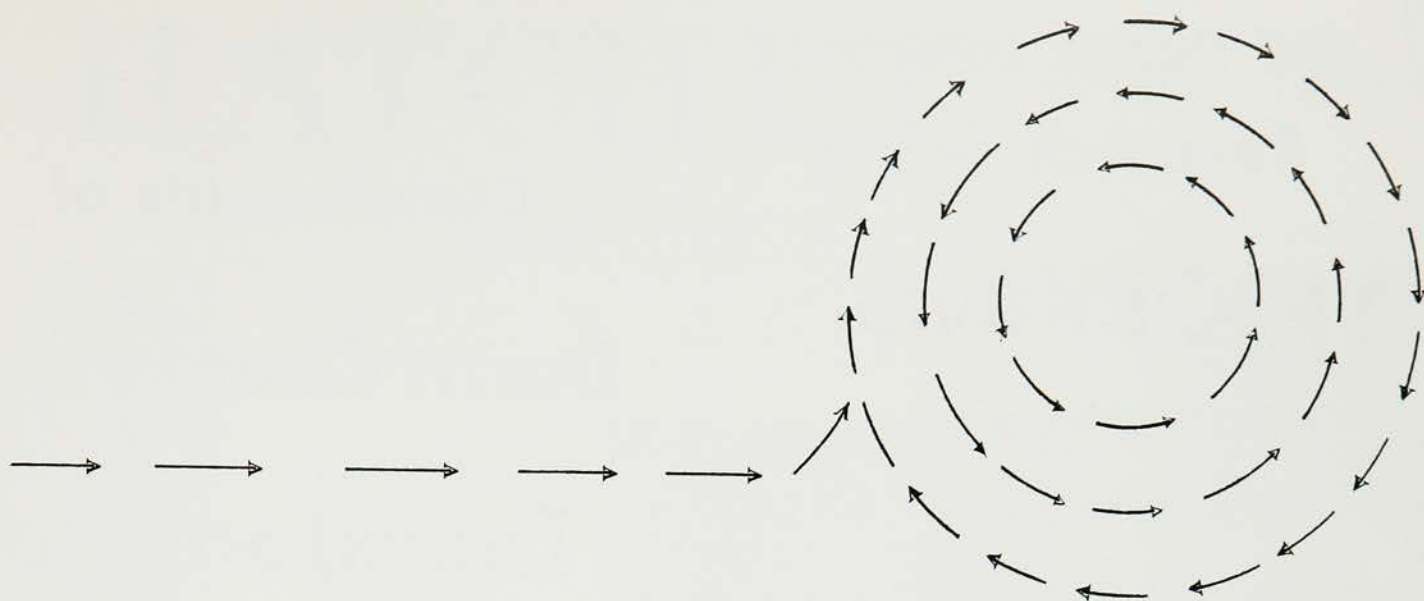
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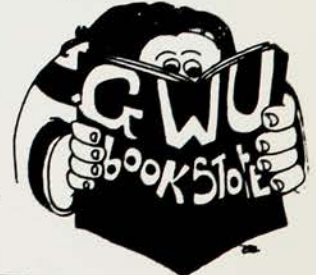
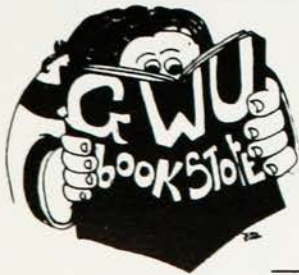
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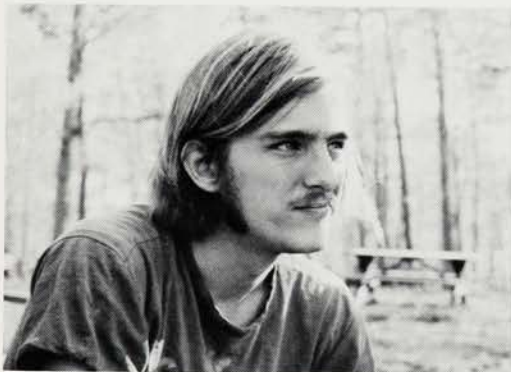
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# HATCHET

FROM THE 1972-73 SENIOR STAFF





Inside Front Cover:  
*Foggy Bottom, 1880*

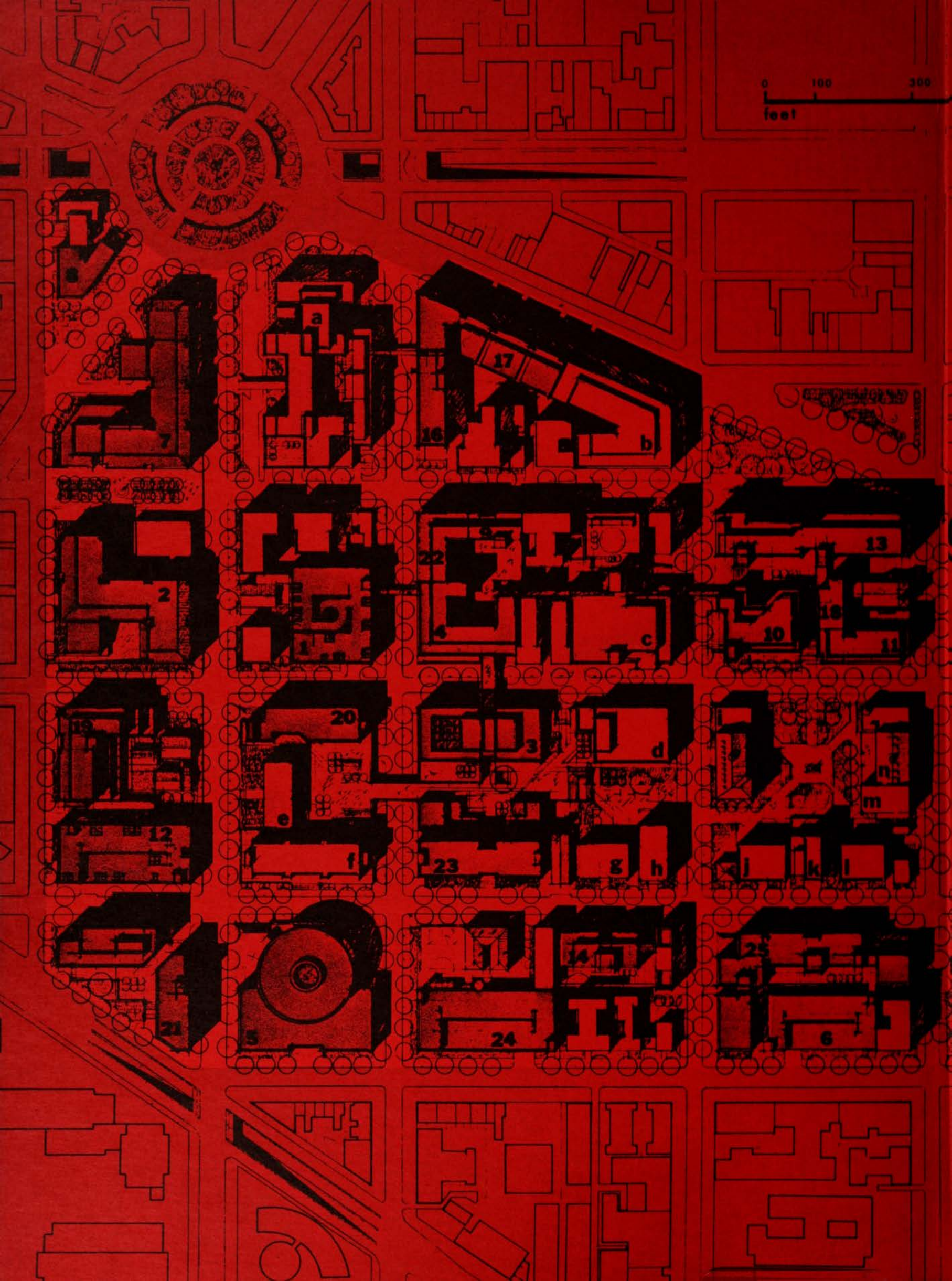
Inside Back Cover:  
*G.W.U. Master Plan, 1970*

**DOES NOT  
CIRCULATE**













## Illustrative Site Plan

### Proposed Construction Phase I

- 1 basic sciences (medical school)
- 2 parking garage #1
- 3 university library
- 4 faculty offices
- 5 field house

### Phase II

- 6 parking garage #2
- 7 clinical sciences
- 8 cardiac research
- 9 administrative offices
- 10 fine arts center
- 11 law school expansion
- 12 parking garage #3
- 13 office building
- 14 classroom or faculty offices
- 15 office building

### Phase III—(tentative)

- 16 extended care facility
- 17 office building(s)
- 18 law school expansion
- 19-25 undesignated

### Existing Major Buildings (selected)

- a hospital
- b joseph henry building
- c university center
- d lisner auditorium
- e tompkins hall
- f classroom building c
- g monroe hall
- h hall of government
- i corcoran hall
- j bell hall
- k lisner library
- l stuart hall
- m law library
- n stockton hall (law school)
- o pepco building (ready for construction)

- existing
- proposed

Buildings will be at the highest densities compatible with their surroundings and their design will be related carefully to each other and to the open-space system.



### Internal Open Space and Pedestrian Circulation Network—Core

- at ground level
- second level



Looking east from above 22nd Street along the second level pedestrian way. Building to the left is the new Central Library. Beyond is existing Corcoran Hall.



